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SEPTEMBER 2003
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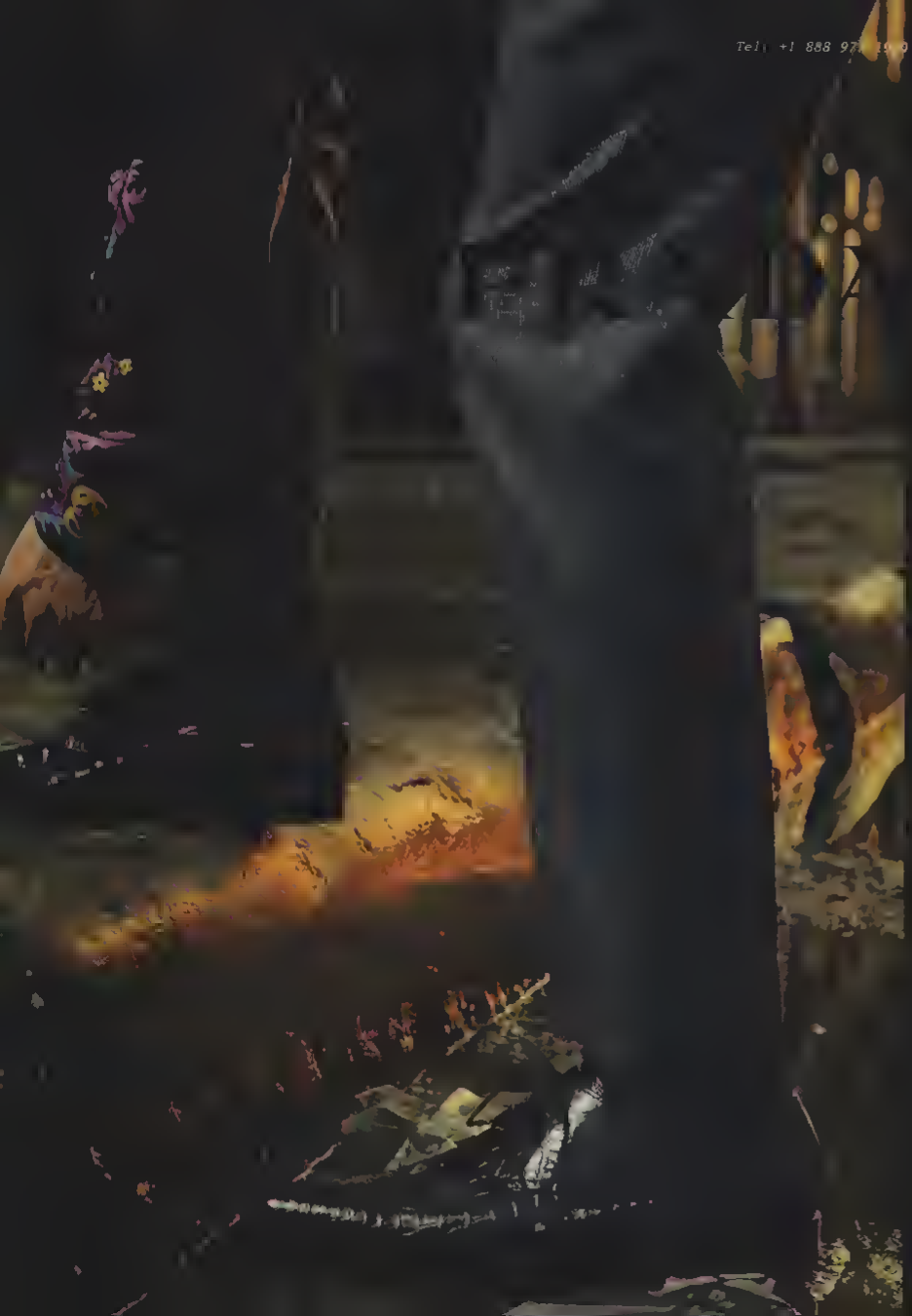
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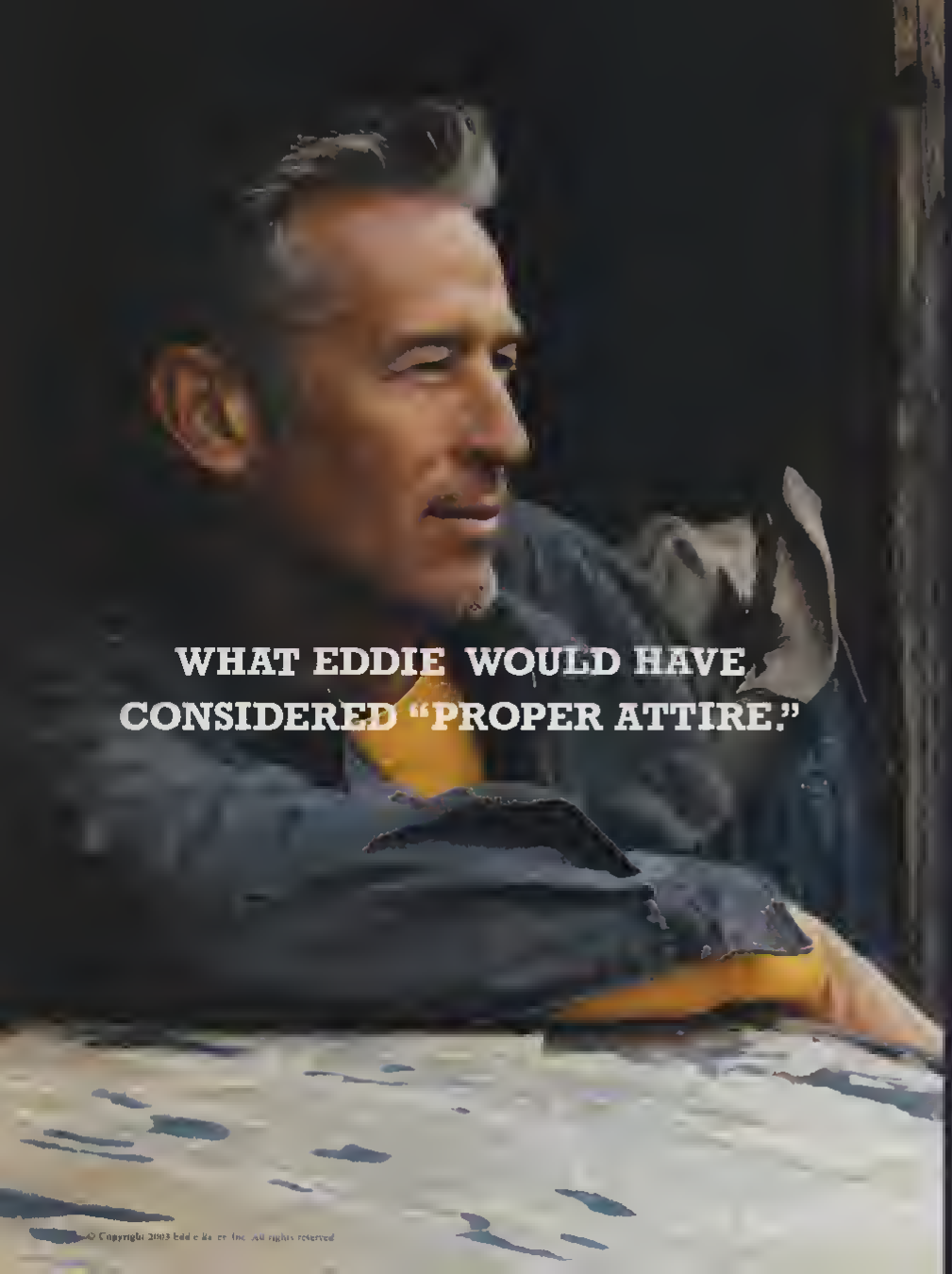

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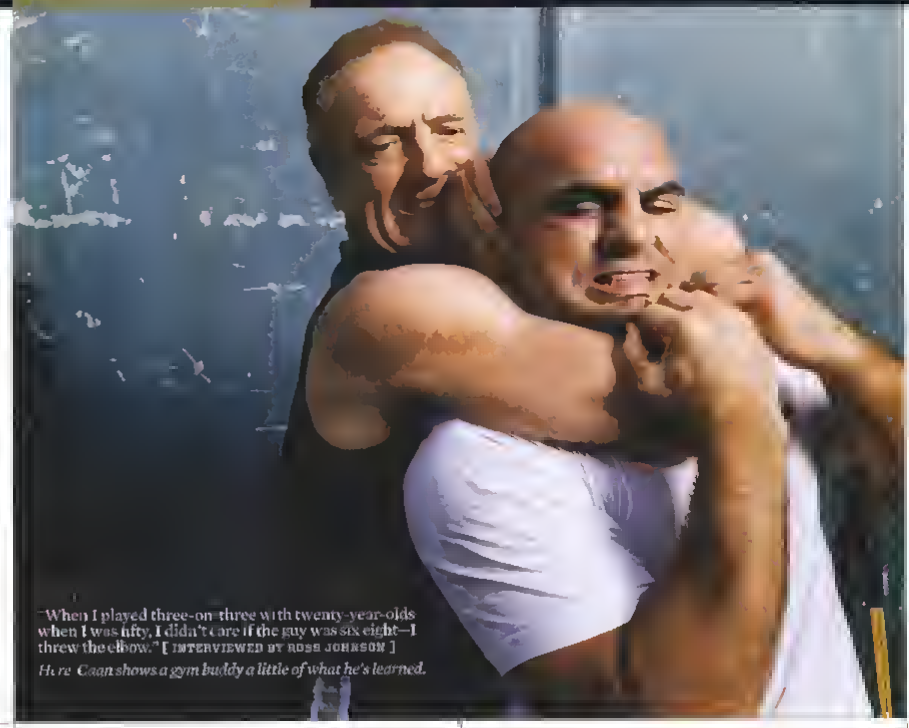
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Esquire

ON THE COVER Colin Farrell photographed exclusively for Esquire by Effie Semotan
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INSET PHOTOGRAPH BY JONATHAN SKOW

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"When I played three-on-three with twenty-year-olds when I was fifty, I didn't care if the guy was six-eight—I threw the elbow." [INTERVIEWED BY ROSS JOHNSON]

Here Caan shows a gym buddy a little of what he's learned.

162 Don't You Just Want to Punch Colin Farrell? A genial encounter with a smirking Irish movie star involving heavy drinking, pushy women, one Portuguese water dog, the worst insult in the English language, and the real possibility of violence by night's end [BY CHRIS JONES]

168 The Esquire Quiz: Are You an Asshole? If you're anything like us, you just might be. Take our twenty-point test and see. (Question 10: If your girlfriend dies, how soon do you ask out her best friend?) [BY BRIAN FRAZER]

170 The 20-Dollar Millionaire Hits the Road Our man lights out to road-test his twenty-dollar theory of the universe. What can a discreet Andy Jackson get you in Salt Lake, Vegas, L.A.? You'd be surprised [BY TOM GRIARELLA]

174 The Five-Minute Guide to Cash It is the best, most freeing thing in the world—American money. Feel it, smell it, cherish it, and study it. Here's a start—from its disreputable past to its weirder incarnations to the mumbo jumbo on the back of the single: the story of money [BY REED TUCKER]

176 The Falling Man You remember the photograph. It appeared in newspapers around the world on September 12, then it vanished. Yet the story of that image—of the photographer, the man in the picture, and our response to him—remains our most powerful connection to 9/11 [BY TOM JUNOD]

182 A Woman We Love: Rosario Dawson Seven tough questions for Hollywood's favorite schoolgirl [BY REED TUCKER]

186 My Cancer Story: The Sequel Two and a half years ago, the author was diagnosed with advanced colorectal cancer. An unsparing account of his experience with the disease, told as he was living it, appeared in six installments in this magazine. Here, an equally frank update on what's happened since [BY CURTIS SITTENFELD]

192 The Red Bow Kill every dog, every cat, she said slowly. Kill every mouse, every bird. Kill every fish. Anyone objects, kill them too. [ESQUIRE FICTION BY GEORGE SAUNDERS]

PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGG SEGAL

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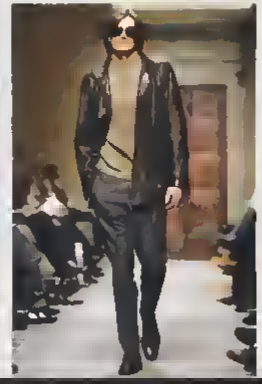
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108 The Game Annika Sorenstam was pretty good when she played with the men. But she was even better when she decided to play against them. [BY CHRIS JONES]

114 Music New albums from two women who'll stop you dead in your tracks. [BY ANDY LANGER]

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124 Sex What if you're just too big?, NASA's dirty little secret, and how to make cuddling even *more* exciting. [BY STACEY GRENROCK WOODS]

126 The Industry What entertainment mogul would rebuff a creative genius offering to make a guaranteed blockbuster? Only Disney's Michael Eisner. [BY KIM MASTERS]

132 Ten Things You Don't Know About Women The surest way to a woman's heart is a little thing you've been overlooking for years. [BY WANDA SYKES]

134 Crime When a woman you know is found murdered, you need to learn what happened. But can you ever really know the awful truth? [BY DANIEL TOBDAY]

206 This Way Out Yoga for Men. [BY DAVID JACOBSON]

Designers sampled pop-music styles of recent decades for inspiration for fall, so we stopped by our favorite ethnic enclaves to show off the street-savvy new looks ("Gangs of N.Y.," page 146). One-button single-breasted leather suit ($4,345), cotton T-shirt, and silver ring ($3,775) by Yohji Yamamoto.

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Style

To mark our seventieth anniversary, we take a look through the archives and find that, amid the high waists, plaid pants, and wide lapels, good style endures **(70 Years of Esquire Style, page 83).** The classic black turtleneck, how to do herringbone, and parkas for every price range **(The Guide, page 101).** Our annual fall preview: a tour of our favorite ethnic neighborhoods to showcase the new season's styles **(Gangs of N.Y., page 146).**

More things a man should know about style . money . women . culture: esquire online @ esquire.com



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Published at 1790 Broadway, New York, NY 10019. EDITORIAL OFFICES: (212) 649-4020. www.esquire.com
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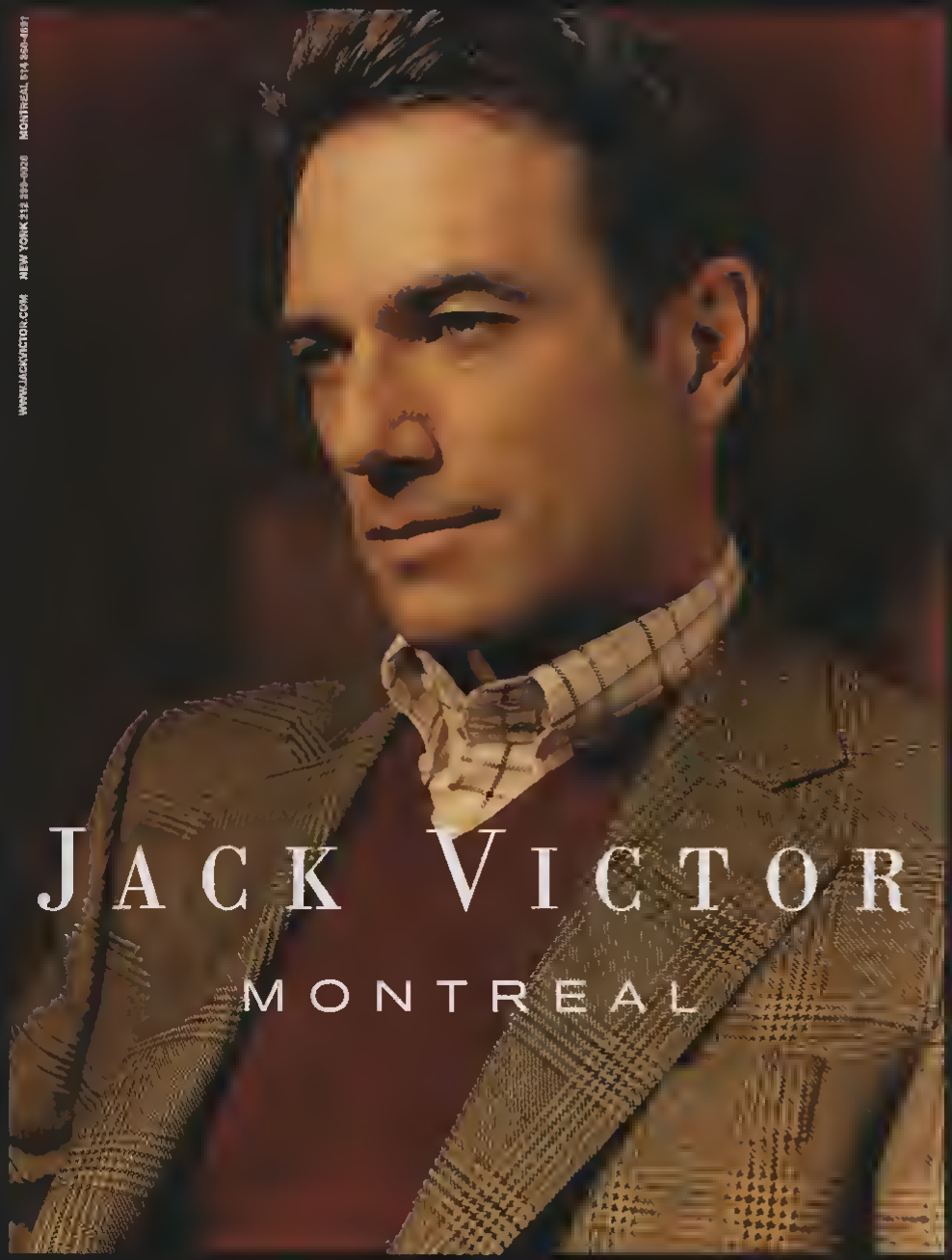
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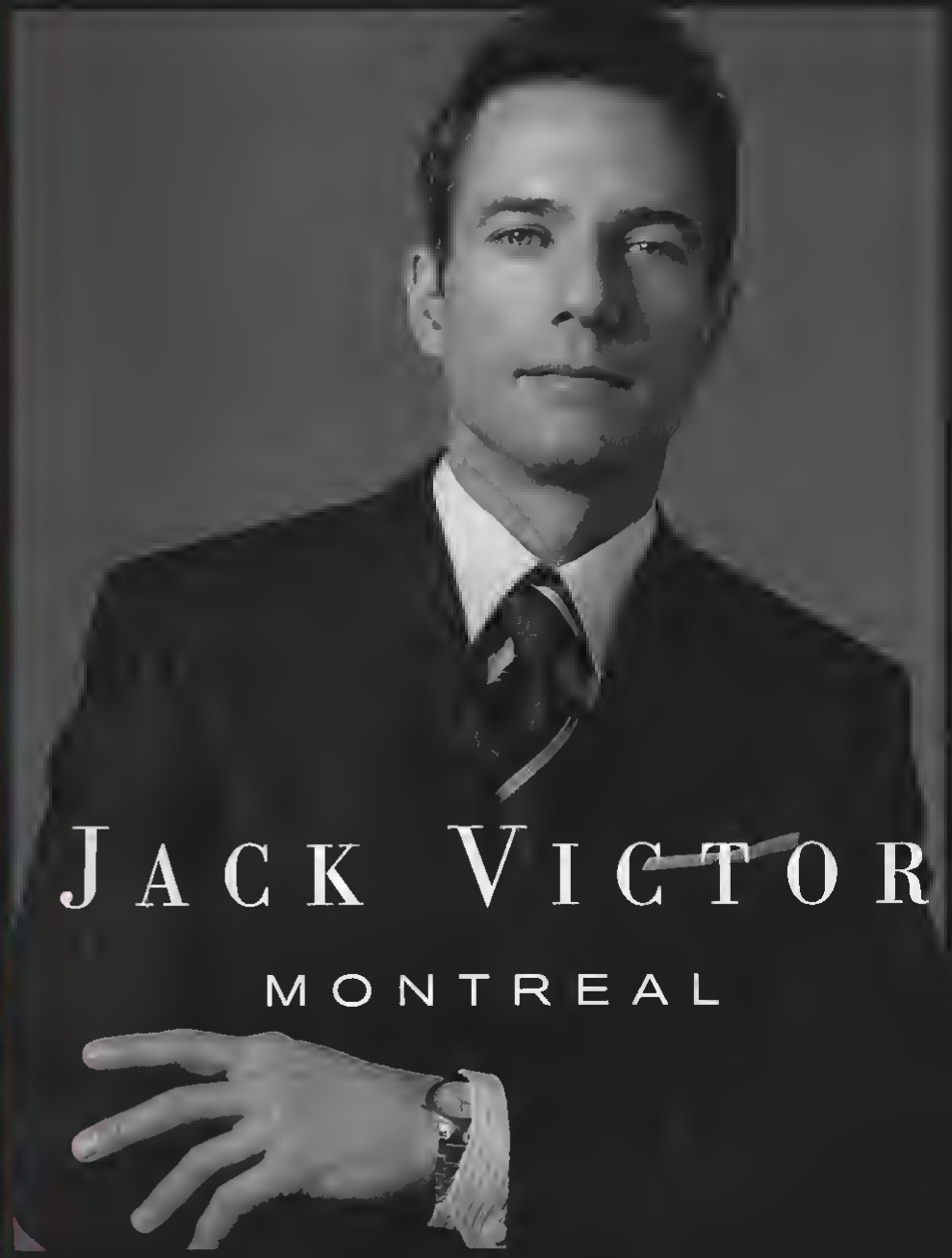
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ONE-LINE WONDERS Since its founding seven decades ago, Esquire has published *millions* of sentences. In next month's seventieth anniversary issue, we'll reprint the seventy best of them, including pithy zingers and poetic ruminations from Ernest Hemingway, Gloria Steinem, Truman Capote, John Cheever, Gore Vidal, Tom Wolfe, Gay Talese, John Steinbeck, David Foster Wallace, Norman Mailer, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and other writers you'll (n)ever be able to pretentiously quote at will.

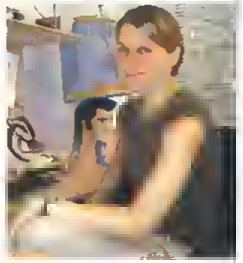
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"You start with a profoundly tragic thing that then makes this kind of ambient national energy, and the test of a country is what you do with that ambient energy. To me, that is the fundamental September 11 narrative," says short-story master **GEORGE SAUNDERS** of his inspiration for "The Red Bow," his first story to appear in Esquire. Saunders's fiction is marked by his flawless ability to evoke settings at once poignantly real and also strange to the point of absurdity. "If you think of part of America as suburban, that's not really accurate; there's no such thing as suburban," he says. "But there is such a thing as a pioneer graveyard next to a strip club, with a temporary stream running through it." Saunders's next story collection, tentatively titled *The Red Bow*, will be published sometime in 2004. He is also the author of two previous story collections, *Pastoralia* and *CivilWarLand in Bad Decline*, the title story of which has been optioned by Ben Stiller. Saunders has written a screenplay for the film, with production set to follow. "The Red Bow" begins on page 192.



Inaugurated by the now famous portrait of President Bill Clinton that appeared on the cover of our December 2000 issue, photographer **PLATON**'s distinctive style of portraiture has become a hallmark of Esquire covers. But the photographer has also shot some memorable style stories for the magazine, and with this month's "Gangs of N.Y." (page 146), he has achieved the pinnacle of his brand of fashion photography. "I think we've seen so many models, a fake world that doesn't exist, and it depresses everybody because we can never even aspire to it," says Platon, a native Greek who goes by only his first name. "We can't all have eight abs and puffed out muscles, whereas if you shoot real people, when you look at it in a magazine, it inspires." And so for this story, he scoured the clubs of New York's ethnic enclaves to find groups of young Puerto Ricans, Russians, Chinese, and Italians and shot them in their neighborhoods. Platon's first book, *Platon's Republic*, featuring a number of the portraits he has shot for Esquire, is due out from Phaidon in the spring of 2004.



Since she first contributed to the magazine in December 1997, associate editor **LAUREN IANNOTTI** has grown to become, with a rare combination of authority and biting wit, the indispensable voice of style advice for Esquire. And her discerning eye has been essential in shaping this month's annual style issue, which marks Esquire's seventieth anniversary of imparting good sartorial sense to the men of America. "There's such a great literary history to this magazine," Iannotti says. "But it just so happens that there's a fantastic fashion history as well. In the thirties and forties, Esquire broke new ground with editors telling guys not just how to dress but how to live their lives." In preparing "70 Years of Esquire Style," she, fashion creative director Stefano Tonchi, and the rest of our fashion staff looked at every style story that has appeared in Esquire over the last seventy years. "We've collected all the fashion pages and picked the most salient, interesting, representative details of the culture in a given decade. As frivolous as a lot of people think fashion is, it does signal with remarkable precision what's going on in the culture in general." "70 Years of Esquire Style" begins on page 83.



Director **BARRY SONNENFELD**, of *Men in Black* and *Get Shorty* fame, has had one dream for as long as he can remember. "My ultimate job," he explains, "would be to get paid to direct, but then spend all my time testing electronics and telling the companies what they have done wrong before they release them, so I could have better stuff. And now I get hooked up with Esquire, and it's a dream come true." And so was born our new column, Barry Sonnenfeld's Gadget of the Month (page 118), in which the technophile director will free his neuroses by telling our readers what new cell phones, PDAs, and other personal electronics best suit his finicky needs. "I'm a very nervous person, so I always end up with backups to everything," says Sonnenfeld (left, with his wife, Susan, known as Sweetie in his column). "And whenever a new gadget comes out, it doesn't do everything the old version did, so instead of simplifying my life, I have it *and* the previous gadget. On any given trip, I always have three or four phones and three or four PDAs. It's an uphill battle to get everyone just to listen to what I want, but now they will, and the world will be a better place."

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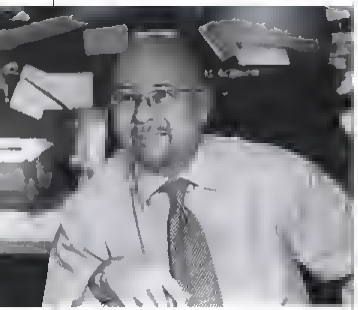
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NEXT MONTH IN ESQUIRE The Seventieth Anniversary Special Issue celebrating seven decades of America (including the Man of the Last Seventy Years) and the next seventy years (including prom night with the Man of the Future, the long farewell of Tiger Woods, five things Freeman Dyson would like to see before he dies, and the next president of the United States)



Two Things

In this issue we begin the celebration of Esquire's seventieth anniversary. In the more than six years I've been working here, we've made a point of rarely invoking Esquire's past. Yes, I started reading the magazine in the late seventies. And, yes, we have published an anthology of Esquire's fiction (*Esquire's Big Book of Fiction,* which came out last year), and we have a collection of the magazine's best nonfiction coming out later this year (*Esquire's Big Book of Great Writing*). I have also occasionally taken a bite out of the bound volumes on the bookshelves outside my office, but in general our focus has been on the present and the future.

For the last couple of months, though, all of us here have been going through the archives more systematically, taking a grand tour of Esquire's seven decades of existence. It's been a rich and surprising experience—as much for the expendability of much of what we've published as for the moments that were truly transcendent. Because maybe the most interesting thing we discovered was how vivid and compelling a view all those pages offer on the life of America over those remarkable decades. In next month's issue, we'll take a quick and, I hope, amusing look at Esquire's past, but we begin the journey this month, on page 83, with a consideration of Esquire's relationship with men's style.

Men's fashion is too often seen as an affectation, the whims of clothing designers imposed on an unwilling populace. But as you'll see in our brief history of Esquire's long involvement with fashion, it's actually a reflection of the culture. Whether we know it or not, how we dress says a great deal about our aspirations, our concerns, and our ideas of ourselves. We are, in some unexpectedly revealing ways, what we wear.

You can see that today in the Esquire style portfolios created by Stefano Tonchi and Michael Kuchmeroski, portfolios that use real people to express the themes Stefano and Michael see in what the designers are creating. This social context is especially visible in this month's ambitious style feature, "Gangs of N.Y.," which begins on page 146. In these photos, we manage to capture the energy and distinction clothes can convey.

I had lunch with David Newman shortly after I became editor of Esquire. This was in 1997. He'd worked at the magazine in the sixties, and I knew his name for two reasons. He and Robert Benton had famously invented the Dubious Achievement Awards, and while working at Esquire, they had written the screenplay for *Bonnie and Clyde*. We had a great lunch somewhere in the theater district, and I was relieved to hear that all the things that are hard about making a magazine successful today were hard back then, too. He told me about an editor who embarked on a months-long study that attempted to scientifically determine what it was that made a magazine sell on the newsstand; he found that the one element he could pinpoint was the color brown.

Newman clearly had fun in his years at the magazine, and fun was one of the elements he helped bring to Esquire. As I've been exploring Esquire's past over the last few months, the most striking thing I've noticed about it when it was good was its attitude—its way of looking at the world seriously but never completely seriously. Even as it was substantial, it was also skeptical and skewed and amused. Both in the short, *funny* things Esquire produced and in its pieces of amazing journalism, that attitude was always clearly visible.

There are things Newman and his colleagues did in the early and mid-sixties—explaining Maoism through the use of a nearly naked woman, for instance—that I would be proud to steal today. There are a few things we *have,* in fact, stolen. But mostly I have to thank him for helping establish that Esquire attitude.

David Newman died this summer. He had a hell of a life. He went on to write more movies and to write for Broadway. I remember listening to him talk about his son and his daughter and his wife, and he was filled with pride. He was a fine man who did great things.

—David Granger

DOLCE & GABBANA

PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWARD KEATING


DOLCE & GABBANA

SWAPPING HIS TRADEMARK Terminator shades for a Washington-issue repp tie and suit, bodybuilder-cum-Hollywood-star-cum-civic-activist-cum-electoral-hopeful Arnold Schwarzenegger struck an Uncle Sam pose on the cover of our July issue. While many readers agreed that Arnold is the consummate running man, others were a bit more skeptical of the former Mr. Universe's political promise.



Here's a rule for you: Ahnold sucks. Okay, I'll admit he has had a few redeeming moments onscreen—like his ridiculous attempt at sharing genetics with Danny DeVito in *Twins*, or his jungle dance with that dreadlocked alien in *Predator*. But I'll save my vote for someone a little, I don't know, more qualified. To quote the Running Man himself: "There are innocent civilians down there. I will not fiyuh upon them!"

SAUL BITARIAN
Los Angeles, Calif.

The J Word

Writer at large Scott Raab's intimate and exclusive look at the reclusive musical genius Phil Spector in the days following the mysterious death of actress Lana Clarkson in his foyer ("Be My, Be My Baby," July) drew strong praise from readers. Some, however, were too distracted by Raab's casual use of the word Jew to enjoy the piece.

Please pass along to Scott Raab my appreciation for the finest piece of writing I've come across in a long time. The section about listening to "Be My Baby" brought tears to my eyes, and when I read it aloud to my wife, tears to hers. Stunning work.

GAY HENDRICKS
Ojai, Calif.

Raab's article on Phil Spector contains two casual and incidental anti-Semitic slurs that I believe we can all live without. Being a nonreligious Jew myself, I have never been overly sensitive about the issue. I have in fact made self-deprecating remarks about my ethnicity (as many Jews do) and joked about it with people I know well. Slightly similar to African-Americans' use of the "n word" with one another, the remarks have their place, a jilted place, and certainly not in an article in a major magazine.

Calling Paul Shaffer and Richard Belzer "the J-list Jews of middle vintage whose showbiz lives let them hang out and on for eons" and saying Spector had "outjewed the Jews" can certainly be interpreted as anti-Semitism. Perhaps he didn't mean these statements in an anti-Semitic way—that's possible. But many of your readers, Jewish or not, might interpret them as slurs, and the more common place these slurs become, the more acceptable they become.

If Raab happens to be Jewish—and I don't know if he is or isn't—that doesn't make it any better.

Editors, do your job.

BEN KRAMER
Bethpage, N.Y.

Scott Raab responds: Yes, I'm a Jew—and I'm proud and grateful to be one. Belzer and Shaffer identify themselves publicly as Jews. And Spector, also Jewish, hustled his way to the top of a segment of the record business that was dominated almost entirely by Jews in the '50s and '60s.

I applaud Mr. Kramer's sincere vigilance—and I appreciate the benefit of his doubt that "perhaps [I] didn't mean these statements in an anti-Semitic way"—but I think the landsman needs to lighten up. Yo.

They Parrot, You Decide

Contributing editor Tom Carson's scathing critique of the media's coverage of the Iraq war ("The Screen," July) drew the approval of readers who wondered where all the skeptics had gone.

After being blindsided in March by Esquire's unapologetic publication of Thomas P.M. Barnett's totalitarian manifesto ("The Pentagon's New Map") I was pleased to hear Carson's clear voice as he so articulately shared his perspective on the varying levels to which our media whores will sink or aspire to get our attention. The most demoralizing aspect of this whole horrible mess so far has been the unflagging support of a population that has obviously lost touch with the values that this country used to represent and now automatically foams fundamentalism and barks Scripture at any hint of disagreement with the party line. As the question persists as to why the liberati haven't fielded our own blowhards, our answer may be that the opposition is so intractably rooted in yahoo justice, so well versed in its secondhand opinions by hate radio, and so electrified by any armchair activity more exciting than chewing its cud that dissent only adds more stuffing to its BarcaLounger fanaticism.

WILLIAM PECKUREL
Modesto, Calif.

Remembering Reagan

Ron Reagan's account of coming of age under the gaze of his presidential father ("My Father's Memories," June) drew sharply contrasting responses from

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readers, some bestowing praise upon the Gipper and thanking Ron for his intimate recollections, others unable to abide a fond look back.

Ron Reagan's poignant essay was a fitting tribute not only to the senior Mr. Reagan but also to the unique dynamics of father-son relationships in general. It was an especially charming sentiment for Father's Day, as well as an exhibit of sheer generosity on the author's part for sharing very personal reflections. And let's face it—there is always a genuine thrill when one is allowed to trespass into the humanization of someone of such iconic stature.

GREGORY GEORGE
San Francisco, Calif.

Although there was little turbulence on my flight from Chicago to L.A., the Father's Day piece with nostalgic Kodachromes on Ronald Reagan turned my stomach and brought back bad non-Kodachrome memories of the 1980s. So Ronald Reagan saved some lives as a lifeguard? Methinks he wasted a lot more people than he saved.

Does Pinochet or Kissinger have any sons who could do an article on their father for next year?

ALLAN BARNES
Los Angeles, Calif.

What Liberal Media?

After a slew of recent articles featuring the GOP elite, one reader wondered whether The Weekly Standard's *William Kristol had taken over Esquire as well.*

Rudy, Ronnie, Arnie—what is this, *The Monthly Standard*? If I wanted GOP agitprop every month, I'd subscribe to *National Review*. Can we get some parity here, please? We're already inundated with ridiculously pro-GOP media outlets these days; we don't need it in Esquire.

KEVIN MURPHY
New York, N.Y.

The Musical Landscape

Our "American Music 2003" (July) offered music lovers the tools to seek out the best in music from Washington state to Washington, D.C., as well as an exclusive interview with Steve Jobs, the CEO of Apple and the mastermind behind Apple's new digital-music venture.

Thank you for the great music coverage in this month's issue. It's true that we should be more optimistic about what music is all about. And thank you for covering bands like the Polyphonic Spree, who rarely get enough attention. If only Steve Jobs had a musical bone in his body. No wonder he decided he was tired of talking; you were about to actually ask him about music!

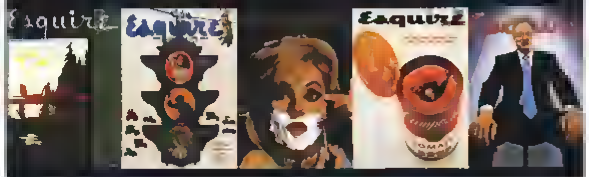
RICK WILLIAMS
Westlake Hills, Tex.

» CORRECTION: *In the July issue, Esquire neglected to credit the photographer of the style feature "New Canaan, Connecticut." That story was photographed by Brian Finke.*

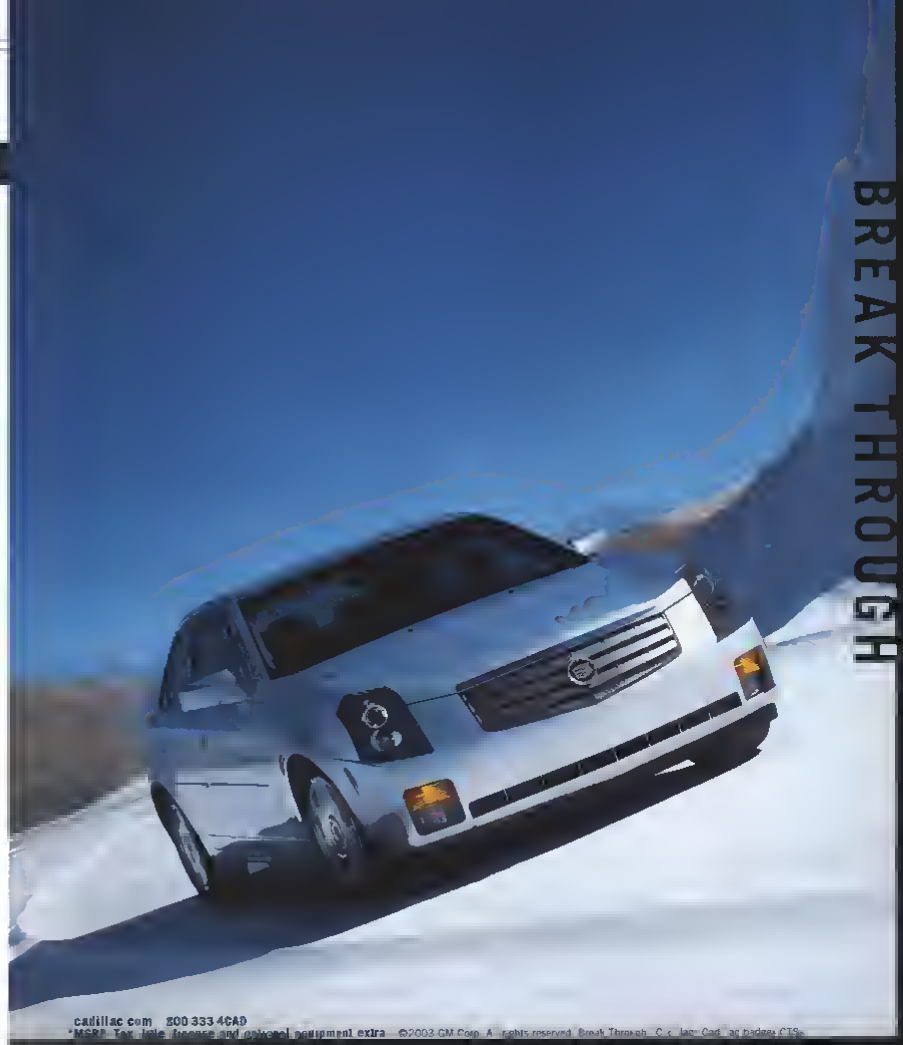
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SEPTEMBER Seven shocking things we learned from women's magazines (p. 64), weird TVs (p. 70), future foods (p. 72), and the Answer Fella on pimp fashion (p. 79)

Man at His Best



Here, the essential things a man should know about **Jacinda Barrett** so that he can hold his own during upcoming Jacinda Barrett–based cocktail conversations

★ The Australia native is the only human being on planet earth to leap from cheesy-reality show cast member to legitimate actress. (She was on *The Real World London* on which she impressed viewers with her predawn streak through England's streets.)

★ Speaking of nudity: her father is not opposed to her disrobing on-screen. Far from it. The man actually convinced Barrett to do a striptease in *The Human Stain*—the new Anthony Hopkins movie based on the Philip Roth novel, in which she plays a '40s dame. He told her: "A young woman's body is a thing of beauty and there's nothing wrong with it. That's the end of the discussion."

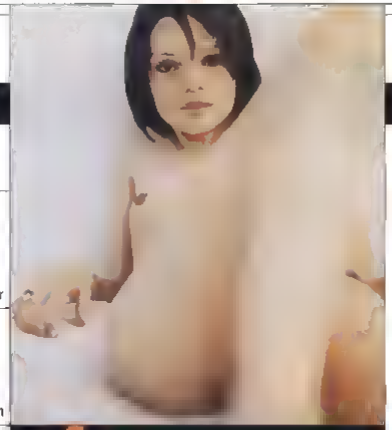
★ Speaking of Barrett's dad: he's an airport firefighter, the first on the scene after a plane crash. This, strangely enough, inspired Barrett to get a pilot's license.

—PETER LANDAU

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARC BAPTISTE

(the awards)

THE TEN MOST REMARKABLE THINGS IN CULTURE THIS MONTH



1 Most Oxymoronic Book Idea

British Food: An Extraordinary Thousand Years of History
—A new tome by Colin Spencer

2 Best Endorsement Deal

Reebok, which endorsed a baby basketball player, Mark Walker, with a straight face: "He's a threat from anywhere on the court, and he's only 3 and a half years old."
—From markwalker.reebok.com

3 Best Homage to the Beauty of Childbirth

"His head popped out from between Pam's legs, and he glared angrily around the room, resembling nothing so much, it seemed to me, as an old man looking for a waitress he thinks is avoiding him."
—From *Housebroken*, by David Eddie, the tale of a stay-at-home dad

4 Best Achievement in Artistic Objectification

—From *Women by Women*, a new photo book

5 Classiest Simile

"Martinis are like breasts. One isn't enough, two is just right, and three is more than enough."
—From *Skin*, Fox's new show about a porn king

6 Most Explicit Oral-Sex Joke on Network TV

"One swallow does not make her my girlfriend."
—From NBC's aggressively racy new sitcom *Coupling*

7 Best Attack on an Icon

"Ringo is beneath contempt. He used to be lovable because he was inept and knew it and turned the whole thing into a good-natured game. Now he is marketing that lameness in a slick Richard Perry–produced package...[and] the whole thing reeks. It is a bit as if Peter Max were designing stage sets for *Hee Haw*'s Archie Campbell."
—From *Mainlines, Blood Feasts, and Bad Taste: A Lester Bangs Reader*

8 Best Dog Writing

"I imagine there are people out there who got a dog when what they wanted was a baby, but I wonder if there aren't other people who had a baby when all they really needed was a dog."
—From Ann Patchett's "This Dog's Life," from the charming anthology *Dog Is My Co-Pilot*

9 Lamest Hoax from an '80s Band

"David Paich will not be able to take part in Toto's summer tour. David will be missing the summer tour due to a sex change operation. It will be our pleasure to introduce 'Davide' in the Fall."
—From the official Toto Web site

10 Best Commercial You Can't See in America

The Rube Goldberg–inspired Honda ad running in England
—Available at multimedia.honda.eu.com/accord/



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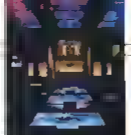
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JOHN MUHAMMAD

A Killer Bar



TED BUNDY

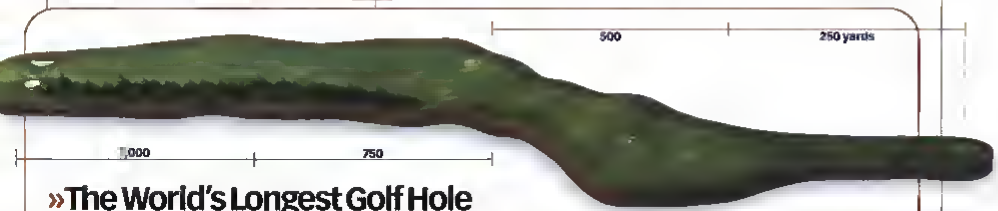
There's a sign at the **Waterfront Seafood & Bar** that prohibits loitering. There's another that sternly states the rules about cashing checks. But there's no poster telling customers not to stab, asphyxiate, shoot, or sever heads. This could be an oversight.

The Waterfront is, by our reckoning, the roughest bar in America. Through an odd and bloody coincidence, the Bellingham, Washington, saloon has slung booze to no less than three of America's most notorious serial killers: Ted Bundy, Hillside Strangler Kenneth Bianchi, and alleged D.C. sniper John Muhammad. And that's not to mention the occasional small-time felon and local murderer looking for a game of darts.

On a recent Friday, there was no evidence that any of the two dozen patrons swaying to Willie Nelson on the jukebox were capable of homicidal rage, although the T-shirt of one Nascar fan did have some stern words for Jeff Gordon.

Their seemingly benign nature made them all suspect in the eyes of bartender Wally Oyen. "Bianchi was the nicest guy in the world," Oyen says. "That's why I wasn't surprised by Muhammad. Bianchi taught me you just never know." Muhammad drank beer and made no trouble—though Oyen does point out that he didn't leave a tip. On the other hand, no one was shocked when regular James Allen Kinney was convicted of the 1998 murder of a Massachusetts woman. "Now, that guy was an obnoxious ass," Oyen says.

The dimly lit bar sits on barnacle-encrusted stilts above Bellingham Bay. It's got two-dollar beer, four-dollar clam chowder, a cluttered bay view, brandy-colored paneling, and a century of history. No one's sure why the bloodthirsty choose the Waterfront to quench their other thirst, but regular John Riley has a theory: The bar is the lowest point in the hilly town that's as far as anyone can run in America without leaving the country. "Restless troublemakers roll into town, then gravity brings them down to the Waterfront," says Riley. Regulars do know this for sure. Former Waterfront patrons now incarcerated in penitentiaries or hell, have been convicted of or await trial for a minimum of 46 murders. Which is enough to give even a designated driver a killer hangover. —CHRIS RODELL



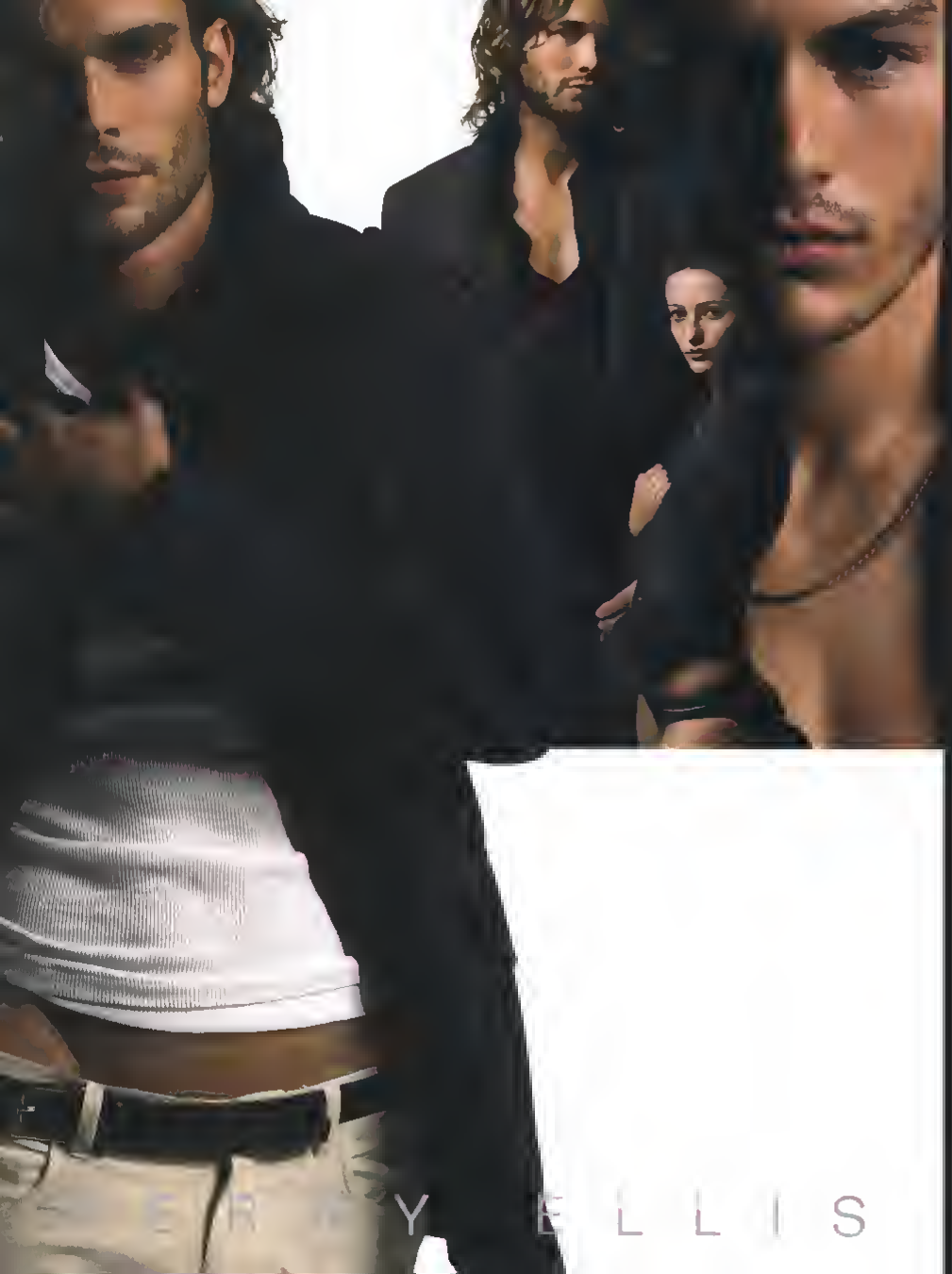
»The World's Longest Golf Hole

MAYBE YOU HAVEN'T NOTICED. BUT MEN SEEM TO HAVE SOME SORT OF OBSESSION with length. Don't ask us why. But we do know this. The latest, most vicious measuring contest is taking place on the world's golf courses. ¶ According to *The Guinness Book of World Records*, the Satsuki golf course in Sano, Japan, boasts the longest hole in the world—an exhausting 964-yard, par 7 humdinger. But the Japanese domination is about to end. Joe Gibbs, owner of Chocolay Downs Golf Course in Marquette, Michigan, is building a double-dogleg par 6 (above). The total: 1,007 yards. Quadruple digits, buddy: the Milton Berle of fairways. ¶ "I don't mean to start World War III over this, but the World War II veterans like the fact that we're beating the Japs again," says the exceedingly patriotic Gibbs, whose course is set to open next spring. "It's going to make a nice amount of publicity for America. This is America! We beat 'em once, and we'll beat 'em again." ¶ The Japanese, for their part, are a tad more genteel. "We still have the longest hole in Japan and have no intention of extending it," says Hidekazu Ojaki, vice-manager of the Satsuki links. "This won't hurt business at all." Good thing, too, because Gibbs is ready for a counterattack. Chocolay has almost half a mile of unused real estate behind the tee just in case anyone gets any funny ideas. "You might want to note that we intend to always have the world's longest fairway," chocolaydownsgolfcourse.com. —VICTORIA ROBB

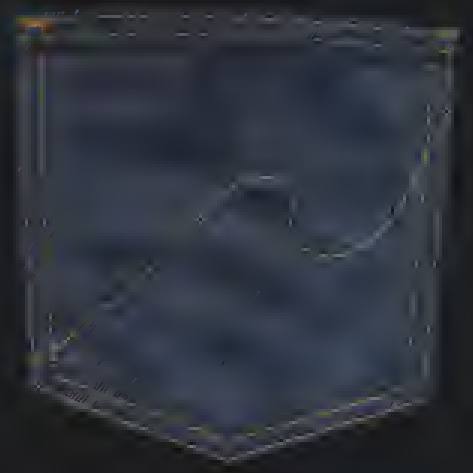
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Rule No. 276: The funniest tent is the yurt, followed by the tepee and the wigwam. **Rule No. 321:** There is no shame in a really good banana pudding. **Rule No. 322:** There is only mild shame in a macchiato. **Rule No. 410:** Popular boys have bad posture. Popular girls have good posture.

7 Shocking Things We Learned From Women's Magazines

BY DANIEL RADOSH



(1) *SHE'S A LESBIAN!* Women buy bikinis, so it makes sense that magazines devoted to fashion would have pictures of women wearing bikinis. But blond twins wearing bikinis while soaping and spraying a Rolls-Royce—and each other—as *Marie Claire* has? And don't women usually buy the tops, too? 'Cause that model in *Jane* sure isn't wearing one. The young lady lounging in a bus station in her lingerie for *Elle* could be striking the same pose in *FHM*. Clearly this matter calls for more study.

(2) *SHE TOTALLY HAS DIFFERENT NAMES FOR EVERY HAIRDO!* Heavy bangs, soft waves, bedhead waves, rippled waves, bouncy bob, choppy bob, classic bob, punk bob, round-brushed bob, pixie, California curls, beehive (it's back, but "more sex kitten than socialite" —*Elle*), shag, short shag, Meg Ryan shag, shaggy bob, messy bun, flip updo, undone updo, mullet (it's not back, although socks with Birkenstocks are, claims Heidi Klum in *Elle*, so never say never), paneling, perm, ponytail, blunt cut, French braid, chignon. It's hard to believe we've been getting along all these years with just "short" and "long." But here's where it gets weird. There are different eyelash styles, too.

(3) *SHE CAN TOTALLY READ YOUR MIND!* Be careful how you move around a *Cosmo* girl. (Scratch your nose and you're so busted, you lying sack of shit.) And the way you eat: "A guy who craves a variety of ethnic cuisines is open-minded. He's probably passionate and sensual." *Redbook*'s got your handwriting figured. "Notice the narrow loops on his y's? This means he's superloyal and socially selective." And *Jane* points out that guys who shift gears frequently while driving "are dissatisfied and insecure with their position on the road (i.e., the real world) and, in bed, joylessly switch positions every 43 seconds." To them, "your vagina is just another luxurious sensitive gadget for them to fiddle with."

(4) *SHE HAS YOU ALL FIGURED OUT!* Men love a heap of pillows on a gal's bed, which they take to mean, "Come on, dive in" (*Cosmo*). Either that, or men hate that fucking heap of pillows on her bed (A prototypical guy in *Glamour* asks, "Why so many pillows if women have just one head?") We are also turned on by visible panty lines (*Glamour*). Either that or we are turned on by a lack of panty lines (*Marie Claire*).

(5) *SHE'S HORNIER THAN YOU ARE!* It doesn't take much to get men aroused. Breathing is one time-honored strategy. Still, women's mags spend lots of ink on creative new ways to appear slutty. *Cosmo* suggests she say, "Would you be interested in joining my book club?" while slyly pulling the Kama Sutra from her bag. And on the second date, she will whisper seductively, "You know, I'm going commando tonight." Or get a T-shirt, advises *Glamour*, and "snip a few inches down the front. Then, midkiss, rip it open. 'You are one *lusty* woman.'" Or Lou Ferrigno.

(6) *SHE'S GOT HER OWN SUPER-COOL SECRET LANGUAGE!* Plain old English is superboring. Why have sex when she can *twist the sheets* or have a *sack session*? She thinks her *twins* look fab in a push-up bra. Why say something when she can *spill* it? It takes too long to have a conversation; she prefers a *convo*. And you can go on vacation, she'll take a *vacay*.

(7) *SHE'S PLAYING YOU FOR A SUCKER!* Among the many secrets *Redbook* women are keeping from their husbands and boyfriends: the price of their new Prada bag, the actual time of parties (they give us an earlier time so we won't be late), and their former job as an online sex operator. (This is something to *hide*?) Another confesses: "I hide, throw out, or even sell my husband's least desirable possessions, such as a back massager he received as a gift (it looked too much like a dildo...so I secretly sold it at a garage sale for $1)." First: uh, that'd be a vibrator, not a dildo. And second: who buys a used vibrator at a garage sale?

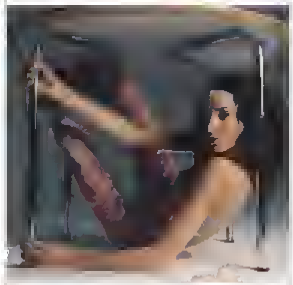
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shoes coats accessories

TWO MORE BOOKS FOR YOUR SHELF In Adam Johnson's fantastically twisted and terrifying first novel, *Parasites Like Us* (Viking, $25), a past-his-prime anthropologist and two of his students dig up something they wish they hadn't. Tom Bissell's beguiling debut, a memoir/travelogue/social history about Uzbekistan called *Chasing the Sea: Lost Among the Ghosts of Empire in Central Asia* (Pantheon, $25), poses the question that everyone seems to be asking these days: How did the Aral Sea lose all that water?



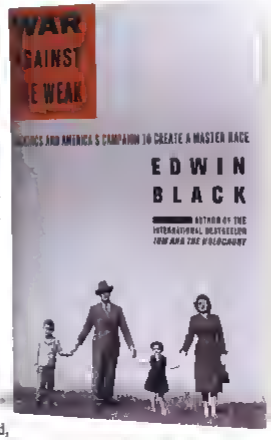
Topless-Woman-Lounging-Under-Furniture Photo of the Month

If you've got that unstoppable urge to buy an upscale design book, might we recommend *Kartell: 150 Items, 150 Artworks* (Skira/Rizzoli, $50). The furniture company Kartell hired famous photographers such as Bruce Weber and Helmut Newton to take shots of 150 objects in unusual ways. The image above, by photographer Karen Collins, features a lovely Maui table. Oh, and some woman in tights.



"It's a rare occasion when we don't have shoes to match your gown."
—Kenneth Cole

Big Important Book of the Month



EDWIN BLACK, the author of the radical and revelatory *IBM and the Holocaust*, is a dangerous man. He tells us things we don't want to hear, like, for instance, this: "The scientific rationales that drove killer doctors at Auschwitz were first concocted on Long Island." His groundbreaking new book, *War Against the Weak: Eugenics and America's Campaign to Create a Master Race* (Four Walls Eight Windows, $26), argues that the Holocaust had its frightful origins right here in the good old U.S. of A. Hitler was so impressed with American "eugenics" (a contrived term made up of the Greek words for *well* and *born*) that he sought to duplicate it in Germany. What began here as an organized campaign at the start of the 20th century was financed by Andrew Carnegie, and later by the Rockefellers and Harrimans, and based on Long Island, New York, at the Station for Experimental Evolution of the Carnegie Institution. The movement leader: a terrifying (my word) and sad (Black's word) zoologist named Charles Davenport, who intended to build a Nordic master race. Black has plenty of other disturbing facts for us: Sixty thousand Americans who were deemed unfit to procreate were forcibly sterilized, and—less evil but nevertheless deeply chilling—the SAT test was created by a "radical raceologist" committed to white superiority. *War Against the Weak* is a scary and necessary book. —ADRIENNE MILLER

Ads Infinitum

SHOE DESIGNER KENNETH COLE'S witty, provocative ads—often written with major contributions from Attila the Pun—have given his wares a noticeable sheen. Great advertising always benefits the product that way. Food tastes more delicious, cars run smoother, and shoes fit better. The basic strategy of Cole's 20-year ad campaign has been "You'll feel better about yourself wearing Kenneth Cole." (Of course, Cole expresses it with his company's less self-serving raison d'être: "What you stand for is more important than what you stand in.")

Now comes *Footnotes* (Simon & Schuster, $30), the soigné story of this famed campaign, along with the tale of Cole himself, a bright, ambitious kid from Long Island who became a fashion designer, married into the liberal-Democrat Cuomo family, and, through his socially driven ads, gained both a multimillion-dollar company and a reputation as an activist.

Early on, Kenneth Cole's most clever marketing decision was hiring the fledgling Kirshenbaum & Bond agency, resulting in seven years of brilliant ads flowing from the mind of Richard Kirshenbaum, until the advertising eventually went in-house. In the genre of the American business success story, *Footnotes* is a fun read. It's not poetry, but there are a lot verse business books you could pick up. —GEORGE LOIS

Lois—the man behind Esquire's memorable covers in the '60s—has worked in advertising for 50 years, creating the "I Want My MTV" campaign, among others.



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- Mitchells / Westport

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- Norton Ditto / Houston
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- Malouf's / Lubbock
- Todd's / San Antonio

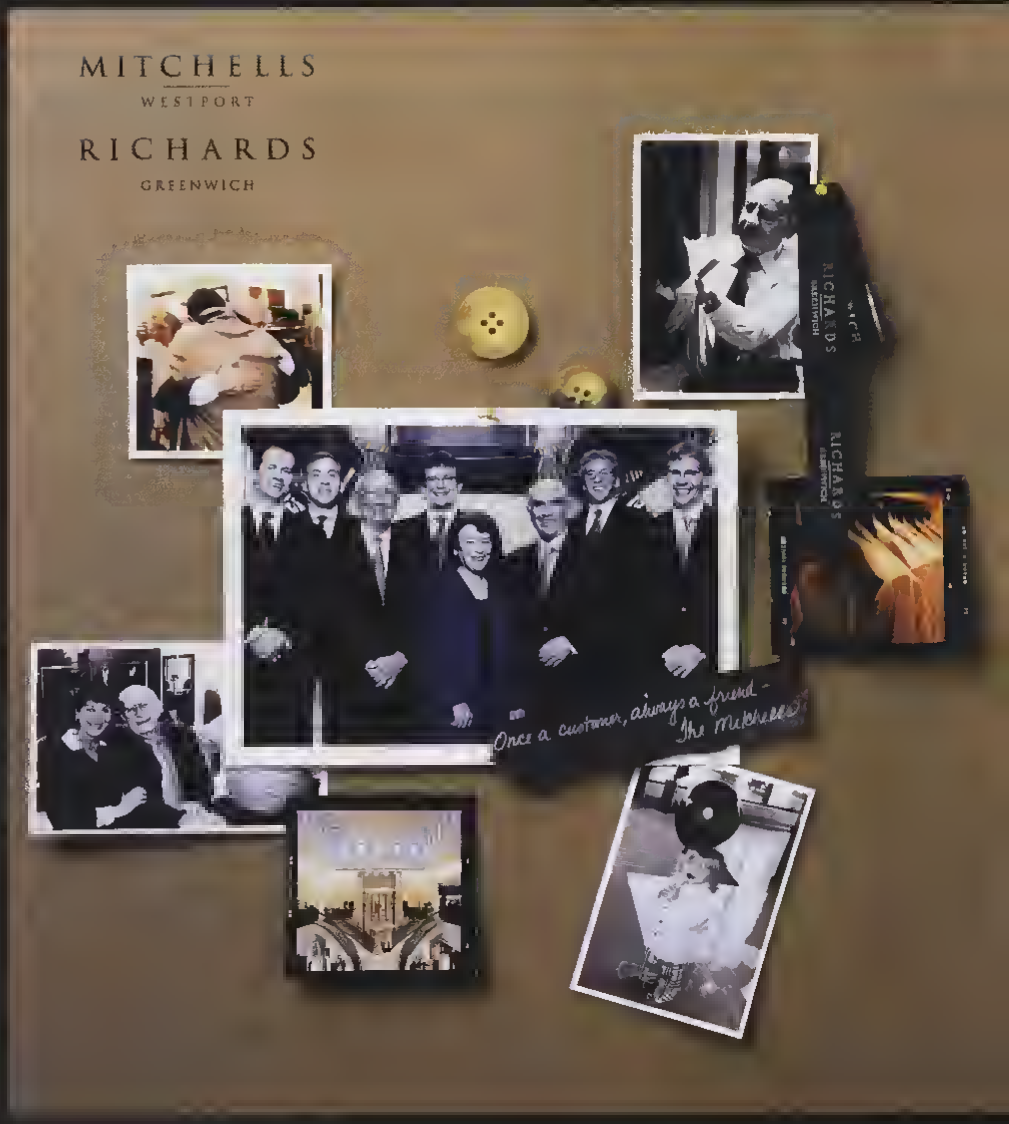
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The Curiously Thin Mints

I'M A MORNING PERSON, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I'm saying. Sadly, my lady friend sleeps like a drunken sophomore until at least 9:00 A.M. In a desperate attempt to rouse her, I popped these crazy new breath strips over a series of mornings, then made my move. Here's how it went. —JOHN MUNZER

[1] Tuesday, May 27, 6:47 A.M.: SWEET BREATH XTREME CANDY STRIPS (Chocolate Mint, Strawberry Crème, Cinnamon Inferno)
Dinner last night: Spaghetti carbonara and a bottle of Chianti
My reaction: Bleh. Back when I enjoyed stuffing an entire pouch of Big League Chew in my mouth, I may have enjoyed these.
Hers: Xtremely uncooperative.

[2] Friday, May 30, 7:03 A.M.: LISTERINE POCKETPAKS (FreshBurst, Cool Mint)
Dinner last night: Pizza with copious garlic and crushed red pepper
My reaction: A little mouthwashy, for obvious reasons, but effective.
Hers: Tepid, but the situation improved after I clicked on the *Today* show. Thanks, Matt.

[3] Wednesday, June 4, 6:28 A.M.: ALTOIDS STRIPS (cinnamon, peppermint)
Dinner last night: Pakistani takeout
My reaction: Like a cinnamon Altoid, only creepier. Comes in miniature version of groovy tin.
Hers: Like a club kid on Ecstasy. Then again, cinnamon Altoids were always her favorite. (And, no, I don't know whether the "Altoids trick" works with the strips. Baby steps, baby steps.)

The Oddest TVs

While we're not always sure what contemporary design has to do with us, throw a projector or a plasma TV in there and we're listening. Case in point: Flowing Landscapes. With its Jetsonian vision, its arty name, and the entertainment tech built in, this new line of furniture from Philips and high-design giant Cappellini appeals equally to the stylish aesthete and the gadget-obsessed couch potato. Cappellini Modern Age, 212 966 0669. —LAUREN IANNOTTI



Bookcase
Principle: Hide-a-TV
For those who like to brag that they never watch television (that five-hour-a-day *Law & Order* habit notwithstanding), a 42-inch flat screen spins around to reveal this beautiful stainless-steel bookcase. Fill it with your rare-book collection and no one ever has to know what a huge Sam Waterson fan you are.



Vesuvio
Principle: Volcano meets home design
Built into the center of this circular sofa is an LCD ceiling projector. The outside ring is a series of benches where viewers recline and face the ceiling. We're still trying to figure out how everyone can see *Rocky II* right side up—difficult, perhaps, but worth the effort to have a giant red circle in your living room.



Letto ZZZ
Principle: Lie down, look up
Never mind the mirrors, the space over your bed can serve a much more honorable purpose: TV screen. With an LCD projector in the headboard that shoots an image upward, this low-to-the-ground bed lets you watch people far more attractive than yourself get busy on the ceiling.

GEOFFREY BEENE
SATEEN



GEOFFREY BEENE

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An 80-year-old woman, one of countless civilian war victims, living in the basement of her bombed-out Chechen home. (Magnum Photos)

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» TREND OF TWO SMELL LIKE BOOZE The spa at the Palms Casino in Las Vegas is now offering a Margarita Madness body scrub, a gender-neutral exfoliating treatment that, thank God, wastes no actual tequila ($60 to $65 per treatment, 702 942 6938.) For those who wish to exude the bottle all day, Demeter Fragrance Library offers Martini and Gin & Tonic scents ($17.50 for 1 oz spray, 800 482-0422.) —JEFFERY LINDENMUTH

The Frugal Man: $2 Wine



WHEN WE HEAR "two-dollar wine," we naturally think of those berry-flavored, screw-top syrups we used to chug back in high school. But if you believe the hype coming out of California (and who doesn't?), wine maker Charles Shaw has produced a vino that costs just a bit more than gasoline and, theoretically, tastes better. (It's sold exclusively at Trader Joe's markets.) We invited a few wine snobs over for a sampling of all four varietals of "Two Buck Chuck," as the stuff is affectionately known. And just to make sure they wouldn't judge a booze by its bottle, we swapped labels with more expensive brands. Was anyone fooled?

—SUZANNE ELY

[1] Merlot. One taster called it "watery with no balance—like Beaujolais." Okay, it could be worse. "It's sweet," remarked another, "like cranberry juice spiked with rubbing alcohol." Well, maybe not much worse.

[2] Cabernet sauvignon. Thinking it was actually a pricey bottle, one drinker wanted to know if the wine had gone bad. "There's no way this wine could stand up to food." Even two-dollar food, like chalupas? "Sorry."

[3] Chardonnay. "It starts with a big boom, although the taste dies very quickly." It might lack endurance, but this white fared the best of the label's four offerings by far. "It has multiple flavors, although I can't distinguish them," said one guy, obviously drunk.

[4] Sauvignon blanc. "It's heavier than the one we just had—sweet, sticky. Basically, I just don't like it." Can't argue with that.

Future Foods

This spring, the ominous-sounding Syngenta corporation introduced the world's first miniwatermelon, an adorable seedless sucker about the size of a cantaloupe. Below are six equally overengineered foods making their way onto store shelves in the next decade. —JAMES CURY

» Bananas

Problem: There's about a five-second window between the time they're ripe enough to eat and the moment they turn to brown mush. **Solution:** Syngenta is developing a banana with a shelf life three to five days longer than that of normal bananas—and it's the length of the shelf life that matters. **Due out:** 2006

» Beer

Problem: Clouds and tastes awful if allowed to sit around too long, or so we hear. **Solution:** Diter von Wettstein, a professor at Washington State University, is developing a type of barley with reduced levels of tannins, which cause beer to get skunked. It could be used to make beer that lasts for years. **Due out:** Ten years before we see everlasting brew. And can you really blame researchers for drawing out this project as long as possible?

» Onions

Problem: They make us cry. Also, onions may help prevent heart attacks—thanks to antiplatelet compounds—but they need new eye-burning pungency to be effective. **Solution:** Shinsuke Imai at House Foods Corporation in Chiba, Japan, has developed an onion that tastes normal and thins the blood without burning eyes and hearts. **Due out:** It'll be several years before scientists can effectively reproduce the tear-free onion.

» Potatoes, rice

Problem: They're all carbs, fatso. **Solution:** Researchers in Europe have created a modified strain of rice that contains beta-carotene, which the body converts into vitamin A. Joyce Van Eck of the Boyce Thompson Institute for Plant Research is working with the USDA on energizing potatoes in a similar fashion. That's good news for french-fry lovers, and even better news for people in developing nations, who often suffer blindness and even death because of vitamin A deficiency. **Due out:** "Golden rice" has existed for years, but patent issues and politics have kept it from reaching consumers. Van Eck believes beta-carotene potatoes are six to eight years away.

» Lemons

Problem: Very boring shape for such an essential cocktail garnish. **Solution:** "Star lemons," which have grooves down their sides. Slice through the midsection and you get a star-shaped garnish. **Due out:** On store shelves at Urban Fare every fall for a limited time.

VICTORY WITH HUMILITY. DEFEAT WITH GRACE. THE CHECK
without DISCUSSION.



What a GENTLEMAN *knows*



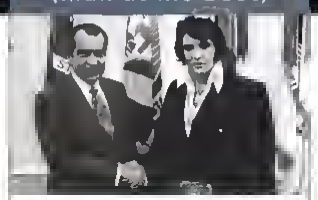
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» **CREATE YOUR OWN COLORFUL EXPRESSION!** Mix and match some of Dan Rather's favorite words to add texture to your mournfully bland speech. First, choose one of Rather's preferred adjectives or verbs (*eat, tight, hot, squalid, doing back flips, shaky, mow the lawn, long, bark*). Pair it with one of his choice nouns (*frog, hippopotamus, car ride, buzzard, Jell-O, bathing suit, talking broccoli, handgun, squirrel in a cage*). You'll end up with something like "tight as a too-small bathing suit on a too-long car ride"—which is real vintage Rather.



THINGS PEOPLE PRETEND TO LIKE BUT REALLY HATE

- » brown rice
- » Wynton Marsalis
- » any Marsalis
- » baseball
- » Coldplay
- » shaking hands
- » Matthew Barney
- » James Joyce
- » Wolf Blitzer
- » eggplant

The Endorsement: Self-Googling

MEDITATION IS SO ANALOG. The digital path to self-discovery lies in another portal. Instead of using Google to find symptoms of monkey pox, type in your own name. Self-absorbed, yes, but it's also the only way to see the impression you've made on the Internet—one likely to affect potential employers and the Justice Department. You'll also discover Internet impostors. I've found the female Chris Kaye who works as a bank loan officer, a lite-FM disc jockey, and the lofty "Head of the Programme Section of the Office of the UN Coordinator for Afghanistan." Not to mention an eponymous injection-molding company that provides solutions for squirrel-caused power outages. And since the second-best use of this cyberspace LoJack is Googling the ex, it gives me no small pleasure to think that former girlfriends might find said search results and assume that I'm making my living by saving the Third World or electrocuting rodents. Awesome either way.

—CHRIS KAYE

The Lost Art of the Colorful Metaphor

BY DAN RATHER

THIS MAY BE ABOUT AS INTERESTING as watching windshield wipers wipe, but I've always had a thing for language. Ever since I can remember, I've reveled in learning new words—not just their meaning, but the sound of them, too. Sometimes a familiar word will catch in my ear in a new way and I'll roll it around in my mouth a little just to appreciate the sound.

I've never thought that the language used to describe the news should be dull. Sober often, and dignified when called for...but serious does not have to mean dull. As a boy, I listened as Edward R. Murrow painted vivid and detailed word pictures in his reports from London during the Blitz, using language that conveyed not just the facts but also the feel of events.

Television, however, was a more cautious medium in its earlier days. On one election night about 40 years ago, I could see I had given the executive producer a little jolt when I reported from the election center's Midwest desk that a tight governor's race was a "barn burner."

This country has a long history of memorable writing and speaking on politics, a legacy that harks back to H. L. Mencken, Will Rogers, Mark Twain. My own humble efforts are an attempt to acknowledge this tradition and possibly add what little bit I can.

You can do it, too. Start your own personal insurrection against cliché. The next time you have something to describe, try reaching for the interesting or unusual point of metaphorical comparison. Don't be afraid: the language won't break. Who knows? If we all start doing it, American English could become as fun as Saturday night at the Stop 'n' Fight.

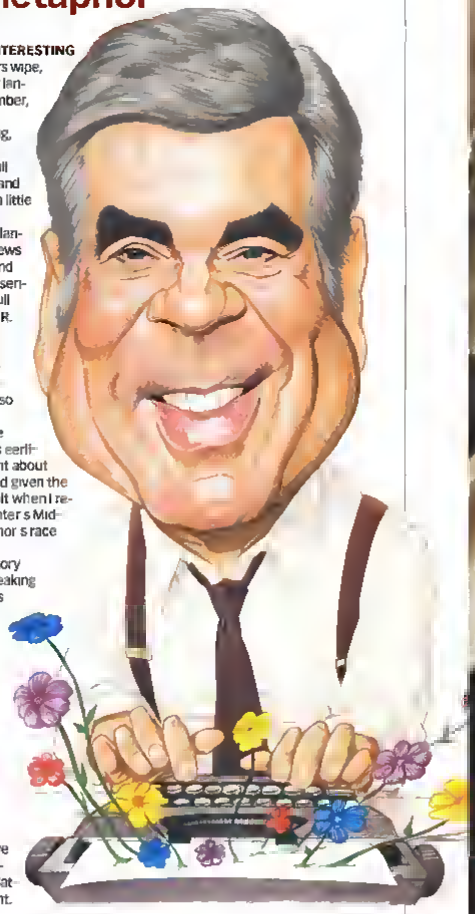
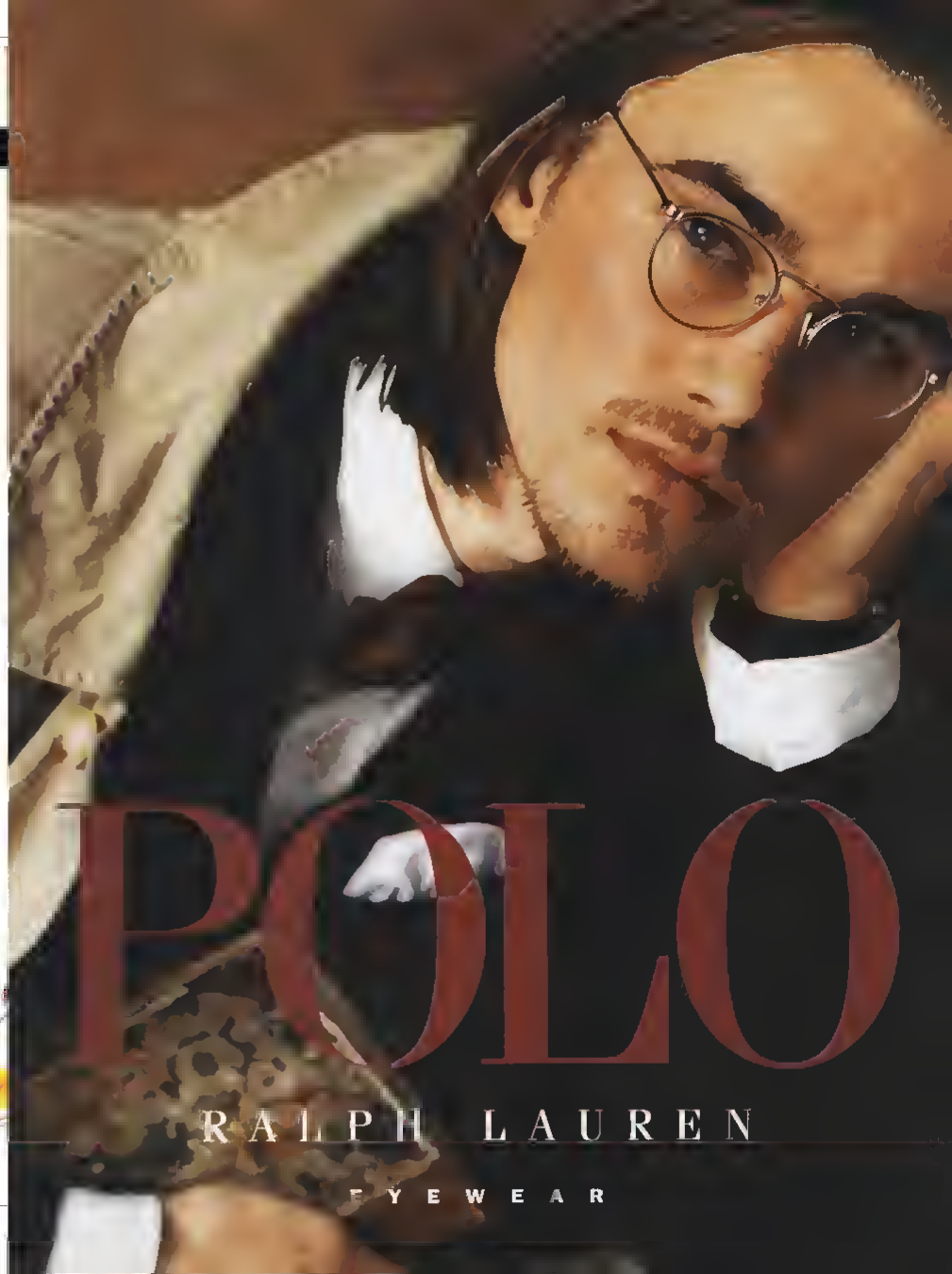


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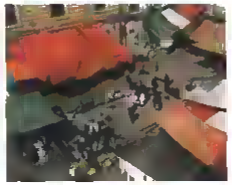
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the rules

Rule No. 62: People who laugh at their own jokes are one tenth as funny as really unfunny people. **Rule No. 111:** No one ever buys the medium-sized condoms. **Rule No. 431:** The quality of a take-out restaurant is exactly mirrored in the quality of its napkins. **Rule No. 523:** Beware the new mommy.

(man at his best) answer fella

Whale Meat, Lecherous Movies & Guido the Killer Pimp



ESQUIRE'S ANSWER FELLA believes that there are no stupid questions, just stupid people who don't ask questions, fearing they'll look stupid. So ask Answer Fella anything. If he doesn't know the answer, he'll find out who does, or who has a guess that sounds right.

I've always heard that the necktie started as something to wipe your face with, sort of a nepkin around the neck. True?

No—you're thinking of the jockstrap, first used by the ancient Greeks as an olive-oil strainer. The origins of knotted neckwear appear to be military. Chinese statues of warriors dating from the third century B.C. show them wearing scarves, apparently as protection from crappy weather.

The fabric noose we call a necktie derives more directly from a visit to Paris in about 1660 by a crack military regiment from Croatia. King Louis XIV was so wowed by the brightly colored silk neckerchiefs worn by its officers that, in keeping with the French gift for slavish idiocy, he appropriated the Croat motif as an insignia of royalty and created his own regiment, known as the Royal Cravattes.

Cravate, of course, is French for *Croatian*—just as *fop* is English for *Frenchman*.

Can you still legally eat whale meat anywhere in the world?

After the awful failure of the desperate, short-lived experiment at McDonald's with Blubber McNuggets—AF knew it was doomed when it chose the slogan "We Love to See You Spurning Blood"—you'll find lawful whale meat for sale only in Japan, Norway and Iceland. Price and quality vary widely, but if you can score some primo, AF suggests ordering it up fried on rye with Swiss, kraut and Russian dressing—what Corky & Lenny's deli in Reykjavik used to call an "Ishmael." Whale, by the way, tastes just like chicken—only bigger.

I just started dating a woman. What's the best movie I can rent that will guarantee some lovin'?

In this case—giving tips to a glib doofus on pitching OVO woo—AF turns to Tucker Max, a glib doofus whose Web site (tuckermax.com) details his adventures with women who have yet to graduate from caddish poseurs to grown men.

Mr. Max says: "A movie that is universally liked and very rewatchable makes her comfortable, gives you something to watch during lulls in conversation, and is easy to ignore if she's dumb enough to let you touch her boobies.

"*Do not* pick a chick flick or a horror movie. A romantic movie makes the whole process harder. Either she will compare you to the hero, thus making you look like shit—because no real-life male is Richard Gere in *Pretty Woman*—or she will actually pay attention to the movie and not to your advances. Scary movies are not as bad, but do basically the same thing: If she likes them, she'll watch the movie and ignore you, if she doesn't, it puts a weird spin on the night.

"Your movie selection by itself is not going to get her to hook up with you. Your behavior, your attitude, how you smell, how you talk to her—that is what makes her want to touch your penis. So clean your apartment and wash your ass before she comes over, because if you're asking a question like this, your problems probably go way beyond movie selection."

Mr. Max suggests *The Usual Suspects* or *GoodFellas*. AF prefers *Fear Strikes Out* or *Shakes the Clown*. And AF figures that young Max's well-tended posterior smells like ... Brut.

Should I tip for takeout?

Why not? AF has learned over the years that the key to a smooth and happy life can be summed up in one word: *relationships*. Of course, relationships are also what make life rocky and miserable, so it's important to consider another essential word: *cash*.

In other words, toss the counter staff 10 percent. You want your order to be ready on time and filled correctly. You'd like to be greeted with a smile and the open palm of friendship. And you don't want anyone hocking a loogie in your hummus. So go ahead—be a sport.

What sort of shoes might I wear with a cream/ivory suit, assuming I don't want to look like Guido the Killer Pimp?

From Esquire's own fashion mavenette, the lovely-learned Lauren Iannotti:

"Because pimps don't wear cotton—and because the thought of anyone wearing white wool makes me throw up in my mouth—I assume that you mean a cream-colored linen or silk-and-linen suit and that you're looking to tone down its dandyism.

"A pair of natural-leather wingtips will lessen the heady snazz of the suit and draw on its classic southern-gentleman style. But be sure that the rest of your accessories (belt, watchband) and your furnishings (shirt and tie) play along. And don't forget to leave the pinkie ring, the .357, and the bankroll of hundreds at home."

Got a question? Send it to Answer Fella via esquire.com/talk

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK MATCHO

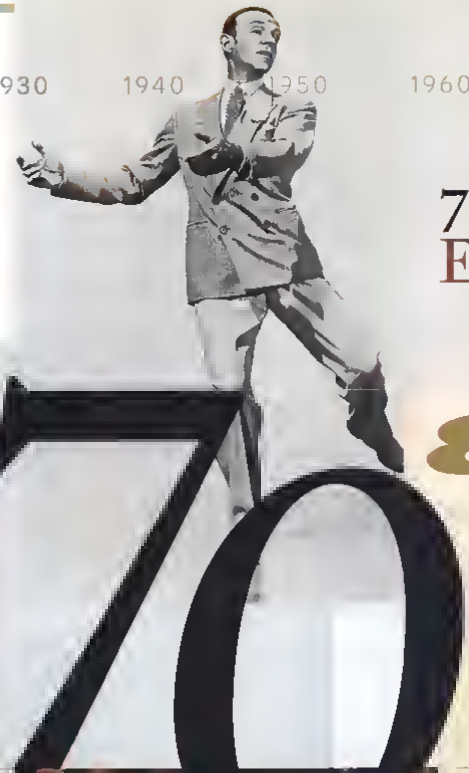
CORNELIANI

Corneliani

BERGDORF GOODMAN · NEIMAN MARCUS · SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

1930 1940 1950 1960 1970 1980 1990

70 Years Esquire Style







» On the occasion of Esquire's seventieth birthday, a quick look back at the stylish legacy of an American icon

RELICS FROM SEVEN STYLISH DECADES A 1951 cover features a rooster playing the peacock; left, Ronald Reagan and Mel Ferrer demonstrate Hollywood style in 1958; below, as did Cary Grant; bottom right, in 1946, a spread from "58 called "Fancy Pants" demonstrates trouser styles to be worn only by the rich and only in Nantucket; a 2000 cover featuring Dylan McDermott in film noir threads asks "Whatever Happened to Style?





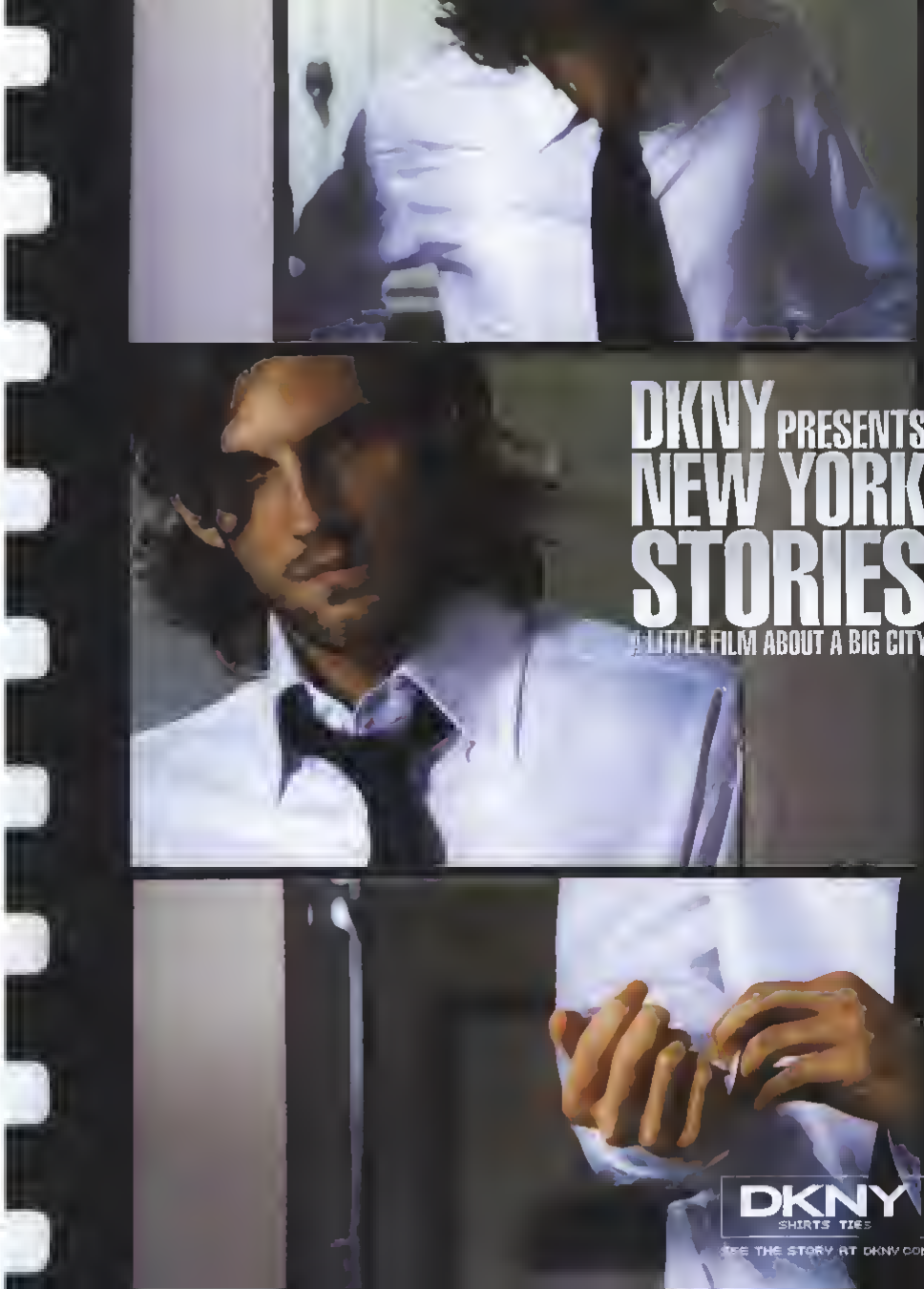


FANCY PANTS





"We are dealing here, after all, with one of the three essentials of life—the one that comes after food and ahead of shelter," said founding editor Arnold Gingrich about why style played a huge part in Esquire from its creation in 1933. Although his words were deceptively proletarian—In the early days fashion stories were simply sketches of tall, white millionaires spotted at the bar of the Plaza or poolside in Palm Beach, with obsessive descriptions of their fine threads—the message was there: Clothes mattered to men. With the same love of language that drove every other section of the magazine, Gingrich and his cohorts invented men's style coverage. ¶ In the seven decades that followed, Esquire would bring to the masses many a fashion first. During the forties and fifties, the style pages were democratized, offering the emerging middle class all the secrets of millionaire style. The idea of collegian as trendsetter arrived in the sixties, when Esquire spies filed fashion dispatches from Princeton and Yale. During the eighties, writers jetted off to chronicle the men's fashion revolution in Milan and returned to create the first portfolios centered on men's wear designers. And during all of these decades, huge-name art photographers from Horst P. Horst and Hoyningen-Huene to Bill King, Herb Ritts, and Mario Testino were recruited to create visual narratives around the season's new styles. ¶ The next seven pages chronicle seventy influential years of Esquire style and demonstrate how the magazine's coverage of the second essential of life has served as a mirror of society, with the enduring style that reflects the man who holds the magazine.



1930s

Giorgio Armani on the '30s "The thirties, when so much that we call modern was born. A decade of characters who became icons. Cary Grant, with his mesmerizing charm, his soft-cut shirts and loose collars. The nimble Fred Astaire, dancing his way through the decade in top hat and tails. Elegance in fashion and decor reached new heights, moving on from the postwar preoccupation with the pretty and the frivolous to embrace the rationalism and harmony of art deco. As far as I'm concerned, the very idea of style emerged in the thirties, which seem all the more glittering in hindsight, knowing that it would all end in the dark days of another world war. Perhaps this is what makes the women seem more glamorous, the men more virile, the style more eloquent, than in any other decade before or since."



ENDURING STYLE Depression be damned. Esquire held tight to elegance during a time when white tie and tails hit its peak and jewelry was simple: silver cuff links and the impeccable leather-band Longines watch, a reproduction of which (left) is now available. (Cotton piqué tuxedo shirt and cotton piqué bow tie by Robert Talbott. Protocol, Evidenza watch by Longines.)





MODERN MAN In the April 1934 issue, Esquire proposed a new take on the sportsman's lodge: floor plan included. Oak and antlers were replaced with blond wood, glass and modern furniture, at an estimated cost of $2,300.

WHAT TO WEAR YACHTING Plaids ruled even the high seas in the thirties, thanks to the influence of the Prince of Wales and his proclivity for potent pattern combos. The magazine had yet to use photography, and editors created innovative ways to illustrate clothes.





TWO THIRTIES-STYLE DANDIES, seventy years apart. Both Fred Astaire and Sean Combs sing, dance, and demonstrate a pen chant for flashy custom suits and spectator shoes.



1940

Gianfranco Ferré on the '40s "The forties were a decisive moment in the evolution of the men s wardrobe The Second World War altered the public's way of living and of dressing Suddenly elegance got short shrift after practical qualities like comfort, ease of wear..durability easy care, and travelability Certain styles of the decade that stood out and established themselves as men s wardrobe essentials remain indispensable today and are reinterpreted each year for my men's collections: From the full pinstripe, which remains *the* classic business uniform, to the leather bomber jacket, which thanks to the pilots of the RAF was appropriated for everyday use From the tweed sport coat worn with soft trousers to the use of the trench as an equally dignified alternative to the formal overcoat"



ENDURING STYLE Scarves were well worn in the forties whether tucked neatly into an ascot or folded into a breast pocket This deco polka-dot scarf recalls the zoot suit style that swingers employed to dance away thoughts of World War II (Silk scarf by Tom Ford for YSL Rive Gauche)



ABLE GABLE Forget that he made an undernourished mustache look good and he pretty much invented the Brylcreemed and tousled look—the man wore a fancy suit like it was his pajamas Here he demonstrates two of the major styles of the decade pinstripes and polka dots Together Seamlessly The man could wear clothes





ENDURING STYLE A signal of manhood, the felt hat was a requisite for every working stiff (see above) These days hats are not required but are preferred by dandies like Jack White of the White Stripes right, in a white homburg. At right, the spectator shoe saw its heyday in the forties as the only one that could keep up with the broad shoulders, wide lapels, and ample furnishings of the zoot suit. (Shoes by Church s)



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Tommy Hilfiger on the '50s "To me, the fifties were a time of innocence and hopefulness. The country was at peace and people were optimistic. I grew up in Elmira, New York, an all-American kid bred on preppy clothes and a strong work ethic. When it came time to put my name on a line of clothing, I looked back to the basics I was brought up with...the clean-cut Ivy League look of the fifties: crewneck sweaters, cotton shirts, pants that have just the right fit. I took those classics and updated them with detailing, modern cuts, and finer fabrics. I have always been inspired by the pop culture of my youth. James Dean, Marilyn Monroe, Cadillacs, and drive-in movies are all elements of American culture that influence my design style. The fifties were a great time to grow up."

55



BEATNIK WAS GOING MAINSTREAM in '55, and Esquire was ready to pounce with What—we hope and pray—was an ironic style spread that included a Bill Evans impersonator in an unlikely pair of Day-Glo-orange trousers



ESQUIRE DEBUTED its new fashion concept, personified as "Mr. T" (for "trim"). The conservative character modeled the new trim look and lifestyle for the successful businessman, which included a narrow jacket with slim lapels and a short hem, high-waisted easy trousers, and a gray Tremont hat, worn brim down





ENDURING STYLE Biker style came to the masses in 1953, thanks to a movie called *The Wild One* and an up-and-coming actor named Marlon. Combat boots, high-cuffed jeans, and the jacket have come back in every decade since, including the latest, above left, from the 2003 Hermès collection



ENDURING STYLE The plain and perfect Ferragamo lace-up, a fine complement to the gray flannel suit, gained favor in the decade that saw the country preoccupied with normalcy and uniformity

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1960s

Paul Smith on the '60s "The sixties were a very exciting time since there was an explosion in everything—not just fashion but music, architecture, and design. Thanks to this, I developed my interest in design and fashion. The decade saw the instigation of so many new ideas—a lot of things were being thought about and designed for the first time. Sixties London in particular was especially creative and vibrant. But personally, when designing, I never like to take inspiration from the whole decade, as I think that can make things look too retro. Instead, I prefer to look at a certain detailing, or colors from a painting. I am often influenced by artists and socialites from the sixties and try to design modern clothes that I think they would wear now while still capturing the amazing spirit of that era."

MOD SHOD. This story from 1960, a survey of the season's shoes, is a study in mod style, with hems cut high and tight to reveal fancy socks and well-shined pointed toes.





IN 1965, as Hollywood was laying the groundwork for its monopoly on the American imagination (and eventual domination of magazine covers), Esquire devoted a story in the June issue to *Thunderball*, the new Bond film, using coveted cover space to portray the hero for what he is: the ultimate Esquire man.





ENDURING STYLE. Clothing makers like Prada use reproduced mod tie fabrics to keep the psychedelic color coming (left). The giant square face of the TAG Heuer Monaco watch was immortalized by Steve McQueen in *Le Mans*.



THE BEATLES wore slim mod suits with teeny lapels, mop tops, and goofy smiles. The British mod was trying to emulate Italian businessmen with their custom-tailored suits and endless style sense. But the look came to be affiliated with the musical movement it accompanied, and now modern punk bands like the Hives (right) pay homage to the Brits in black suits, white cravats, and shiny white patent leather shoes.



E T R O

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Tom Ford on the '70s "What was so radical about seventies style was how sexy the clothing was. There was a shift toward an explicit body consciousness that had never existed before. The male silhouette was drastically changed—fabrics got clingy, pants got tight at the waist and thigh, and shirts hugged the torso. People forget that back then straight men used clothes to flaunt their sexuality without being scared of looking gay. It was macho to be groomed and to be a bit of a peacock. When we presented the Gucci collection, I wanted the models to have that seventies swagger—the great body, the mustache, and the blow-dried hair. I told someone after the show, If I could have had Mark Spitz on the runway, I would have."

70



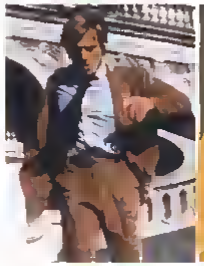
ENDURING STYLE In one of the earlier retro crazes, the Lacoste knit polo shirt that the stylish French tennis star created in the thirties became a snug staple of the seventies guy's wardrobe, worn over bell-bottoms, a splash of Dior's Eau Sauvage, and a nice hairy chest.

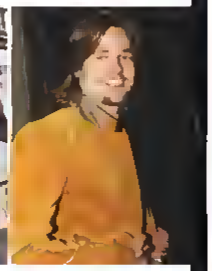






YOU CAN SAY DISCO SUCKS, But the playful styles of the seventies—including broad-lapeled tuxes, flare-legged pants, and foot-high platform soles—all seen in this 1972 Esquire story—are at least worth our consideration.





THANKS TO CIVIL RIGHTS victories in the sixties, the seventies saw black culture go mainstream. Shaft was a new kind of hero: a sexy black private eye in a tight turtleneck and belted leather trench coat who could stop crime and win women—all without skipping a seventies style beat. Aw, yeah.



THE GOLDEN BOY, THEN AND NOW In the sixties, Robert Redford became an actor; in the seventies, he became a legend. Likewise for Brad Pitt in the eighties and nineties. Both blond-haired, blue-eyed wunderkinds have a natural all-Americanness to them, right down to the ease with which each wears a tan corduroy suit. At left, the Gucci loafer, with its telltale hardware (telling of money and power), became a must-have for the well-heeled labelmonger.

www.cesare-paciotti.com

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Domenico Dolce and Stefano Gabbana on the '80s "The eighties arrived with an explosion of color and glamour. Introducing radical changes in how we lived. The staleness of seasons past gave way to experimentation, ostentation, and transgression. Art saw the desecration of Warhol and the establishment of Mapplethorpe. Pop musicians like Duran Duran and Culture Club, Madonna and Cyndi Lauper, brought color and optimism. And clothing became a form of pop art, built on the excesses of consumerism. In came superstylized silhouettes, the power suit, clothing so ostentatious it bordered on kitsch. With all this going on, anything seemed possible. The decade's oft-referenced excess is in our blood and is a presupposed essential of our designs, one that we have never, will never, renounce."

1980s



NEW PREPPY. This 1981 Esquire story shows how soft shirts, knit ties, pastel blazers, and girlfriends with giant hairware all sought after, not shunned, in the heart of the eighties.

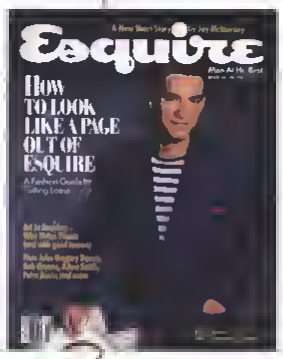




ENDURING STYLE. Thanks in part to Tom Cruise's diaphanous underpants dance in 1983's *Risky Business*, the Ray-Ban Wayfarer (above) and its myriad copycats took over. Disco held on, and dressy sneakers (left) were spotted at nightspots like Studio 54. (Sneakers by Dolce & Gabbana.)



IN THE EIGHTIES, Americans finally caught on to the vanguard style of Italian fashion as names like Giorgio Armani, Dolce & Gabbana, and Gucci came stateside. This story, called "The New Subtle Look from Europe," appeared in a 1984 issue of Esquire and demo'd the modern, deconstructed Italian style.



IN MARCH 1987—after *Bachelor Party* but before *Big*—Hollywood up-and-comer Tom Hanks posed on the cover of Esquire wearing an outfit that looks vaguely yacht-ish and could be found inside demonstrating the new formality, wearing something described as a "goldfinch yellow silk" sport jacket and mixing martinis poolside for an out-of-focus ladyfriend.

TAILORED
NAUTICA

1996

Calvin Klein on the '90s "I have always believed in simplicity and purity, in a certain lack of artifice. It's a vision that for me far predates the nineties. But somehow in the nineties people were finally ready for it, and I was fortunate enough to ride that wave. Creating a minimal aesthetic takes discipline. It's about simplicity, about order, about creativity and inspiration within very clear guidelines. There is great beauty and satisfaction in distilling things to their essence, in eliminating the trivial. But it needn't be ascetic. It can be very comfortable, as it simplifies everything from grooming to style to accessories to architecture. We live in a time of options, when minimalism can be many different things—luxurious, intricate, romantic, sensual. But always, at its heart, it is pure."



WITH THE MILLENNIUM approaching and dot.com coffers filling fast, urbanites were all about technology, utility and black. Designers met the demand with clothing and carryalls (see the Prada backpack below) in durable fabrics (Lycra, nylon, microfiber) with pockets built to spec for Nokia phones and PalmPilots.



GEORGE CLOONEY was Esquire's man in gray flannel, a play on the return of the suit, which we predicted in October 1999 as the market was getting dodgy and American men started dusting off the kits and dressing to impress (and to not get laid off) again. This cover shows how Clooney epitomized what it meant to be an American man in the nineties.

ENDURING STYLE T-shirts and khakis not only became the uniform of choice in Silicon Valley, but their democracy appealed likewise to the fashion maven and the man on the street. (T-shirt by Calvin Klein.)



REGIS MAY HAVE [illegible] the credit for [illegible] monochrome [illegible] but seasons earlier, Matt Damon helped Esquire herald the concept of going one-tone in "Khaki Couture," a 1997 style portfolio.



TAILORED
NAUTICA

FOR STORE INFORMATION SEE PAGE 204



It didn't make him dorky. He made it cool. Steve McQueen creates an inexhaustible look in 1968's *Bullitt*

The Guide

Back in Black

This is not a beatnik uniform. The true beat poets—Ginsberg, Snyder—weren't tiptoeing around underground bars wearing matching black knitwear. Somehow the sweater got that sensitive-poet reputation, though, and it wasn't until Steve McQueen wore one in 1968's *Bullitt* that the wimpy black turtleneck became a tough-guy thing—what you wore to pursue mafiosi through San Francisco, what you took off to make love to Jacqueline Bisset, your soft-lit girlfriend. The sweater reclaims its status this season as a staple in the stylish man's wardrobe—good news because it streamlines the torso, creating a slimmer you. Dig? Cashmere-and-silk sweater ($840) by Gucci

The Details Two-button wool-blend sport coat ($995) silk and wool tie ($95) cotton shirt ($165) and cotton trousers ($185) by **CORNELIANI**, cashmere sweater ($655) by **BRUNELLO CUCINELLI** leather belt ($185) and leather ankle boots ($850) by **A. TESTONI** cotton mackintosh ($595) by **JACK SPADE**, cashmere-and-wool scarf ($295) by **ARMANI COLLEZIONI**, stainless steel watch ($1,150) silver cuff links ($115) and platinum ring ($550) by **TIFFANY & CO.** PowerBook G4 laptop ($1,599) by **APPLE** leather case ($1,100) by **LOUIS VUITTON**

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» **Warm and fuzzy** The fur-trimmed parka has a lot of friends. Eskimos came up with the basic idea. Then the jacket made time with sixties mods, who threw them over neat, narrow suits. Skiers started sporting them in 1965, when men's magazines described fake- and real-fur versions on American slopes. And last year, downtown New Yorkers wore them daily over their hipster workwear to battle the cruelest winter in recent memory. Whether you wear one for survival or as a nod to the mods, it's a great-looking jacket with wide appeal and a soft, furry trim.

(the style guide) the over-under: parkas

(High)



Joseph Abboud, $795
Fur-trimmed hooded cotton parka



Loro Piana, $2,995
Fur-trimmed hooded cashmere parka



Polo by Ralph Lauren, $995
Fur-trimmed hooded down-and-nylon parka

(Low)



Tommy Hilfiger, $345
Fur-trimmed hooded wool parka



Gant, $595
Fur-trimmed hooded cotton-and-nylon parka



D&G, $440
Fur-trimmed hooded cotton parka

FOR STORE INFORMATION SEE PAGE 204

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NEW SHOWS WE WON'T BE COVERING THIS MONTH *Two and a Half Men*, with Charlie Sheen as a swinging bachelor bonding with a ten-year-old boy ... *Tru Calling*, about a young woman on speaking terms with dead people ... *Wonderfalls*, about a teenage girl on speaking terms with inanimate objects ... *Joan of Arcadia*, about a teenage girl on speaking terms with God ... *Coupling*, like *Friends* if Phoebe had done Chandler, Joey, Ross, and Rachel.

tv

The Least-Bad Shows of the New Season

I LOVE TV. TV SUCKS. Sitting through this fall's pilots is like watching your home team die in the beginning of the season. You just have to try to keep the faith. Here's a go at a few that don't make me cringe and may get better ... or we can all just kill ourselves now. —HELENE F. RUBINSTEIN



Arrested Development **(Sundays at 9:30 PM, Fox)** Call me boorish, but I like laugh tracks. As any party mingler will tell you, there is nothing more uncomfortable than silence after an attempt at humor. And name one no-track show that's succeeded. Well, *Larry Sanders*, I guess, and...*hmmm*. Hank Kingsley *is* on this one, so maybe there's hope for this laugh-trackless show. Jason Bateman plays the only normal child in one of this season's many dysfunctional families. His father (Jeffrey Tambor) is in jail for fraud, and now he has to save the family from financial ruin. The characters are appropriately wacky and the situation contrived, but it has that air of sophistication that *Sanders* had. And that's enough for me.

The Handler **(Fridays at 10:00 PM, CBS)** Here's a cop show about undercover FBI agents that focuses not on the agents but on their boss (Joe Pantoliano). This way you get to see a lot of undercover stories (thanks, *CSI*) rather than just one long convoluted one. Remember *Wiseguy*? Loved that show. *The Handler* reminds me of that a little. All the way down to the undercover agent who serves time in prison just so he has a good cover. Does anyone really do that?



The Office **(BBC America, check local listings)** Well, it's not really a premiere, but it's too good to ignore. In this mockumentary of life in an office, writer/creator Ricky Gervais (above) is brilliant as the manager who's a spinning top of pure asshole anergy in a world of stunned onlookers. Yes, nets, new and fresh is possible.

Whoopi **(Tuesdays at 8:00 PM, NBC)** Remember when sitcoms were controversial about something other than sex? (Which let's face it, isn't all that controversial unless it's on a show called *Incest? I Do It!*) Whoopi plays the owner of a hotel with an Iranian handyman (a running joke about his constantly being mistaken for an Arab works just because it sounds so new)—and Elizabeth Regan is great as a white girl who acts black. There are actually jokes making fun of Bush. Bad jokes, but jokes nonetheless. How refreshing.



A Minute with Stan Hooper **(Wednesdays at 8:30 PM., Fox)** This one's about an Andy Rooney type (Norm MacDonald) who moves to a small town so he can broadcast his "Minute with Stan Hooper" from the heartland. But, very reminiscent of the second classic Bob Newhart show (with Larry and the two Darryls), this town is filled with "interesting" characters. The jokes are flat and familiar, but it's not about a dysfunctional family. It's not about sex, and it's not predictable. And there it is: The state of this year's lineup is such that you get extra points for things you are not. Sad.

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID C. WONG

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by chris jones >>

Annika Sorenstam triumphed in some ways. But it was too late when she finally decided to do what she needed to: compete.

Anatomy of a Failure



THE BUBBAS FANNED OUT WITH THE coming of the Texas dawn, the whole big-gutted regiment taking its place by the Colonial's buttonhole tenth tee, kicking off the day by cracking open a couple of cold ones to go with gourmet hamburgers near enough the size of a lesser human's head.

Dividing them from a more unlikely object of their affection—a flaxen-haired Swedish chick who'd taken pains to avoid panty lines, sure, but who was also looseening up largish shoulders and capable of doing a thousand sit-ups—were a twenty-deep gallery, a whack of TV cameras, a tanglefoot of reporters, and, when the sun broke through, the spiritual shadow of the blimp circling overhead.

In the middle of that almighty crush, Annika Sorenstam pulled a 4-wood out of her bag and stared down the fairway. It was close to quiet enough to hear her heart.

Then she took her first swing from among the men—imagine, the first woman in fifty-eight years to play from the tips—and watched her shot rise, fall, and stop on the shortest grass. And then she feigned collapse, which was strange, because she normally shows less emotion than a gumshoe.

Stranger was the ovation that followed. It was long and it was loud and, in a fat-lunged outburst they'd heretofore reserved for those praise-Jesus moments when they'd caught a really big fish, the very same good ol' boys whose breakfast had consisted of burgers and beer were leading the way.

But strangest of all—something that was hard to pick up on but, following its discovery, became the object of obsession, like a man without eyebrows—was that she'd been made to exchange her customary shorts for a pair of bleached-white pants. All of a sudden, it felt a lot like the war had been won but not the battle. A woman was finally allowed to join the PGA Tour, but her knees remained expressly verboten.

IT BEGAN AS a very simple thing, with Sorenstam's desire—deep like a thirst—to test herself against the best golfers in the world. Never mind that she'd had it pretty cushy in the LPGA, winning at a pace that exceeded even Tiger Woods's domination, pulling in millions of dollars in pots and endorsements in front of polite, orderly crowds; she was still compelled to try for some bigger prize, as if she felt like she'd been hedging her bets.

In the sports-ticker-short time it took for the private to become public, however, the very simple thing had become something else entirely: ont a clusterfuck, exactly, but at the very least a brouhaha, and maybe even a shitstorm.

It had been whipped up, you may recall, by Vijay Singh, who'd threatened to boycott the Colonial should he be paired with Sorenstam—an impossibility, especially after he didn't show up. Joining

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Singh was Fulton Allem, who won Ben Hogan's tournament a decade ago and decreed that men playing golf with women "wasn't natural." And then there were some of the longer-toothed members of the Colonial Country Club itself, the cart-riding coots who roused themselves out of their adjustable Craftmatics and defied a gag order to voice their opposition to the inevitable.

All of whom unwittingly conspired to make Sorenstam's missed cut that week, and the reception she got, even more satisfying than it might've been. In a single swing—okay, in four too many swings—she turned a rarefied game played at a big-money course in a closed-border state into our single best hope for a wide-open field. In fact, come the end of a couple up-and-down days, she left no doubt.

Only part of the proof could be found in her perfectly respectable opening round. After the gasp of relief that followed her terrific first shot, Sorenstam continued to drive the ball well (only eleven yards shorter than the rest of the field, on average), hit all but one fairway, and putt for relative shit—on her way to a first-round 71 and a tie for seventy-third place, ahead of Steve Elkington, Sergio Garcia, Tom Lehman, and Bob Estes.

Upon the conclusion of her morning—unnatural, to be sure, but not for Allem's reasoning—Sorenstam was whisked toward a massive white press tent. It was then that things first got a little bit shaky.

"Sure, I'd love to make the cut, but if I play tomorrow like I did today, then the score doesn't really matter," Sorenstam said.

Blech.

It's just like a girl to put so much stock in trying. And worse still, she actually looked to believe what she was saying.

For the first time in her professional career, Sorenstam was content enough to be there. She played a safe, controlled round, neat and tidy as a flower box, and smiled a lot and waved every time she got an ovation, which was every time she took a shot. There were outpourings even on her bogies, including her three-putt on the day's final hole. After the shock of it all wore off—along with the morning's liquid-breakfast buzz—there was something vaguely unsettling about the unconditional love.

The thing is, playing with the men is one game. Playing *against* them—playing their go-for-broke style and swallowing pars as if they were bitter pills—is another. And if Sorenstam played a second round much the way she'd played her first, then she would've done more for the Vijay Singhs and Fulton Allems of the world than for the army of little girls who'd been cheering her on. If she wanted to make genuine history, and to win the respect of the golfing establishment as well as the public's easy admiration, she really needed to take a Thursday mulligan.

Too bad she wasn't asking for one.

"I'm very proud of the way I played," she said. "Under these circumstances, it feels better than par for me. I mean, every hole felt like the U.S. Open on Sunday."

She'd come to have a change of heart.

THE NEXT DAY—if the first day felt like Sunday, the second day felt like a month of them—an important thing happened. A certain flaxen-haired Swedish chick who'd taken pains to avoid panty lines struck a good shot, but not an excellent one, and said something that very closely resembled the word *fuck*.

At last, she was one with the world of men.

Before she'd joined them, Sorenstam had already found herself measured against the fellas in every conceivable way—except the most important. With all the talk of her Fred Funk drives and Jay Williamson irons and, frankly, her Jay Don Blake short game, there wasn't much gab room left over for dissecting her state of mind, outside of the obvious questions about her ability to withstand pressure and, on occasion, to deflect the sun-drunk advances of the Bubbas (who, it must be said, apparently look at women holding sand wedges the way the rest of us look at women playing bass or drinking beer from the bottle—that is, as somehow being hotter than they really are). No one much talked about the real challenge: how quickly she might make the transition from the LPGA's slumber-party congeniality to the knock-down-drag-out war that unfolds whenever men gather to play golf for money.

THE GEAR

I WAS GOING TO RUN, then it rained. I was hungover. It was muggy. My shoes weren't right. Then I got myself a pair of **Nike Zoom Spiridons.** They're made from some space-age material the company calls "mesh," which makes them as comfortable as slippers. Although they're also incredibly light (9.5 oz), the shoes' cushy soles somehow offer enough spring and support to make them your regular trainers. When the clouds cleared and the barometer was right and I wasn't sweating pure booze, I took them for a spin. They're the best all-around shoes I've run in in a while. Crap—I hate losing a good excuse. $100; nikerunning.com.

—DAVID KATZ



As it happened, Sorenstam needed exactly one round to feel comfortable in long pants. It was evident from Friday's opening hole, a 565-yard par-5 lined by something like twenty-five thousand spectators, a course record. And there was Sorenstam, a little more grim-faced and a little less chatty and, just three shots later, swearing and playing out of the sand.

On a layout legendary for an abundance of traps that might've been dug by Cerberus, it was the first time she'd found one, which said something about the way she had been playing and the way she was playing now. Overnight, she'd decided to play to win, and she was no longer satisfied with aiming for the middle of the green.

Her headstrong feelings were confirmed when she blasted out of the sand and saved par, then birdied her second hole to get back to even. With the projected cut wavering between even and plus-1, Sorenstam looked like short money to return for the weekend—remarkable, considering the all-knowing Vegas books had posted her stroke over-under at a dismissive 76.5.

"I should've bet on myself," she said.

That is, until her putting let her down.



again. She three-putted three times and bogeyed five of the middle eight holes, and that left her on the eighteenth green facing a fourteen-footer just to save par and make 74 on the day.

But it remained a better round than her first.

In it was the remaining proof that not far into the future, someone like thirteen-year-old Michelle Wie—she of the three-hundred-yard drives and almost disturbingly male compulsion to win—will play *against* the men, week in and week out, and might even occasionally beat them. All that kept Sorenstam from making the cut—despite the suffocating attention and a strong-playing field and the time it took her to find her ld—was her short game, the one part of good golf that's blind to everything but touch. Forget all the junk about her length off the tee and the shape of her shots. If only she'd found her feel (something that Woods, the man himself, had figured would take her four or five tournaments) about the same time she found her balls, she would've been playing for four days, not two.

Two, though, was enough for Sorenstam, who had made it plain that this was a one-shot deal, for her at least. And as she walked like a man for the final time, she took the chance to take it all in, letting everything fall away but the moment.

Everybody watching—the Bubbas, the dreamers, and, somewhere, Wie—got on their feet and clapped, and Sorenstam clapped back. Then she lined up her putt, looking ready to collapse for the second time in as many days, and sank it. She retrieved her ball and threw it into the crowd—she throws like a girl, by the way—then fell into the embrace of her caddie and her playing partners and one of the most single-minded galleries in recent memory. And then she cried, and not just a little bit.

"I gave it all I had," she said.

SHE MIGHT HAVE BEEN done, but the brouhaha was far from over. After Sorenstam took her leave from groundbreaking, and even after Kenny Perry, the Colonial's eventual winner, and Justin Leonard flirted with 59 on their way to course-record 61's, everyone still had Annika heavy on their minds.

For there was a greater truth to be gleaned from other numbers, starting with two hundred thousand tickets sold, another tournament record, and 1.5 million more viewers at home, on a weekday morning no less, giving *Walker, Texas Ranger* its best lead-in ever. Plus, the Bank of America copped an estimated $20 million in spotlight time, a handsome return on its $6 million title sponsorship, even by a bank's gouging standard.

That, if nothing else, made rumors of a prospective PGA resolution—one that would ban women from future play—all the more laughable. Damn straight, money's taken the heart out of modern sport, but in exchange it's given it a brain, and no thinking man could look at the Colonial's ledger—or at Sorenstam's scorecard—and write off her experiment as a failure.

Because if even the Bubbas could be made to believe, then, suddenly, the world was full of possibility. Because Suzy Whaley's turn was just around the corner. Because there were gourmet hamburgers on the grill—hell, because there's even such a thing as gourmet hamburgers—and truckloads of beer sitting on ice. Because for once golf felt a little less like a private party and a little more like a parade. And, praise Jesus, because Annika Sorenstam actually looked pretty hot in her bleached-white pants. ■

THE BETTING MAN

by robert kurson

Need a Tout?



FOOTBALL SEASON IS HERE. It's going to be bloody. Tout services—businesses that sell gambling advice—cockroach the country each season in numbers Carl Sagan couldn't have pronounced. You've seen their pitches that crow about "75 percent winners!" and their "Million star lock of the year!!!"

Rule one: They don't work. Many of these touts are scams. I could fill pages explaining their cheats—how they advise half their callers to bet the Bears and half to bet the Packers, how they advertise results weeks in advance of games, how they explain poor performance by blaming you for being cheap, how they use Gestapo sales tactics, and mostly how they don't do any real handicapping. But I don't want you to know this by reading it. I want you to know it because you understand in your bones the challenge of betting football.

To break even on sports, a gambler must pick 52.4 percent winners. The world's greatest handicappers are thrilled to hit 60 percent. That 7.6 percentage-point difference is Everest, and it ain't for sale. How hard is it to hit 75 percent? Exhibit one: The Las Vegas Hilton runs its yearly "SuperContest," in which nearly three hundred of the world's best football bettors pay $1,500 to pick five weekly NFL games. Last year, the winner pocketed $155,000 in prize money by picking 65.9 percent winners. Exhibit two: Larry Grossman, host of the excellent and honest Vegas radio show *You Can Bet on It*, has for three years offered 2–1 odds—for up to $1 million—to any handicapper who can back up a 75 percent claim over one hundred games. He has never had a single bite. Exhibit three: Mort Olshan, founder of *The Gold Sheet*, sports betting's premier publication, says, "I've been in this fifty-five years and have never seen anyone pick even 70 percent over a hundred games. Ever." Exhibit four: Guys who have a sure thing ain't selling it to you for fifty bucks.

If you still want a tout, use *The Gold Sheet*'s late telephone service (800-798-4653). Last year, its pickers hit at 56.6 percent. Equally important, it's honest. Or listen to Grossman's show (on the Internet at larrygrossman.com) on which he interviews the best and straightest handicappers. Better still: Don't use a tout. The joy of football betting lies in its toughness. Winning money is nice, but taking a bookmaker's line, dissecting it, then putting your gut, your nose, and your name behind it—well, that can be bliss even if you lose.

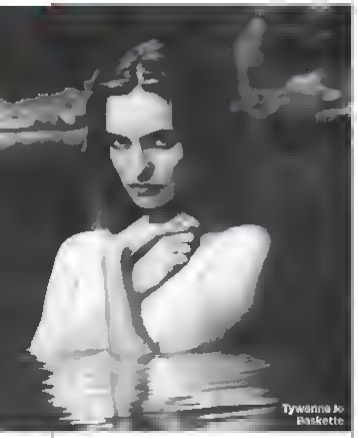
ILLUSTRATION BY VIKTOR KOEN



by andy langer

Tywanna Jo Baskette's debut album is the kind of charmingly bizarre record that comes around only once a year. Lucky for you, she's not alone.

The Eccentrics



NASHVILLE SINGER-SONGWRITER Tywanna Jo Baskette's "I Love Goat Cheese" is the best song about goat cheese ever written. And there's more where that came from. Her other left-field musings tackle lung cancer, escaped parakeets, and pink underwear. It's enough to make you think the girl's nuts. But she's not alone. Across the pond in London, a similarly distinctive female voice—Holly Golightly—swims in the same choppy waters. Her tunes about dark nights and cheating hearts are filtered through a sly wink and nod to Nancy Sinatra. The next Norah Joneses they ain't. And yet both deliver stop-in-your-tracks shivers. Baskette's *Fancy Blue* and Golightly's *Truly She Is None Other*, both out in August, are immediately charming and eminently elegant albums that rarely come twice a year, let alone twice in the same month.

A former model and music-video extra, Tywanna Jo Baskette (yes, that's her real name) is Jack Handey in a vintage dress, recording bizarre deep thoughts she simply calls "pass-alongs." Behind the random jellyfish and cows are vivid southern-gothic morality plays and existential reality checks. Bubbly melodies keep the strangeness grounded. And while this may seem like some kind of preschool freak-out, it works. Baskette's disarmingly sexy voice sounds like Emmylou Harris and Edie Brickell sharing a helium-huffing holiday. When she tells a lover, "Don't lie to me—I can smell it between your teeth" in "Howdy Howdy Howdy Do," you don't know whether you should giggle or start crying.

Holly Golightly's musical seduction is more direct. A "rock revisionist" who's slowly earned a cult following stateside for melding garage rock and deep blues, Golightly (named after the Audrey Hepburn character) slays you with sinister and smoky vocals. She's a dead ringer for Nancy Sinatra in all her boot-walkin' sass and sex appeal. In the fawning liner notes to *Truly She Is None Other*, White Stripe Jack White says Golightly's music is a way to "get easy with myself"—which sounds about right, even if I have no clue what that means. And while she's rarely as droll as in her memorable cameo on the Stripes' *Elephant*, there's an authority, poise, and mesmerizing backbeat to tunes like "Walk a Mile" and "You Have Yet to Win" that'll have you volunteering to be the chump she writes about next.

What's refreshing about Baskette and Golightly is how comfortable each is on the fringe; both put storytelling and personality ahead of their commercial prospects. And while you won't hear them on the radio anytime soon, they're impossible to ignore. Baskette and Golightly will leave you confused, hypnotized, and hopelessly wrapped around their fingers. With brutally honest and seductive albums like these, you never stood a chance to

FIVE MORE RECORDS WORTH YOUR LUNCH MONEY



Super Furry Animals *Phantom Power* (XL/Beggars Group) Not to be confused with plushie freaks these self proclaimed "kaleidoscopic surrealists" deliver another set of satisfying surround sound pop proving that splitting the difference between Radiohead and the Flaming Lips is easier than it looks. **August 5**



The Raveonettes, *Chain Gang of Love* (Columbia) On the heels of the duo's much buzzed about debut EP, this 13-song full length finds them exploring more than their previous three chords and a cloud of fuzz. Buddy Holly and a healthy dark dose of 1950s waltz beats abound, making this the perfect album for a sinful cocktail party. **August 12.**



My Morning Jacket, *It Still Moves* (ATO/RCA) If alt-country heroes decided to go to space this is what it would sound like. Lead singer Jim James's lonesomely soaring vocals are the linchpin for this Kentucky five-piece. From the album opening "Mahgeeta," the band travels a beautifully winding and spooky road. **September 9.**



Rodney Crowell, *Fate's Right Hand* (DMZ/Epic) On his 11th and best album, the underrated "Houston Kid" strikes an awesome singer songwriter balance between Dylan-like wisdom and sinister humor. The title track linking Donna Karan and Ken Starr is the most insightful free-association ditty since "We Didn't Start the Fire." **August 26**



Lake Trout, *Another One Lost* (RX/Palm) This Baltimore collective gets its yayas out by tightly layering live instruments over hypnotically repeating loops that sound like samples but aren't. The result is a cinematic yet wholly organic minimasterpiece that sounds like DJ Shadow producing Sonic Youth. **September 9.**

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CLASS roberto cavalli

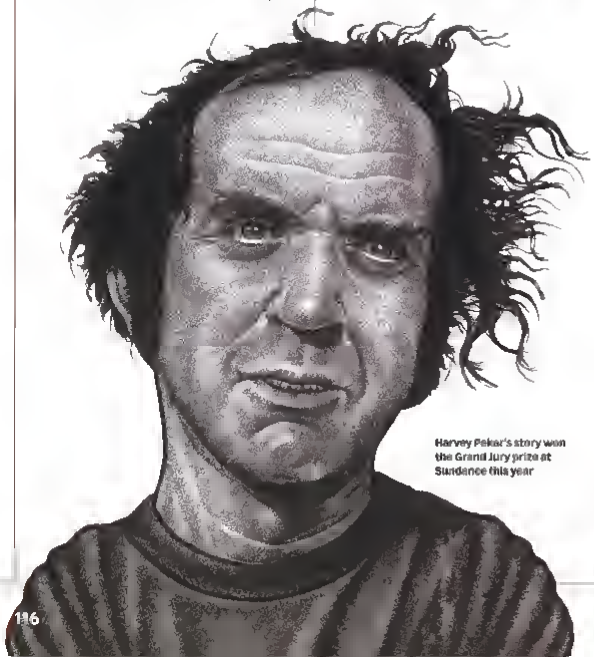
by tom carson

American Splendor is already a critics' darling. Question is: Is this romanticized biopic of one of our great freaks any good? Also: Sofia Coppola and Val Kilmer.

The Credible Hulk

BY LOTS OF STANDARDS, HARVEY PEKAR is a crank. But if all cranks were this humane and observant, we'd need another word for them—like artists, maybe. His autobiographical comic book, *American Splendor*, has been chronicling his life as a Veterans Administration file clerk, unreconciled son of Cleveland, ill-paid jazz reviewer, autodidact, and querulous extra in the American dream since 1976. The appeal of its quizzical tone is that Pekar's caustic title keeps turning earnest despite itself, and yet the epiphanies he finds lurking in crummy circumstances and humdrum incidents never settle anything. Now in his sixties, he's a revered figure in comics land, but your impression is that he could wake up tomorrow and decide it's all been futile—and get right to work explaining why.

Shari Springer Berman and Robert Pulcini, who've adapted *American Splendor* for the screen, don't have as many doubts about the state of the universe. With a more ingenuous narcissism than Harvey's, they end up implying that having a movie made about one's life—that's *their* movie, folks—is all the validation anyone could ask for. Even so, I don't think the praise *American Splendor* has been getting is undeserved; it's just a little extravagant. But if reviewers are letting their bohemian sentimentalities show by raving up a version of Pekar's



Harvey Pekar's story won the Grand Jury prize at Sundance this year



»After playing a sleazy, hyperarticulate bachelor in last year's *Rodger Dodger*, Campbell Scott reverses roles as a cuckolded suburban dad in Alan Rudolph's *The Secret Lives of Dentists*. The actor produced both movies and will add another directing credit to his name with the November release *Off the Map*.
—STEPHEN GARRETT

ESQ: We hear you grew a mustache to "look more dental."
CS: I hope dentists don't take that offensively. I'm from that old school of acting. I like to grow a little something.
ESQ: In *Dentists* you pick up the kids and cook while your wife cheats on you. You're completely emasculated.
CS: You sound a little mad about that! Some men have called me a hero. I guess what they mean is that I take care of the family. Everybody has a slightly different opinion about it, obviously based on themselves.
ESQ: Your late parents—George C. Scott and Colleen Dewhurst—were married and divorced twice. Did that influence your performance?
CS: I'm divorced myself now—practically everybody else is, too, or comes from one of those families. But my parents were so different. They were very demonstrative. The love and anger were pretty much out in the open. But you never think about your parents as a kid; you just feel everything.
ESQ: You've been doing a lot of directing and producing lately. We're going to have to use many hyphens to describe what you do.
CS: Well, if I had to choose one job, I would pick directing. Frankly, as a director, you're acting every part. Also, as a director, I can give myself a nice little cameo, which doesn't take much time and requires very little makeup.

ILLUSTRATION BY DREW FRIEDMAN



story that turns him into an endearing cutie pie, better him than Charles Bukowski, and Harvey apparently agrees In the filmmakers' liveliest ploy, he and Joyce Brabner, his current wife and collaborator, keep interrupting the action, popping up on an all-white cartoon set to comment on their (latest) artistic facsimiles Paul Giamatti as Pekar and Hope Davis as Brabner, along with animated renditions—too few of them, I think—of the Harvey from the comic books

The actual Pekar also appears in clips from his unruly eighties appearances on *Late Night with David Letterman*, when Dave tried to turn him into a mascot and failed, usually it's Giamatti fretting in the dressing room but Pekar who steps out on stage It's just as well that all this foolery is entertaining, since otherwise you'd object to its glibness. Berman and Pulcini clearly hoped that surrounding the actual Pekar with representations of him would say something interesting about projected identities and persona play, but that's as far as their thinking went, so the switcheroos are just cute—*This Is Your Life* gone pomo, and we've been there before

Because the structure is basically celebratory, its effect is to rob Giamatti's re-creation of Pekar as a scruffy, desperate nobody—the bleak material of the early comic books—of any urgency. After all, here the real guy is, lucky and safe. Though nimble and enjoyable, the movie doesn't hit its stride or find its subject until Davis's Brabner appears As soon as this *American Splendor* fan, having come to Claveland to meet its creator, briskly announces, "Harvey, I think we'd better skip the courtship stuff and just get married right away," the picture turns into a charming, addled subculture version of *Made for Each Other*—the tale of a crank who found his perfect match, who did just what perfect matches are supposed to: save his life without changing him.

In fact, in both its real-life and dramatized incarnations, *American Splendor*'s last third or so is a stone-delightful portrait of intellectual bohemia's Pippi Longstocking version of domestic felicity It's obviously the material Berman and Pulcini, who are a couple themselves, care about most Since the milieu is one I'm familiar with, I love all the stuff they get right the cluttered apartment with the sagging record shelves, the genial confusions of a home that's also a cottage industry And after all the hell Marcia Gay Harden went through in *Pollock*, you're grateful for a screen marriage of creative people that isn't a train wreck from "I do" on

The reductive side of this is that it trivializes what drew Brabner to Pekar to begin with. While Berman and Pulcini don't do justice to his work, the episodes they've cherry-picked do hint at its flavor—especially Giamatti's dazed encounters with Mr Boats (Earl Billings), who's both a philosopher king in clerk's garb and a really grumpy old black guy spouting hooey But their choices also soften the material. The Pekar who matter-of-factly depicted himself deciding which of his female acquaintances' images to masturbate to, for instance, is MIA Since his homegrown radical politics are mostly omitted, too, the anti-GE outburst that got him dropped from *Letterman* is just more flaky behavior; we aren't encouraged to care about what he was driving at.

The real Pekar is also noticeably more peppery and volatile than the actor playing him, but Giamatti's performance would be problematic anyway. I don't know anyone who doesn't love Paul Giamatti, but he's hemmed in by a conception that requires him to stress that he's playing Harvey as a comic-book character—redundantly, since isn't that what the animated bits are for? His *S*-curved spine may be the most defeated posture in movie history, but he never conveys Pekar's obsessive self-scrutiny or belief that he's got perceptions worth sharing Since those qualities are central to his *American Splendor* persona, this sad-sack version suggests an unwitting condescension on Berman and Pulcini's part, they aren't comfortable identifying with him until he's been recognized as an artist. Tellingly, Giamatti drops the Bert Lahr cartoon mannerisms once Harvey meets Joyce, the Pinocchio implications are a little much, but the change is welcome anyway

BARRY SONNENFELD'S GADGET OF THE MONTH



LAST WEEK I was forced to leave my home in East Hampton New York and spend three days in L.A. to discuss directing a movie. Unless I'm at home, I am not a relaxed guy. In fact, every time I successfully get off an airplane, I view it as a failed suicide attempt. If I must travel, I need the ability to contact anyone, anywhere, on any electronic system. That's why I brought along two laptops, a Handspring Treo, a Sony Clié PDA, a Palm Tungsten W and two Motorola V60 cell phones—one for me, and one in case Sweetie (the wife) left her cell in the car on the way to the airport, which she did. I also carried a nine-pound bag with nothing but chargers, cables, and Xanax for the plane. The night before I left, Sweetie looked at me sitting on the floor surrounded by Ziploc bags, a Sharpie, and mountains of cords. "I'm organizing!" She shook her head in disdain. She thinks I need to simplify. I may have found two devices that will help me do just that.

The **Sony Ericsson T610** ($150, sonyericsson.com) is the best combination cell phone and e-mail retriever that I've used. It connects via Bluetooth to a wireless headset whose only flaw is that it makes you look hard of hearing. I use the built-in camera to take pictures of studio execs at meetings, then e-mail them to the wife on the spot. (Sweetie...they don't love me!) The jog/shuttle control is very intuitive, letting you shortcut through a lot of button pushing. And it's small—about one and a half prescription bottles high and less than a prescription bottle wide. On my next trip to L.A., I might even leave the Tungsten W and the two V60s home, so long as Sweetie isn't coming with me.

I also just received an **iGo charging system** ($120, ientenweb.com) which lets you simultaneously charge a computer and one other device, like a phone or PDA. It's a silver block with a cool blue "charging" light that could bring my nine-pound bag down to five. Anything that reduces the weight of what I carry will make the plane more likely to take off, Sweetie will feel that I'm simplifying, and I can carry that much more Xanax

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On Bill Murray in *Lost in Translation*: No other actor communicates battered, rueful gentleness so casually. He is, as usual, a joy.

The real reason the love story works is that Davis is pretty nearly perfect as Joyce Brabner. Like the original, who radiates the calm that comes from being absolutely sure of your values, Davis's Joyce takes being alienated so much for granted that she's *poised* about it, something Harvey can never be, with her home-clipped bangs and Harry Potter glasses, she's like the grown-up sister of Thora Birch's character in *Ghost World*. She embodies everything the movie's about, and you wish the filmmakers had concentrated on Joyce's tolerant, persnickety relationship with her husband from the start.

Davis is the star of Berman and Pulcini's two most inspired shots, both of which are musical and feature Madylin Sweeten as Brabner and Pekar's adopted daughter. In one, as Harvey works in the foreground, they're in the kitchen, boogying to, in the movie's best Cleveland joke, the Pretenders' "My City Was Gone." In the other, which is really blissful—blissful because it's incidental, the kind of moment of grace Pekar's comics blink at just as it vanishes—they're ice-skating to "My Favorite Things", it's the John Coltrane version, of course, which is where the bliss comes in. Any movie that gives us even one image that perfect can be forgiven a lot. Whether this one needs to be forgiven anything at all depends on whether you think there's more to value in Pekar's work than what Berman and Pulcini get on the screen.

A Suntory Satori Story

MOVIEGOERS WITH good memories have often seen Sofia Coppola's *Lost in Translation* before. It's the familiar story about, in this version, a middle-aged, unhappy American movie star (Bill Murray) who has a flirtation with a neglected young bride (Scarlett Johansson) while they're both at loose ends in Tokyo, until he catches his plane and they both feel bittersweet about it. But the story's always had its charms, and Murray and Johansson, who are both very ingratiating—he's just-right fatigued and wry, she's just-right fresh but troubled—add a few new ones. Thanks to Coppola, so does Tokyo, which has seldom given such an appealing performance as itself.

In interviews, Coppola likes to go on about her special understanding of how to get young women's experiences across on film since she's been one herself. It sounds like such claptrap that it's a little maddening that she's right. *The Virgin Suicides* was high-art kitsch, but Kirsten Dunst and the actresses playing her sisters were photographed with wonderful intimacy, you saw them as the mysteries they were to others but also understood that they weren't mysteries to themselves. This time out, Coppola does the same for Scarlett Johansson. When she's pensively roving her hotel room, she's so convincingly alone that you want to apologize for intruding, and the spontaneous play of expression on her face in her scenes with Murray almost makes you believe that she's the only woman alive who doesn't know how the movie will end.

With my special understanding of middle-aged men's experiences, I can report that Coppola doesn't do badly by us, either, but that's thanks to Murray. No other actor communicates battered, rueful gentleness so casually, he's sensitive the way men who think they are aren't. Although he comes within a hairbreadth of overdoing the hushed-longings bit here, there wouldn't be much going on if he didn't. Whether he's croaking Roxy Music's "More Than This" in a karaoke bar or bidding a polite goodbye to a dancer's crotch as he and Johansson hastily exit a strip club, he's also, as usual, a joy.

In the underwritten (isn't it always?) part of Johansson's self-centered photographer husband, Giovanni Ribisi

***Damn Good Advice* By John Cuneo**



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90	Rain 1995 Harvest Vodka
89	Ketel One Vodka
88	Wyborowa Vodka
87	Kremlyovskaya Vodka
86	Finlandia Vodka of Finland
86	Alps French Vodka
85	Skyy Vodka
82	Original Polish Vodka
82	Glenmore Special
82	Fleischmann's Royal Vodka
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doesn't have much to do but act petulant and announce where he's off to next, and the movie's interludes of industry satire are a) filler and b) pretty smug stuff from Francis Coppola's daughter, although Anna Faris does a Cameron Diaz send-up that's fairly funny. Less attractively, Coppola's eye for Tokyo locales and byways doesn't extend to the Japanese themselves, who appear exclusively as comic relief—as if the city is populated by a million variations on Mickey Rooney in *Breakfast at Tiffany's*. On the other hand, the Suntory whiskey commercials that Murray's character is in Japan to film are every bit as funny as Sofia thinks they are.

I Am Big—It's the Guns that Got Smaller

THE PEOPLE BEHIND *Wonderland*—starring Val Kilmer as porn, um, biggie John Holmes in a re-creation of L.A.'s 1981 Wonderland murders, for which Holmes was tried and acquitted as an accomplice—keep insisting that their movie isn't a bit like *Boogie Nights*, and you don't have to think *Boogie Nights* was all that good to agree. Skipping over Holmes's porn career, which I'm not complaining about, the smeary story centers on his involvement with a pack of Tinseltown lowlifes and the crime kingpin who conspired to take revenge after they burglarized his house, with Holmes allegedly playing the murky go-between in both crimes. Director James Cox and his coscriptwriter, one Captain Mauzner—isn't that moniker a dead giveaway?—treat this true-life material as if they either don't know or don't care that *Reservoir Dogs* was a fantasy. They're in it for the affectless allure of brutalized lives and hopped-up scheming, and Holmes, because he got away clean, ends up as their idea of cool—driving into the sunset with his honey (Kate Bosworth) at his side.

The minor mystery is how *Wonderland* attracted the supporting cast it has. Tim Blake Nelson, Eric Bogosian, and Josh Lucas, among others. But only Bogosian makes much of an impression, and that's because he's lousy. For whatever it's worth, though, Kilmer is very good, and he's got a scene of marital wrangling with Lisa Kudrow as Holmes's estranged wife that messes up the badass tone by playing almost like a confrontation between human beings. Otherwise, Kudrow is stuck repeating her tight-lipped, disapproving role from *The Opposite of Sex*—a perfect title for *Wonderland*, by the way—and I have to ask: Why does she bother doing off-beat indie pictures that typecast her more than her hit sitcom does? ■

RESURRECTION TV



MAYBE IT'S NOT TV that sucks. It's us. Last December, under the banner *Brilliant But Canceled*, cable's Trio network reran a handful of edgy old shows that the public dissed when they first aired. We liked them on the second go-though. So Trio is launching *BBC* as a nightly series starting Labor Day, and more than twenty shows will get their second shot. We asked network president Lauren Zalaznick, who created the series, to list her four favorites.

1 *Action*. Ted Demme's show biz insider stars Jay Mohr as an ego bastard film producer. HBO passed on this (it aired on Fox), but Zalaznick insists the show is ideal for cable, where unsympathetic heroes fare better.

2. *Gun*. Produced by Robert Altman for ABC, the show features serious talent. James Gandolfini (above), Carrie Fisher, Randy Quaid. Problem is, none of them stick around for more than one episode. The real protagonist is a pearl-handled Colt .45, the only link between stories.

3 *The Ernie Kovacs Show*. This absurdist sketch-comedy show had only one major flaw. It aired at the same time as the wildly popular Milton Berle show, essentially a kiss of death.

4 *Profit*. Fox's dark drama features a successful executive who spends his days blackmailing and murdering and his nights sleeping naked in a cardboard box. It debuted and was axed in the same month. —MATTHEW MARTZ



(sex)

by stacey grenrock woods

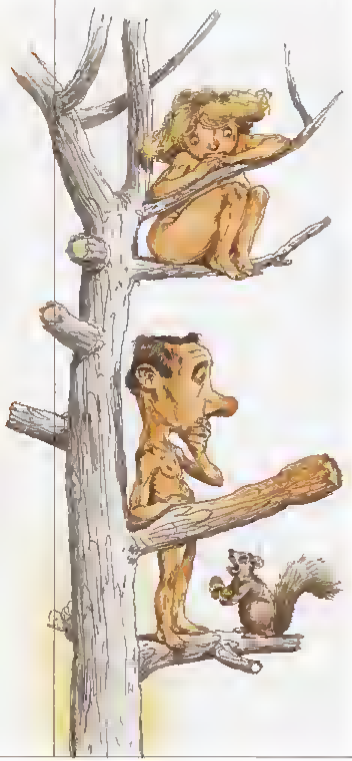
our expert



> You've got questions, she's got answers

My penis is too damn big for my wife. Any suggestions?

First, make absolutely certain that your "wife" is not just a plastic baggie with hand lotion in it. If not, the problem might be that she is not sufficiently aroused for intercourse—since a healthy vagina can stretch to accommodate the biggest dick, even you. Marty Klein at sexed.org recommends "slowing down, spending more time arousing each other, de-emphasizing intercourse, and using a lubricant when you do have intercourse." When your wife is truly excited, tightness probably won't be a problem. If it still is, she should consult a doctor to be sure that she is not suffering from vaginismus, the involuntary contraction of the pelvic-floor muscles that surround the vagina, which makes entry of the penis difficult or impossible. Penis-reduction surgery does not currently exist, but don't go reaching for a potato peeler and a loofah just yet; modern medicine still has some tricks up its sleeve. "In theory, you could do an operation by taking a chunk of the middle out," says plastic surgeon Mark Solomon. You could also, in theory, *not* do that.



Is there anything I can do to make cuddling more interesting?

More interesting? I'm a little confused. Your question seems to imply that cuddling isn't interesting enough as is. And now, with the awesome 3-D graphics and realistic sound effects, cuddling's gonna totally blow your mind! For the jaded few, try to recall "what it was like when you were thirteen," says sex therapist Katherine Rachlin, "how exciting it would have been to have a naked woman in bed with you." Which is a great idea until you have to explain to your wife why you just called her Farrah.

Has anyone had sex in space yet?

It seems as though the old Code of the Orbit holds firm. NASA denies that there's ever been sex in space, and the astronauts aren't talking. Raymond J. Noonan, a professor of human sexuality who wrote his Ph.D. thesis on sex in space, says, "Based on human nature, they have to have had sex by now. If people are in space for a year, six months, or even less, they are at least masturbating." But even masturbation is a taboo subject around the space program and only ever referred to as "servicing the Hubble telescope." If at all. To date, Valeri Polyakov, a Russian doctor, holds the world record of 438 consecutive days in space. No word on if he jerked it in zero gravity—but it seems one member of the cleaning crew was overheard complaining that "it just goes *everywhere*." In the book *The Final Mission*, French astronomer Pierre Kohler claims scientists secretly used elastic belts and inflatable tubes to test sexual positions on a space-shuttle mission in 1996. NASA emphatically denies the charge—pointing out that the mission had no women on it, to which Kohler just laughed haughtily and muttered something in French. Moreover, a married couple did fly together in 1992, but she had a headache. Ryan Sperry at Space Center Houston cites the confines of a shuttle as a drawback. "There's no way a couple could have sex without everyone turning their heads to not look at them." Plus, there's no dimmer switch, and good luck finding any incense. All in all, what happens on the dark side of the moon stays on the dark side of the moon. "The hush-hush policy is because of Congress," says Noonan. "Sex is one of those things Congress is sensitive about to begin with, so NASA is very careful not to piss it off." It's true. If it found out, Congress could cut funding for the space program and would definitely cancel NASA's subscription to *Juggs*.

I always tell my girlfriend that it's good to have sex because she'll burn a lot of calories. Is this true? And what about semen?

It's long been thought that sex burns between 300 and 320 calories an hour, but this, I'm afraid, is a fairy tale. Most sources, including a Web site called nutricise.com, say a 120-pound woman who has vigorous sex for thirty minutes will burn only about 40.5 calories—less than casino gambling or Xeroxing, which both clock in at 54. "With the horizontal positions, your heart doesn't have to work very hard to produce circulation around the body," says professor of exercise physiology B. Don Franks, "and you're not using large muscle groups," no matter what you'd like to tell yourself. Therefore, you can assume sex burns even fewer calories than your constant, relentless, incessant begging. On the bright side, you might have an easier time convincing her to swallow if she knows that ejaculate contains a skinny five calories per serving—less than that burned by ninety seconds of baton twirling (5.4). Most popular diet plans consider semen a "free food," like salsa. Often incorrectly labeled "sperm," semen is actually a tantalizing blend of sperm, fructose, sodium, citric acid, potassium, water, vitamin C, phosphate, bicarbonates, zinc, and prostaglandins, but sometimes you can ask for the prostaglandins on the side. So go ahead—indulge!

Got a sex question of your own? Send it to esquire.com/talk.

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by kim masters >>>



The worst fights in Hollywood are the ones that shouldn't have happened at all. Often, those are the Michael Eisner fights.

Fightin' Mike

"NEVER HAVE A FRIEND IN THIS TOWN." For years, that was Michael Eisner's mantra. And whether it's because of those words or in spite of them, Eisner has proven to be almost indestructible.

He has survived more peril than Sumner Redstone—the chairman of Viacom, who once literally dangled from the window ledge of a burning hotel. Eisner has reigned for nearly twenty years at a company, Disney, that he doesn't even own. He's held on despite a bad heart, bad blood with once-loyal board members, and a job performance that has been, in many ways . . . not good.

Eisner has presided as Disney bled talent, as ABC languished, as profits declined. Yes, things have been worse at competitors like AOL Time Warner and Vivendi, but you know what? The bosses at those companies lost their jobs. Many people predicted that Eisner also would be long gone by now. Not since Mark Twain has someone's demise been reported so prematurely.

Even now, Eisner is in charge as he wages potentially costly fights on numerous fronts. He's at odds with Steve Jobs over Pixar, the animation hit machine that Jobs runs and that simply couldn't be more important to Disney. He's at war with Harvey Weinstein, the cochairman of Miramax, which Disney owns but doesn't really control. And he's embroiled in high-profile litigation over royalties from Winnie the Pooh, potentially worth hundreds of millions of dollars. Yet Eisner keeps on ticking.

Eisner's penchant for protracted and often expensive fights is not new, of course. The most vivid and memorable example—so far—is his war with former Disney studio chairman Jeffrey Katzenberg, who sued over his payout after he was ejected from the studio in 1994. In the early going, Katzenberg certainly would have settled for less than $90 million. But after a long and embarrassing battle, Disney had to cough up more than $250 million.

The cases of Jobs and Weinstein involve similarly willful adversaries. But because Miramax is far less important to Disney than Pixar, Weinstein is more likely to

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wind up in the kind of messy public rupture that keeps Hollywood entertained.

"Right now, the relationship is not a good one," acknowledges Bert Fields, one of Weinstein's attorneys and also Disney's most persistent legal foe. "That's a shame, because you're talking about two talented individuals who should be able to solve these problems. But I have substantial doubt as to whether Disney will really solve them. My experience suggests they won't."

Fields's experience includes not only his handling of Katzenberg's case but also his representation, for almost three years, of the plaintiffs in the Pooh litigation. (Fields withdrew from the case in June for reasons that he won't disclose; he says he still believes the plaintiffs will prevail.) In fact, a prominent producer with ties to Disney claims that Eisner finally decided he'd had enough of Weinstein when it became known that he had retained not only famed litigator David Boies but nemesis Fields as well.

At this point, it seems clear that Disney and Miramax are engaged in the legal proceeding known as "fucking with each other." The fight is, naturally, about money and control. For some time, Disney and Miramax have been auditing each other. Disney started it, and Miramax countered earlier this year. While details of the underlying conflict are few (Harvey and his brother, Bob, are laboring under a confidentiality agreement), it seems that the Weinsteins could be gearing up for a Katzenberg-style claim over compensation.

One huge disagreement involves the accounting standard that is applied in calculating the bonuses paid to the Weinsteins. A source with knowledge of the contract contends that it clearly states that Disney must apply the accounting rules that were in effect when their deal was drafted, in 1993. Since then, the industry has adopted new standards (among others, those governing amortization of a film's costs). If those were applied, says a former Disney executive, "a ton of money" would be at stake. For a time, he said, it potentially could reduce the Weinsteins' bonuses—as much as $20 million a year each in the past—to nothing.

Perfectly encapsulating the underlying issues is Miramax's expensive but not obviously commercial upcoming holiday film, *Cold Mountain*. Based on the best-selling Charles Frazier novel, the Civil War–era drama was directed by Anthony Minghella (*The English Patient*) and stars Nicole Kidman and Jude Law. Industry sources estimate that the budget is nearly $90 million. (Miramax says its cost is about $12 million less because of tax breaks in Europe, where most of the film was shot, but then the number still approaches $80 million.) The big budget might have made more sense if the picture had starred Tom Cruise, as planned, but he dropped out after a bruising salary negotiation with Weinstein.

More important, another studio—MGM—was supposed to split the cost of production. Last fall, with filming under way, MGM backed out because it couldn't get Miramax to agree to put a cap on its share of the cost. The picture was shooting in Romania, and MGM was getting increasingly nervous, says an executive at that company. "In the middle of them saying, 'It's fine,' there were floods there," he recalls. "They couldn't even contact the set, and they're saying everything's fine?"

Weinstein tried to get another studio to pony up for a piece of the film. He found no takers. He tried to find foreign investors last May at Cannes, but so far Miramax appears to be on its own. That makes *Cold Mountain* the biggest-budget film that it has ever tackled alone. (The studio had a foreign partner covering $65 million of the cost of the even more expensive *Gangs of New York*.) "Harvey couldn't say no to Minghella, and he loved the script," says a Miramax source. "There's been a ton of movies that nobody wanted to bet on and Harvey was right, including *Chicago*."

Eisner apparently does not relish the opportunity to find out whether Harvey will be right again, and it's hard to blame him for that. But the real problem, according to former Disney executives, is that Miramax's business plan does not contemplate any budget that big. In theory, Disney could contend that the Weinsteins have breached their agreement, giving Disney nuclear capabilities ranging from wresting control of the company from the Weinsteins to their dismissal. One of those former Disney insiders adds that it might be

HOW TO BREAK INTO THE INDUSTRY

by jamie kennedy >>>



THIRTY THREE IS YOUNG to write one's memoirs, but Jamie Kennedy endured a lifetime of humiliation before landing* The Jamie Kennedy Experiment. *We asked the author of* Wannabe: A Hollywood Experiment *(August, Citadel Press) for some tips on making it in show business.

TAKE AN ODD JOB
I worked as a house cleaner. I cleaned Janeane Garofalo's bathroom, which was pretty funky. I'd usually do one prescrub and one scrub. But on her tub I did three prescrubs and two scrubs.

NETWORK WHEREVER YOU CAN
I bagged groceries. Mindy Cohn from *The Facts of Life* came in long after the show had been canceled. I asked, "What are you doing now?" "Nothing," she said, and she looked like she was going to cry. My manager saw that. Then he fired me.

GET CLOSE TO CELEBRITIES
When I was a page on *Who's the Boss?*, I left my post to watch Tony Danza talk to the audience. A woman shouted "Tony, can I see your ass?" He turned and flexed. The next day my boss yelled at me: "You left your post to look at Danza's ass!" Then he fired me.

LAND THE RIGHT AGENT
My agent sucked. I was going nowhere. So I invented my own—an old mensch with a raspy voice named Marty Power. I set up a phone line in a garage, and I'd make calls as him and say, "This kid's hot! A cross between Robby Benson and James Woods. What can you do for me?" It worked. I got meetings.

KNOW YOUR AUDIENCE
I played a black comedy club and I did a bit on what MC Hammer would sound like if he were Chinese. "Can't chop this!" The crowd *hated* me. I ran out of there, and I heard the emcee say, "Keep on running, Jason Kennedy. Maybe you'll run into something funny!"

—AS TOLD TO CONNELL BARRETT





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With *Cold Mountain*, Weinstein is headed in the precise direction Eisner doesn't want him to go. "If Harvey is vulnerable, they'll kill him," says a prominent producer.

hard for Disney to apply the letter of the agreement now, since Miramax has breached the deal previously without a challenge from its corporate parent. But Disney has been known to go to war with unpersuasive arguments in the past.

With *Cold Mountain*, Weinstein is headed in the precise direction that Eisner doesn't want him to go. A former Weinstein associate says the Miramax chief is thirsting to be a mogul with money along the lines of producer Joe Roth, who makes big-budget movies and pays big-star salaries and even wins favor with the press. To be Roth, Weinstein needs more than the reported $700 million a year that Disney provides. That may be why Weinstein, to the surprise of many in the industry, has announced plans to make pricey "tent pole" movies with outside backers. The exercise will require him to hook up with other deep-pocketed financiers. "He'll make a lot of friends among those people and treat them well and charm and cajole them," says one executive who has worked closely with Weinstein. "And then [if] Michael throws him out, it's an insurance policy."

Would Michael throw him out? No one at Disney will comment on any of this (and Weinstein will say only, through a spokesman, "Any successful relationship periodically needs to overcome bumps in the road"). But there are certainly rumors that Eisner has decided he's had his fill of Weinstein—who is abrasive enough to make it tough to choose sides in this fight (though Fields contends that Miramax's forty-plus Oscar nominations last year, compared with zero for Disney's live-action films, prove that Weinstein has his virtues). "If Harvey is vulnerable at all, they'll kill him," says a prominent producer confidently. But Fields says he doesn't believe that. "It would be a disastrous decision for the shareholders," he says.

According to Fields, it's the Weinsteins who want out—on their terms. He says they have offered three times in writing to buy back the Miramax assets. "We said, Tell the board to name its price. If it's reasonable, we'll pay it," he says. "They won't submit it to the board. [It's] as if they really want to have another war."

A former high-level Disney executive—and there are so many—predicts that in the end, neither man will pull the trigger. Harvey "will push and push, but when it comes down to losing the company, he'll back down," this executive says. And the same goes for Eisner. "You think Michael could stomach losing Miramax?" he asks. "There's no way." That's certainly the logical prediction. But many would have wagered heavily that the stakes were too high for Katzenberg's case ever to go to trial.

Bettors should have a much easier time predicting the outcome of the Pixar fight. Disney's own animation capabilities are a shadow of what they were, and other companies that previously wouldn't have dared to compete in this arena have raked in fortunes. Fox had *Ice Age*. DreamWorks had *Shrek*. Disney has Pixar, and that cannot change.

At first, Disney hardly knew what it had in Pixar. The studio actually considered pulling the plug on the first *Toy Story*. Since then, Pixar has come up with a historic chain of hits: *A Bug's Life*, *Toy Story 2*, *Monsters, Inc.*, and now *Finding Nemo*. Steve Jobs has correctly pointed out that Pixar is "the most successful animation studio in the world."

Astonishingly, *Finding Nemo* is on track to be the biggest-grossing film of the summer and possibly even of the year. Had Hollywood's prognosticators been given a chance to wager that it would outperform *The Matrix Reloaded*, no one would have taken the bet. In the days before the film was released, *The Wall Street Journal* pointed out that no Pixar film had ever opened in the thick of the summer movie season and warned that *Nemo* faced a "tough task" in living up to the company's past success. But if anyone thought that a soft performance by *Nemo* would weaken Pixar's hand, well.

Pixar's deal calls for Disney to pay half the cost of Pixar's movies and collect half the income plus a distribution fee. Jobs is said to want a far different arrangement—modeled on George Lucas's exceptional deal with Fox—in which Pixar would pay a fee only to have its films distributed. While Jobs has been talking to other studios, Pixar always seemed destined to stay at Disney; the alternative is to leave behind its library. But for Disney, losing Pixar now is simply out of the question. After *Nemo*'s performance, says one Pixar insider, "I don't think I've ever seen a situation where a company had more leverage."

The strains in the relationship arose because Eisner squeezed when he should have hugged. Eisner insisted that sequels, like the second *Toy Story*, would not count toward fulfilling Pixar's contract, which called for the studio to deliver five original pictures to Disney. Meanwhile, John Lasseter—the creative genius behind Pixar—had a strong idea for a third *Toy Story*. "Michael wedded himself to the letter of the deal as opposed to the spirit of the deal," adds a former Disney executive. "He set back the relationship to where Steve said, 'Okay, you're not my partner.' That's really the seminal moment in terms of this relationship."

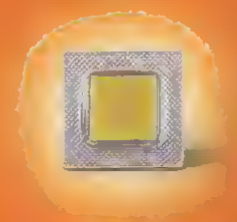
What company would rebuff a creative genius offering to make a guaranteed blockbuster? Disney. "They spent a year and a half arguing about it. They could have been halfway through the movie," says one of the former Disney executives. And, he adds, Eisner has missed many opportunities to cement his relationship with Pixar since then. "This is all personal," he says. "[Eisner] was always threatened by Steve, that's all. He's a smart guy, he gets his face on *Time* magazine, he's loved by Wall Street. He'd be a perfect guy to take over Disney."

Obviously that thought has occurred to Jobs. In a May conference call, Jobs toyed with industry analysts by suggesting that he might buy Disney outright. Then he added, "I'll just leave that alone." Eisner replied, in a fashion, after the huge *Nemo* opening. Conceding that the Pixar deal would have to be sweetened, Eisner added, "What Pixar has that we don't have is John Lasseter." It may seem peculiar to hurl an insult in the midst of a critical negotiation. But knowing that he was going to have to cave in to Jobs might not have put Eisner in the very best mood.

And that's why Eisner, despite logic, might not be so flexible when it comes to dealing with Weinstein. And there are those who admit they hope he won't be. "Boy, I'd like to have a front-row seat at this fucking fight," says a production chief at another studio. "Hang in there, laddie. With a little luck, Michael versus Harvey could make *Gangs of New York* look like Mickey Mouse stuff."



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(10 THINGS You Don't Know About Women)

by wanda sykes



1. The quickest way to a woman's heart is through her clit.

2. When we say we want you to get in touch with your feminine side, we really mean you need to touch our clit.

3. When we ask you if we look fat, it really means "Can you see my clit?"

4. We'd love to meet your mom. Right after we introduce you to our clit.

5. Diamonds are forever, but touching our clit can buy you two or three years.

6. When we tell you, "We're not communicating," it really means you're not touching our clit.

7. We'd be happy to buy our own damn drinks if you touched our clit.

8. When we say, "Harder! Harder!" that means "Take it out and touch my clit."

9. The fact that women make seventy-five cents to every man's dollar won't bother us as long as you touch our clit.

10. "Go have boys' night out" really means "I'll stay home and touch my clit."

Wanda Sykes is a field correspondent for HBO's *Inside the NFL* and stars in the sitcom *Wanda at Large* on Fox.

Many more things you don't know about women esquire.com/women

STOLICHNAYA



RUSSIAN VODKA

by daniel torday >>>



The inside of Greg McKnight's trailer in Ray, Ohio. The trail of blood on the rug would lead detectives to Emily Murray's body.

One day, a friend of mine was found murdered. She was a twenty-year-old junior at Kenyon. She'd finished work at a local bar and left with her tips. That's all anyone knew.

The Awful Truth

IN ONE OF THE LAST WEEKS OF MY senior year at Kenyon College, Emily Murray invited me to her apartment for tea. She had blazing red hair in wide, looping curls and swirls and almost arabesques, and it felt silken, and it smelled faintly of what she'd had for dinner. We drank the tea, and she rambled on about a church youth group she'd loved back in high school. She was small and sweet and came just up to my chin, and at some point in our conversation, I leaned in and kissed her. I felt her avian heart beat in her chest, felt her freckled skin against my own. Afterward, we talked some more, and then I left.

A week later, when I was in my apartment with another woman, Emily knocked on my door. I shushed the other woman, we were very quiet, and Emily assumed I wasn't home and moved on.

I graduated in the spring of 2000, and then on November 3, Emily, still a student, disappeared. Thirty-six days later, Emily's body was found wrapped in a rug inside a trailer in Ray, Ohio, a slow ninety miles south of Kenyon's campus. There was a single bullet hole in the top of her head and an exit wound in her neck where the bullet had passed from her body, through the thin floor of the trailer, and into the slowly freezing southern Ohio ground.

IT'S AROUND MIDNIGHT, the beginning of a muggy Independence Day in 1992 in Columbus, Ohio, and just north of East Main Street on Linwood Avenue, a fifteen-year-old kid has just shot a guy. Not ten minutes ago the kid was sitting on the porch of a row house at 329 Linwood with a guy named Darnell and Darnell's friend Shevelle. The kid said he was going to see his girlfriend and hopped on his bicycle. He'd been in town for only a couple of weeks—since his friend Rudy brought him here from Queens, gave him $1,000 worth of crack, and set him to work—but the kid was in trouble. Rudy's not the kind of guy you fuck over, and already the drugs were gone and there wasn't a cent left of the grand he owed. *I only tell you once, either get down with the clique or get found in a ditch.* The words played over in the kid's head.

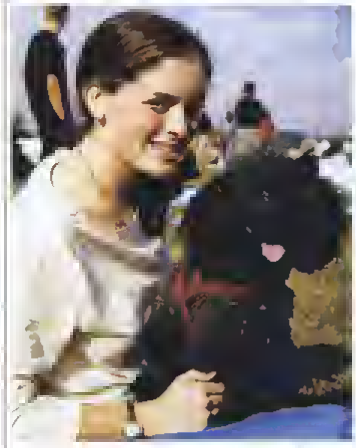
He'd heard that this guy Mick, Shevelle's neighbor on Linwood Avenue, just got paid. Heard him tell Darnell he might be looking to hook up on a bag. So the kid rode to the end of the block and crouched in front of a rusted-out playground, obscured by an immense bush. He was a shadow of thick black dreadlocks, red bandanna,

"I think it's funny to be delicate with something that is explosive."

Biography
Sunday – Thursday 8pm/7c

A&E
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Jerry Seinfeld – Tuesday, September 30th





Emily, left, in 1998, the fall of her freshman year, and Greg, the man who would kill her two years later

dark-black skin, five feet five. There was a gun in his hand, an Excam .22 with a wood-grain handle.

Then Mick came walking up the block, gone to get beer for Shevelle, and he barely made out the kid moving, heard him demand money. *Nothin' in my pockets,* Mick told him, turning them inside out. The kid told Mick, *Go fuck yourself.* He knew about Mick's paycheck, but Mick was not giving up his money. Mick turned back toward his house, then—*pop*—the kid shot him in the small of the back.

Mick ran, and the kid was running, too, sweat in his eyes, gun slick in his hand, and he saw Mick run up the stairs to 329 Linwood, where Shevelle and Darnell were still standing. Mick stumbled up the four short steps of the house and—*pop*—the kid shot him again. Mick's body fell in the doorway of Shevelle's apartment. He got up and fell again, prostrate.

And now the kid is in the doorway, menacing over Mick. He calls in his low baritone to Shevelle and Darnell to get back; Shevelle's two children are with her, her baby daughter in her arms, bleary-eyed and confused. And the kid points the gun at them, motions them inside. Mick's groaning and clutching his stomach, rocking ever so slightly. And as the kid rifles through Mick's socks, taking the hundred dollars or so that's tucked into them, he looks and sees Shevelle and her two children cowering in the doorway, their eyes trained on him. He looks at them and sees one thing: fear.

This is Gregory McKnight the moment after his first murder.

AS ON MOST DAYS at a little before noon, Kimberly Zimmerman is driving to work from her house in Ray, Ohio. It's the first week of October 1997, and Greg McKnight is about to turn twenty-one, the age at which he will be released from juvenile detention at the Circleville Youth Center. Kim works in recreation at Circleville, overseeing the gym. She's about five feet six, her long black hair making it seem as if she's trying to look Native American. Kim's married—her husband is in prison on a drug charge—and at thirty-nine, she's almost twice the age of the juvies she works with.

Right around the same time Kim departs for Circleville, Greg leaves his room, strutting the grounds of the center unaccompanied, whereas others need direct supervision. In 1996, the Ohio Department of Youth Services' Circleville Youth Center was established as the home of the Cadre Youth Program, and Greg was one of the program's first participants. The program was designed to take juvenile felony offenders and attempt to rehabilitate them, in part by affording them privilege. It was to give them a shot at learning cooking from the kitchen staff, say, or office management from administrators, or even earning a scholarship to college. The facility looks much like a small elementary school—classrooms and a gym and a concrete courtyard—with the exception of the residences across the courtyard from the school, where the kids are divided into units of thirty or so, then into pods of about ten. The Cadre Youth make up a pod in the Ash unit.

Greg came from a rough but stable background, grew up in Cambria Heights, in Queens, New York, a residential neighborhood just north of JFK Airport; lived with his mother and his brother until he started running with the wrong crowd, got in some trouble. Greg's mother sent him off to Texas to live with his godparents. Shortly after that, he was sent back to Queens before he took off for Columbus, where he was adjudicated "delinquent" as a juvenile offender for the aggravated murder of Mick Gilbert and committed to the custody of the state until he reached maturity.

So now Greg heads to the gym, where Kim has his lunch waiting. They greet each other with a hug. They hang out all afternoon, and at four or five, when the rec counselors have lunch, Kim brings Greg back takeout, and he sits with her in an office like one of the administrators.

Like every other day, Kim and Greg remain together all afternoon, and she treats him as if he were her high school sweetheart, touching and flirting like a teenager. Months ago one of the juvie kids said something to Greg—*Why the fuck do you get to sit around and do nothing all day?*—and Greg was up in the kid's face. *Hold me back, hold me back.* Kim just looked on, starry-eyed. *You should see Greg's temper, watch that boy, he's damn strong,* she said.

By late afternoon, Kim's sister and housemate, Kathy Copley, comes down to join them. A corrections officer at the center, Kathy is thirty; she's wan, with scraggly jet-black hair reaching to her waist, amazon tall and wide, with a morbidly piercing stare. Coworkers talked about how she liked to show pictures of herself in lingerie when she first started working at Circleville. Months later, after an off-campus visiting day was held for the juvies and their families, Kathy brought back more photographs, this time of Greg, his brother, and his mother at her and Kim's house. This was obviously inappropriate contact with a youth under her care, and the other counselors had a hard time believing it.

Greg has had a litany of problems, most

"Look at me, I'm too beautiful to be a fighter."

Biography
Sunday – Thursday 8pm/7c

A&E
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Muhammad Ali — Wednesday, September 3rd

The following December, police will find Greg Julious's dismembered and charred remains in three places on the property surrounding Greg McKnight's trailer.

of them, it seems, connected to Kim or Kathy. One night earlier this year, Kim and Greg were locked in a classroom together and a staff member banged on the door until they opened up. Greg was sweaty, and Kim was stripped down to her tank top, her long hair stuck down the back of her shirt as if she'd just put it on. People were beyond suspicious, but the administration just gave Kim a warning.

Then one day several months ago, Greg was caught smoking pot in one of the classrooms to which Kim had a key, and one of the guards just couldn't take it anymore. He broke protocol and searched Greg's room, where the guard found Kim's cell phone, other contraband, and pictures of Greg with the sisters. A report was filed, and Kim and Kathy were investigated but managed to keep their jobs.

With Greg so close to freedom, no action was taken against him, either. On October 14, 1997, Greg is released. And soon after, the Cadre Youth Program ceases to exist.

EMILY MURRAY WAS only a sophomore the night she invited me to her room, but I'd known her since her first few weeks at college, in 1998. Kenyon is a place where almost everyone you meet could end up a close friend—part of the beauty of a liberal-arts school of less than sixteen hundred students in Gambier, Ohio. Emily and her friends came daily to hang out in the pool hall where I worked; the college had a hand in most all of the businesses in Gambier—one exception being a restaurant called the Pirates' Cove, where Emily would eventually take a job.

When I would see Emily after that night we had tea, we spoke as if nothing had happened. But there was a new feeling between us—a friendship spawned by a relationship lost.

Emily grew up in Shaker Heights, Cleveland's most comfortable suburb. She was all of five feet four, fair skin and freckles, histrionic and excitable. Emily was smart, but in a mildly inaccessible way, a way you might not know by seeing her flighty facade. If you started her talking about everyday things, she would ramble with an edge of baby talk to her voice that some girls retain into their twenties, keeping them innocent, endearing, and vaguely distant. But if you got to talking about ideas, about how things *should* be, Emily would talk circles around you, suddenly outarguing, outreasoning, and outthinking you.

In the six months between the last time I saw her and her murder, Emily went through a difficult period. She became distraught over her breakup with her longtime boyfriend and was weighed down by the close quarters of a Kenyon winter, in which the ashen skies and dullness of January last well into April. She was not alone in that. Nothing compounds depression so acutely as seeing one's own unhappiness registered on the faces of others.

Then on May 6, 2000, Emily was hospitalized, having finished a long day of drinking and sunning herself by swallowing a bottle of Tylenol.

ALONG THE ROAD into Ray, Ohio, a string of trailers set at odd angles to one another rises haphazardly up the side of what seems more an embankment than a hill. The road winds for miles, and finally, on the right, is Clark Road. The first trailer you pass is surrounded by what must be twenty burned-out or wrecked cars on cinder blocks. Then the surface turns to dirt, and after a quarter mile up a steep incline, Kim and Kathy's driveway appears on the left, leading up to their house.

In late 1997, immediately after he's released, Greg moves in with Kathy and Kim. And shortly afterward, to the surprise of their colleagues at Circleville, Greg marries Kathy, not Kim—but then Kim's already married, and her husband, Kim Dale, is out of jail now. Kim and Kim—it's confusing enough that the neighbors call them Him Kim and Her Kim.

Him Kim, having served his sentence, is ready to walk right, and he wants Greg to walk with him. But he can't get Greg to pull his weight around the house. He asks Greg to take out the trash, and Greg won't do it. Asks him to mow the lawn, and Greg breaks the mower. Then there are Greg's fits. He can't control his temper, he puts his fist through the bathroom door, punches holes in the drywall, and Greg and Kathy's room is strewn with old clothes and trash.

By late spring of 2000, almost three years after Greg moved in, Him Kim is finally fed up. He tells Kathy she needs to get her own place, she and Greg can get a trailer. Kathy gets some money to help from her mother, who lives up in central Ohio, on Met-o-wood Lane in Gambier, one of the few people in the village not affiliated with Kenyon College.

IMMEDIATELY AFTER her suicide attempt, doctors fear that Emily might need a liver transplant. But she recovers, and her parents take her home to upstate New York, where her father, Thomas, now works. Her parents believe they are fighting for her life. They talk with her about ethics, mortality, the responsibility of parents to their children. By early summer, Emily is curling up between them every night before bed, or lying on the couch with her father, watching old movies and talking his ear off.

In July, Emily's parents let her take off to Santa Fe, where her best friend is living for the summer. It seems to change everything. She waits tables at an Applebee's in a predominantly Latino part of town, leads a blue-collar life, sees harder and more varied lives than she has known before. She returns to college late that August, accepting her parents' offer to take their Subaru Outback, and seems more of an adult, ready to take Kenyon on again with some perspective. She takes a waitressing job at the Pirates' Cove, working nights and serving beer, and eventually starts seeing a therapist. Her friends say she doesn't blabber so much, her cheeks have thinned, her fingers are more shapely, and her toes no longer seem to curl like a little girl's.

Then it's Halloween, the biggest party night of the year, and to show the peace she's come to, Emily decides she's going to *be* Kenyon College. She takes pictures of all the buildings on campus and makes cardboard models of them, tapes and pins them across her body.

And, underscoring her new confidence, Emily tells friends she finally knows what she wants to do. She's been to a church leadership conference that really set her straight, and she's decided she's going to





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be an Episcopal minister. The tangles that drove her to want to take her own life seem to be unknotting.

ON MAY 12, 2000, Greg gets into his red Mazda and drives to meet up with his friend Greg Julious, a kid with a felony on his record, barely twenty. Julious lives with his girlfriend, Dana, who's twenty-two and has two kids. McKnight knows Julious because he's been sleeping with Dana's friend Lisa.

But tonight Dana comes home from work to find Julious and McKnight together, and it doesn't feel right—just a sense she has. Julious assures her *everything's fine, go do your errands,* and she reluctantly goes along with it. When she returns an hour later, both men are gone, but candles are still burning, almost at the end of their wicks. The door's unlocked. It's not like Julious to leave things so unfinished.

So she pages McKnight, and keeps paging him. When he finally calls back, he puts Julious on the phone, who says, *We're going to a block party in Columbus, everything's cool.*

But two days later, Julious still hasn't come home. And then McKnight comes around asking Dana if *she's* seen Julious. He tells her he is leaving Kathy—who is pregnant with their second child—and wants to move in with them. She presses McKnight, who says he hasn't seen Julious since the party. He says he dropped him off in Cincinnati, two hours away. But weren't they going to Columbus, an hour in the completely opposite direction? No, McKnight says, he thinks it was Cincinnati—*but we could move in together.*

McKnight leaves, and although no one but Dana questions Julious's disappearance—he has no real family, a street kid from Cincinnati—she never sees him again.

Back in Ray, McKnight is trying to explain why a window in his red Mazda is smashed out, the backseat gone. He says someone tried to break into the car in Columbus. Or he locked his keys in the car and had to break in. Or he removed the seat to install a big stereo speaker. Or the kids were spilling milk on the seat and it *sta-ank.* Only he never put a speaker in the car, and wasn't Kathy breast-feeding Kachuna? And wasn't Keenah born a month later? Greg trades in the car, and a Columbus woman is driving it by summer's end.

The following December, police will find Greg Julious's dismembered and charred remains in three places on the property around Greg McKnight's trailer—in the root cellar, in the cistern that was meant to house the septic tank, in the woods. Shortly after that, when a deputy tracks down McKnight's old Mazda, the floor will still be covered in so much of Julious's blood that the Bureau of Criminal Identification and Investigation agent who checks it out won't know at first where to begin taking a sample.

IT'S SUMMERTIME in Gambier, and bees are everywhere. A thin soot of yellow pollen chalks the hoods of cars. On the Kenyon campus there are halter tops and bikini tops among the gothic buildings and spindly conifers. Greg notices it all. He and Kathy have moved to town so she can take care of her mother. And he notices because there's nothing more he can do but watch in this alternate world tucked away up on the hill. It's almost enough, just seeing it, talking to the girls while he works with them at the Pirates' Cove, this little dump of a place they call a restaurant. It's almost enough.

At the Cove, Greg has been single-mindedly after women—asks to sleep in their dorm rooms, grabs their hips from behind, pinches their asses. One waitress and her fiance work there together, and when just the fiancé's at work, Greg calls her at home, wants to know where she lives so he can come over. When her fiancé confronts him, Greg says, *Open your mouth again and you'll wake up dead in a ditch.* But Greg's got a sweet smile, a sense of humor as well, and that makes him some friends. One night he jokes with one of the guys in the kitchen, *I'm a priest. I'm completely celibate.*

Greg still steals off to Ray sometimes, too, and one night in the beginning of October, he breaks into a neighbor's trailer down there, steals five guns, and as he's speeding back to his trailer plows head-on into an oncoming truck. Unbelievably,

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the neighbor he stole the guns from happens by while police are cataloging the contents of Greg's car and says, *Them's my damn guns.* Greg denies knowing anything about them, then tells the sheriff that friends from New York—hoodlums, the kind of guys you don't wanna fuck with—took the guns, not him. He will stick to that story when he's indicted for burglary several weeks later.

One night back in Gambier around the same time, Greg steps outside the Cove for a smoke with his coworkers. Emily Murray flashes him a friendly smile. They've been working at the Cove for not wholly different reasons. It's the center of social life for of-age Kenyon students. Emily enjoys the work, but she's put in long hours. She's just given her two weeks' notice. She's been missing an early philosophy class, and she doesn't really need the money.

By now Greg and Emily have been working together for a couple of months. He knows some of Emily's friends. He's flirted with the other waitresses, but it's tough to flirt with the girl who smiles at you before you get a line out, the girl who in an instant draws you in and pushes you away. He doesn't know her very well yet, this little red thing with her doe eyes and her smile and her *what-are-you-really-thinking* stare. *No, but what are you really thinking?*

IT'S COLD on Thursday night, November 2, and kids amble down to the Pirates' Cove in groups of three, four, five. Midsemester due dates have mostly come and gone, and probably three quarters of the Kenyon students of age will drop by the Cove tonight.

Just about all of Emily's friends show up tonight, her last at the Cove. They hear her under her breath—*Don't go crazy, don't go crazy*—and they know *that's just Emily,* always at the center of attention, always a little dramatic. But there's some truth to it, she's ready to be done with this job. Her friends are throwing a daiquiri party tomorrow night, and she drove this afternoon to Wal-Mart, bought the blender, and put herself together for one last night at the Cove.

At two the crowd's almost totally gone, and it's nearly three when she finally finishes vacuuming the rugs, wiping down tables, and turning chairs atop them. Then it's just her and the manager out front and Greg in the kitchen. Greg punches out at 2:59 A.M., according to the time clock in the back. Then Emily punches out at 3:07. Maybe she takes a look around the place, realizing she'll be back again to drink, but she'll be just a patron then.

She goes out to the concrete portico and Greg's standing there. He wants a ride home. She knows he's always asking for a ride, that he lives in town, that she would have helped out anyone who asked back in Santa Fe that summer. She says to hop in.

The trip is circuitous at best. They leave the Cove's parking lot and, most likely, roll slowly up Brooklyn Street to Route 308, past the Gund Commons, past the Watson dormitory where Emily lives, and out three miles, where Greg then directs her to follow 13 south through central Ohio. They coast past downtown McDonald's and Pizza Huts, gray streets marking the occasional town between patches of rural state road, sparse farm-vehicle and truck traffic mainly.

It's not clear when Greg pulls the .357 Ruger—immediately after getting in the car? When they get to the edge of town? At what point in the ride does Emily know she's gone too far? Was she driving, crying, yelling? Was Greg driving? Then finally it's Route 93 south, a bleak roller-coaster road describing the severity of the landscape, hills dipping and rising past fields of papery dead corn and dried soy for three dark hours, until the sun braces the horizon. Does she see the string of trailers rising along the side of the embankment as they approach Clark Road? Does she feel the road turn to dirt or feel the pull as they head up that final steep incline?

Emily's car is parked outside Greg's trailer, the trees on the hill bare and spaced like the last hairs on a nearly bald head. It's almost as cold inside the trailer as outside. Trash bags slouch in piles everywhere; a double helix of wires sprout from the ceiling where a light fixture might have been. Thin particleboard cabinets line the two walls of the kitchen. Next to the doorway, a stale

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Police visited Greg's trailer (left, to serve him a summons for a separate burglary and found Emily's car, right, parked outside. Shortly afterward, they found her body.





bullet hole puckers the wall; the thin metal-and-plastic siding bends outward like the spreading petals of a flower.

And the rest is forever opaque. By the time Vinton County police find her body five weeks from now, it will be too late to determine conclusively if Emily was raped, although she was fully clothed, suggesting she was not.

A trail of blood leads to the room where she'll be found, extending from two large spots near the entrance of the trailer. The angle of the shot will suggest that she was on her knees. No sign of injury will be found on her body save the bullet hole in the top of her head and the exit wound just below her jaw, in the nape of her neck.

The blood trail indicates that Greg rolls her over once before dragging her down the hallway, where he lifts her and wraps her in an afghan rug. Then he leaves her there to the mercy of nature, piled under half a dozen brown garbage bags.

I HAVE SEEN GREGORY McKnight only twice in my life. The most recent time was on a videotape made of his interrogation by an FBI agent and a Knox County sheriff on the night Emily's body was found. The video is difficult to watch.

Greg sits at a brown table, leaning back and calm, sometimes rubbing the top of his head with his hands, elbows out to the side as if, were he to stop, he would be in position to be cuffed. His head is compact on his broad shoulders, his torso thick and strong, a huge delta. As the officers begin to question him, it seems clear that Greg has no idea that they have found Emily's body. His pager keeps going off and he keeps looking at it, asking if he can make a phone call, but that is the closest to fidgeting he gets.

Then the sheriff slides a copy of Emily's missing poster with her photo onto the table in front of Greg, the tips of the sheriff's fingers leaning into it, his weight bearing down toward Greg. Did he know Emily? At first, Greg answers, *Didn't know her.* Then, *I talked to her, but I really don't hang out.* Then a few more similar questions, and then, *I'm not trying to say I don't care or anything.*

Finally the investigators reveal they've found Emily's body in his trailer. An officer had gone there to serve Greg a summons following his indictment for the gun burglary and had come upon the Subaru with New York plates.

Greg denies that he's been to his trailer recently. *I don't have a vehicle to get down there.* His demeanor doesn't change. All the while, the poster with Emily's picture is on the table under his nose. Greg looks down at it twice, when directed to, then never again. He appears totally devoid of emotion, revealing little but not saying much to defend himself, either. His pager keeps going off.

I talk to the prison guards who escort him to the courthouse each day of his trial, and they describe Greg as "institutionalized." They say that if they took him to the bathroom, he would stop at the threshold, wait until they said he could enter before walking, knowing the drill. This strikes me as the way he acted when questioned about Emily's murder—as if he'd been through it before, like he knew how to answer, like he was playing a game to which he knew the rules but not how to win.

It has been more than two years since he has said a substantive word to anyone about the case other than *It is what it is,* which he told his lawyers when they were ready to plea-bargain for his life. And except for this poem, "The Bastard Speaks," which he wrote while he awaited trial and which got him a stint on suicide watch. His handwriting is measured, neat, almost feminine:

Death before dishonor why not? It's only right considering the past! / How is one suppose to defend against the unknown? the unseen, the unheard? how is one suppose to live day to day when revenge dwells in the hearts of men that call themselves you brother a secret society can make or break an innocent soul to the point of no fixing / I fear no more! / if I was a poor man would you risk your life for me? / if I was a leopard would you love me? / if I was a wealthy man would my drug addiction matter? / What does the phrase "I only tell you once either get down with the clique or get found in a ditch" mean to you? / I am a single man now no longer a connection to anybody's "so called riches" "or inheritances" / I wonder how important I will be now to those that seek the unknown which isn't mine? / Death before dishonor is all I know now!

THE FIRST TIME I saw Greg was at the Pirates' Cove. It was my first visit since I'd graduated. I went back looking for a respite; I'd spent my first truly bad days in New York imagining myself back to a stone bench at a stone table where I'd spent countless hours. I caught up with friends, and we sat around and tried to ignore the fact that Emily Murray was missing, that it was November 11, 2000, and no one had seen her for a week.

As I was leaving the Cove that Saturday night, I went to the register to buy a six-pack. I opened my wallet, and Greg was behind the counter. He was friendly. He saw my New York City MetroCard and said, *Hey, man, you ride the train?* And I was friendly back, said, *Yeah, you from New York?* and he said, *Queens, man.* We smiled at each other, because at Kenyon, that's what you do, you smile back. And now I mull over those words from a man who was then just a week removed from murdering a woman I cared for, less than a month away from his arrest. A man who would ask people at the Cove, *Any word about Emily?* Or tell the bartender, *Dude, I bet she's dead.*

I think now of his smile, which brings him too close, only to pull him away like the memory of [continued on page 199]


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FALL STYLE PREVIEW

This fall, men's clothes are all about the music: From sixties mod to eighties hip-hop, classic rock to disco, designers copped the best of pop music's past. Esquire, in turn, toured the neighborhoods to find real people to bring the styles to life.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PLATON

The Puerto Ricans, the 7 train to Queens. Hooded sweatshirts and parkas, track suits and sneakers. You can almost hear the low fi splendor of the Sugarhill Gang as old school style from the turn of the eighties, when hip-hop was born, offers inspiration to Dolce & Gabbana, Versace, and Giorgio Armani. From left, on Danny: Nylon parka with fur hood ($865) and terry-cloth sweatshirt ($225), JPG by Gaultier. On Richard: Leather parka ($2,536), cotton sweatshirt ($127), and wool trousers ($343) by Raf Simons, leather sneakers by Dolce & Gabbana, leather cap ($380) by Yohji Yamamoto. On Manny: Waxed-cotton coat ($620), cotton-blend sweatshirt ($200), cotton trousers ($370), and wool scarf ($144) by Dries Van Noten. On Nelson: Nylon bomber jacket ($2,475), cotton tank ($150), moleskin jeans ($395), and leather boots ($545) by Dolce & Gabbana. On Priscilla: Parka and dress by Dolce & Gabbana, shoes by Jil Sander, bracelet by Jean Paul Gaultier.



FROM LEFT, on Richard: Leather parka ($4,425) and wool-and-cashmere sweater ($1,475) by Giorgio Armani; [illegible] cargo pants ($348) by Emporio Armani; wool scarf ($295) by Armani Collezioni; leather cap ($380) by Yohji Yamamoto. On Marin: [illegible]-length leather coat ($4,435); silk T-shirt ($344); cotton trousers ($539); belt; and wool fedora ($320) by Versace. **OPPOSITE,** on N[illegible]: Leather trench coat ($2,495); cotton shirt ($350); and silk tie ($95) by Calvin Klein Black Label.



Chinese, Canal Street, Chinatown.
This season, the narrow-cut, patterned British suits, skinny ties, and obsessive neatness of the sixties mod movement get new treatment from Prada, Tommy Hilfiger, and Louis Vuitton From left, on Ed Three-button single-breasted wool jacket ($1,165) wool shirt ($440), and wool trousers 30) by Comme des Garçons Homme Plus, e ($126) by Prada On Angelo: Wool peacoat cotton shirt ($175), silk tie ($85), and users ($195) by Michael Kors On Wool coat ($345), three-button single- wool suit ($595), cotton shirt ($95), ilk tie ($40) by Tommy Hilfiger On John ng coat ($1 350), cotton shirt ($165), k tie ($40), and wool trousers ($255) by Neil Barrett On Susie. Coat by Miu Miu, dress tights by Marc Jacobs





FROM LEFT, on Shu Ui: Wool jacket ($730); wool sweater ($610); cotton shirt ($280); wool trousers ($335); and leather boots ($455) by Miu Miu; wool hat ($252) by Prada. On Angelo: Wool coat ($1,550); three-button single-breasted wool suit ($2,140); silk shirt ($410); silk tie ($144); leather boots ($555); and wool hat ($252) by Prada. **OPPOSITE,** on Ed: PVC-and-cotton canvas coat ($1,800); wool and cashmere sweater ($730); cotton shirt ($280); silk tie ($150); wool trousers ($510); and chronograph ($2,300) by Louis Vuitton.



The Russians, Brighton Beach boardwalk

At Dior, Burberry, and Hermès, the new new wave is the meeting point of eighties kitsch and classic rock style: black leather pants, and bomber and biker jackets, bold primary colors and punk attitude. From left, on Slava: Leather jacket ($3,533); cotton sweatshirt ($[illegible]); moleskin jeans ($656); and silver chain ($[illegible]) by Homme by Hedi Slimane. On Joshua: Wool [illegible] ($1,895); wool sweater ($725); wool trousers ($530); leather shoes ($385); and wool scarf ($[illegible]) by Burberry Prorsum. On John: Suzam biker jacket ($19,700); cotton shirt ($435); and wool trousers ($[illegible]) by Hermès; leather boots ($[illegible]) by [illegible] Weston. On Barbara: Dress by Urban Outfitters; miniskirt by Steven Spouse from Wendy Sorkin; stockings by Wolford.





FROM LEFT, on John: Two-button single-breasted stretch-wool tuxedo jacket with satin trim ($425); cotton shirt ($70); and leather motorcycle pants ($495) by DKNY; cotton T-shirt ($25) by Urban Outfitters. On Joshua: Nylon bomber jacket ($820); cotton shirt ($295) and cotton-twill trousers ($1,595) by Helmut Lang. **OPPOSITE,** on Stephen: Satin bomber jacket ($1,150); cotton turtleneck ($120); cotton trousers ($400); and leather belt ($340) by Jil Sander



The Italians, Bloomfield, New Jersey.
Designers like Tom Ford, Valentino, and Roberto Cavalli are hearing disco this season as decadent three-piece suits, body-hugging double-breasted jackets, and snug turtleneck sweaters appear, ready to boogie.
From left, on Rich: Double-breasted wool suit ($2,335), cotton shirt ($305), and silk tie ($120) by Gianfranco Ferré, gold watch by Gucci. On Adam: Two-button single-breasted three-piece velvet suit ($1,095) and cotton shirt ($195) by John Varvatos, silver-and-gold watch by Rolex. On Joseph: Double-breasted wool suit ($2,995), cotton shirt ($265), silk tie ($125), and linen pocket square ($50) by Ralph Lauren Purple Label; silver-and-diamond watch by Rolex. On Mark: One-button single-breasted Lurex jacket and vest (part of three-piece suit, $2,691), cotton shirt, and wool trousers ($598) by Roberto Cavalli, gold watch by Gucci. On Krista: Dress by Roberto Cavalli; watch by Gucci





FROM LEFT, on Adam: Suede jacket [illegible] by Nicolo Rainieri. On Mark: Suede coat [illegible] cashmere and silk turtleneck [illegible] trousers ($740) and leather moccasins ($450) by [illegible]. **OPPOSITE,** on [illegible] ($1985); silk vest ($470); cotton shirt ($270); silk turtleneck [illegible]; satin trousers [illegible] and watch ($2,450) by Tom Ford.

FOR STORE INFORMATION SEE PAGE 204. PRODUCED BY STEVE CURLEY. CASTING BY SAL SFERRAZZA. GROOMING BY STEPHEN LACEY FOR ART DEPARTMENT. MAKEUP BY SANDRINE VAN SLEE FOR CMI.



Wool-and-cashmere peacoat ($595) by Calvin Klein, vintage T-shirt from Filth Mart

Don't You Just Want to PUNCH Colin Farrell?

BY Chris Jones

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELFIE SEMOTAN

Yep

IT TAKES COLIN FARRELL forty-eight seconds to call me a cunt. And even though I know Irish wannabe gangsters throw around the c word the way we toss out *dude*, there's still something about it—about him, really—that grates. Considering, especially, the Original Plan.

The Original Plan called for me to pop down to Toronto—my former digs and what was until recently his workplace, filming *A Home at the End of the World*—and lull him into a false sense of buddy-buddy. You know, by guiding him through a big night out, maybe sharing an illicit after-hours bevy at the Matador, and, invariably, watching him drop his pants in Yorkville, because he's ever so proud that his dick has a European cut, or lack thereof. Then I was going to suggest, innocent as unsweetened apple juice, that maybe we could go to one of that city's venerable boxing halls, to Cabbagetown or Sully's, say, and just have a bit of a spar, for kicks like. And he was going to look at me, a little soft in the middle, and figure, "Yeah, all right then," and off we'd go, spitting into our palms and loosening up our shoulders like gentlemen.

Except I wouldn't be after a dance. I'd be looking to lay on a bit of a beating. Because I'm sick of the guy. I'm sick of seeing his cocky pug face smirking out from all these glossy soft-boy magazine covers—"Have you had sex with Colin Farrell yet?"—and reading about how fucking great his life is, and hearing about all of his drinking and smoking and humping of pretty young things, and, gee, isn't he just one of the goddamn swells? So, yeah, I figured it'd be a hell of a good cathartic exercise if I did everybody a favor and knocked out a few of his nubby mick teeth, derailing his wonderful roller-coaster existence for one big migraine of a day.

Trouble was, his people didn't go for it. Nope, I had to face him down on *his* turf instead, in L.A., at West Hollywood's splashy Chateau Marmont, where Farrell has an army of charmed zombies watching his back and a table waiting in a remote corner of the starlit garden bar, so he can chain-smoke his Camel Lights and watch the prom queens turned porn stars and, at first opportunity, call me a cunt.

I swallow it, trying to act something like a professional, at least until I find the right time to bitch-slap his eyes shut. But I have to give him a jab early on, just to take the edge off. The easy knock is on his hair, which he's dyed blond and spiked out of boredom, but he beats me to the punch. "I look like Beaker off the fucking Muppets." So I mention the Original Plan, or parts of it at least, and how, instead of letting me have a nice ride of things, everything's been arranged so that I have to miss my wife, and goddamn him for that.

"Toronto," he says. "SARSville."

"Oh, God, more people die of the fucking flu."

"I know. Relax. Look at you—the fucking Canadian getting his back up. All it takes is one four-letter word." Two, actually. But then he laughs, a disarming sort of laugh, and he orders us a couple bottles of beer—each—which disarms me a little bit more.

"It's just that with the whole mad-cow thing, too . . ."

"Yeah," he says. "You guys are fucked. Your days are numbered."

Now it's my turn to laugh, thinking that I'd been thinking the very same thing about him. And, okay, still am.

He fills the awkward silence that follows by taking in the scene, looking for easy marks, of which there are several, which gives me enough time to size him up, too. He's taller than I thought he was, but that's probably because I've somehow fallen for the half-truth that all actors are midgets. I'll have to go inside. His ribs are poking through his black CBGB's T-shirt and thus are ripe for the cracking, dictating a first shot to the body. Then maybe a nose job, because pretty boys—and this one's really pretty, all manly twitches and squints—can't much abide scar tissue, although he has a couple of tattoos, including a cover-up on his left forearm. (It used to say "CARPE DIEM . . . with my girl," and now it just says CARPE DIEM over a cross.) That means he can take at least a little bit of pain, so it won't be a one-punch KO unless I catch him dead sweetly.

Either way, Irish eyes will soon be crying. But first, I need to bring his hands down with a few soft lobs—there's more than one way to get inside—maybe by talking about, hell, I don't know . . .

"What's the deal with *S.W.A.T.*?"

"Comes out in August, I think. It's a big wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am action-popcorn kind of deal, based loosely on a seventies TV show of the same name. It was just four months of, you know, too much testosterone, pushing each other in fucking locker rooms, with lots of guns and explosions and things."

He takes a pull from his beer and a cigarette, seemingly at the same time. "You know, it gets old real fast."

"Yeah?"

"Of course. I've been lucky enough to have jobs come my way, and I've taken them, and I've had a good time doing them . . . but I want to be fucking knocking around the block for a good while, I think. And I want to do stuff that keeps my interest in the job alive. It's not a tough gig—don't get me wrong. All I'm talking about is getting a little bit bored. It's like, I've got *Alexander* next, with Oliver Stone"—an epic production about Alexander the Great that will no doubt do wonders for the size of his head—"and that's going to be a mad fucking job. That'll be a fucking trip. And that's what I'm on



about, trying to do different stuff just to keep it interesting."

He takes a breath, which is of the liquid variety, when we're interrupted by Constance, the garden's doting host. Constance's mother, turns out, was Farrell's guest at one of his New York premieres, which Constance reports was the thrill of his mom's whole entire life. Farrell aw-shucks his way through the thanks and praise, and then he makes a little gentle fun of Constance—who wishes Farrell was his boyfriend—but even if he's suddenly decent-seeming, I'm not having any of it. He's duped plenty of soft targets before, with his easily digestible tale of a soccer-playing father and a center-of-his-universe mother and a childhood spent roaming the wet cobbled streets of Dublin, kissing girls and kicking about. All that, of course, before getting into acting at his older brother Eamon's behest, and then being discovered on some London stage by the fluke of having Kevin Spacey in the audience, which led to his admittedly solid turn in *Tigerland*, which led to everything else since, including fame, fortune, and, tonight, having a price put on his peroxided head.

He finishes firing his opening salvo of across-the-room stares, swigs back another great gulp and settles more deeply into his chair. That's good, because it means he's getting comfortable, and comfortable men don't fight worth shit. I just need to keep him going, get him distracted while keeping my own head—when here comes another round. Which reminds me.

"A lot is made of your good times," I say, maybe a little too harshly. (Here, really, beats the black heart of my rancor: I can't grasp why his drunken stumbling through models and starlets and neovirginal pop singers the way he runs through cigarettes is so wonderfully goddamn refreshing.)

"Too much. I'm an actor, so the spotlight's on me."

"The stupid thing is"—what in the hell is about to come out of my mouth?—"anyone who had the chance to do what you're doing would be doing it, right?"

"Absolutely. Thank fucking God, man, I'm still alive. I haven't been in rehab—yet—and I'm golden, man. I work hard and I play hard. It's always been that way. But because I have this light shining on my fucking head, it's all, 'Ooooh, he's a bad boy,' or 'Ooooh, he's crazy.' It's ridiculous. If I sleep with more than two girls in a month, it's in all the papers, big fucking headlines. THE LUSTY LEPRECHAUN. It's . . ." He stops and smiles. "Actually, I kind of liked that one."

"You gonna have a costume to go with that?"

"Oh, yeah," he says. "A green codpiece, and that's it."

So we laugh some more, this time hard and genuinely, which isn't good. That, plus the drink—no, really, where do these keep coming from?—is leaving me in less of a mood for a bust-up. He's sitting there, manic and happy and benign, and now he's talking about his insecurities (how can he possibly be insecure?) and how he cares about what he does (I have a soft spot for people who care about much of anything these days), and I can't help thinking—

"You're always second-guessing yourself. You're never content with what you do. You're like a greyhound coming out of the fucking pocket, and there's a little hare in front of you—that's the fucking hare of contentment—and just when you think you're getting close to the fucking thing, the race is over and the fucking thing keeps going, and it's out of your sight and you're never going to catch it. I'm chasing something I'll never catch with this job. I'm chasing a feeling of peace that I don't think I'll ever experience. Believe me, not a drop of blood has ever passed through my fucking cock while I was watching myself. I do not get off on it at all."

—that he's spinning gold.

YET ANOTHER DRINK'S PUSHED BACK. A girl waves and comes over. She knows him, and there's a flicker of recognition in his muddy eyes, but he's not sure where to place her, except probably on her back. She invites him to a party on Saturday night, at a glass-walled mansion up in the hills, and as she's talking to him, she kneels down in front of him and leans forward to show off her rack, which looks to be natural. (He's not big on fake tits, by the way.) It's a little disturbing—especially seeing as she came here with some guy, who's now sitting at their table alone—watching this woman quite literally laying herself at his feet, and I'm thinking, Here we go. But Farrell's sister Claudine is up in his room—the four Farrell siblings are as tight as drums—and even if she weren't, he's not looking as if he's into the action. It's as though our moods have followed different paths, but to the same place, just enjoying the night and knowing that it's not going to rain for a few days and that there are so many worse things in the world than this.

He lets her down, but gently, and she goes back to the man who won't be in her dreams tonight. "Because you're an actor, you're thought to have a high potential for wanker behavior," Farrell says after he's complimented on his touch. "So instead of just being reprimanded if you're a wanker, you actually end up getting kudos for being half decent. Which is bullshit. It says something about the whole fucking thing, you know what I mean?"

As if to underscore his point, he's got waiters coming up and saying hey and smiling brightly just because he's greeting them by name, and the bartender sends over a glass of milk and two shot glasses as a dig because we're not drinking fast enough—"Get that fucking thing off my table!"—and then Farrell flat-out guarantees my peace by talking about his becoming a father, a calamitous event that will take place in short order, and he talks about it exactly like this, without question or pause or interruption.

"I'm so excited. I'm so fucking excited. It's the most amazing thing that's ever happened to me. There's nothing more important in the world than bringing a life into it. I mean, the world's a crazy fucking place, but it's also such a fucking beautiful place. The world is infinitely beautiful. And you just hope your child sees less of the other side of that coin. I see shit everywhere I fucking look—I see people being nasty, I see bullies, I see death—but everywhere I look, I also see beauty and I see generosity. And I want my boy—it's going to be a boy—to see *those* things. I guess you want him to see them both, sure, to see the good and the bad, but then you want for him to *choose* good. I don't know. I'm really excited about it, man. I'm not with her—we're not together—but she's an amazing fucking woman, man. Her name's Kim. We're going to be fucking mates, and we're going to respect and love each other and just raise the child in love. That sounds ideal to the point of idiocy, I know, but it's not impossible. I've seen families—the 'ideal' nucleus of what a family should be—fall to shit, disintegrate, and the kids be damaged. So I don't see why the blessed situation that Kim and I find ourselves in—which might not seem ideal to others, though I can't see how that matters a fuck—I can't see why it can't be the most beautiful, perfect thing. I'm having a boy. I'm having a little dude. And I cannot fucking wait. I'm really not that nervous at all—except about when I'm not going to be there, when I'm going to be sitting on a fucking horse in Marrakech shouting, 'I am Alexander!' and I'm going to want to be with him instead. And I know that's going to break my heart."



THAT'S ALL I NEED TO HEAR. And to drink. My brain's jumping around like I've been watching David Lynch movies, when up sidles—shit you not—a Portuguese water dog named Blue and its owner and its owner's friend, a middle-aged English woman in the publishing business who takes her place at Farrell's feet and starts making strange noises, like a bad Austin Powers impersonator trying to sound like a cat. She's kind of purring or growling or mewling or, more accurately, trying to pull off a combination of all three, which is really fucking bizarre. So I settle back, fresh out of hate, and give Blue a pat-pat-pat on the head and take the chance to watch the ritual, ringside.

The middle-aged English woman looks into Farrell's eyes and says, "Ooooh, you're mean" and giggles and bites the air. (She does me the courtesy of looking into my eyes, too, but then she makes a face and says, "You're creepy" and goes back to rolling around in front of Farrell.) And he's just sitting there, playing with her, batting her around like a ball of yarn. He turns away from her every now and then to deliver lines from magazine-profile heaven—"I've been accused of playing up my Irishness, but to be Irish is to have the fucking right to play up your Irishness," and "Fair play to Deepak Chopra, but I don't know if I want to know all the answers," and "Sometimes you hear people whispering about you in the supermarket, but they're probably saying, 'Is that Guy Pearce?'"—and then he turns back to her and he's smiling nubby mick smiles that occasionally turn into laughter, and I can see how a twenty-seven-year-old Irish guy in the middle of all this weirdness might have a tendency to go off a bit and to drink and to smoke and to hump pretty young things. I can see that now. I can see all of it.

I order another drink—just one more, a nightcap—content to ease through the rest of the evening like a boat slowly passing through a canal. At last, my hands are well and truly down, and he looks at me, and he sees that the time is right.

He spits out a ball of cancer. "You know, the spotting of a cunt is usually in the energy of a person," he says. And just a little bit later, "Are you still looking for a fight, man? Come on, then. I'll fight you."

He pushes back his chair. And up he gets.

*USE NO. 2 PENCIL ONLY *EXAMPLE Ⓐ Ⓑ ● Ⓓ *ERASE COMPLETELY TO CHANGE

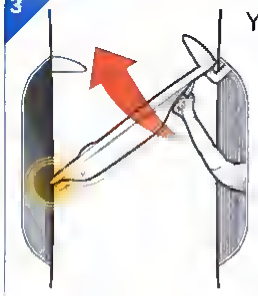
[The Esquire Quiz:]

ARE YOU AN ASSHOLE? BY BRIAN FRAZER

1 **Someone calls you and asks for a Mr. Pomerantz. What do you do?**
Ⓐ Politely tell the caller that you're not Mr. Pomerantz and that he has the wrong number.
Ⓑ Use a Chinese accent and say, "No Pomerantz here!" and slam down the phone.
Ⓒ Hit *69 in the middle of the night and wake up whoever called you.
Ⓓ Pretend you are Mr. Pomerantz, then ask if he'd like any free child porn.

2 **An elderly woman is carrying a large box into an office building. What do you do?**
Ⓐ Run ahead and hold the door open for her, then offer to carry the box.
Ⓑ Sneak up behind her and keep pinching her ass until she drops the box.
Ⓒ Run ahead and offer to hold the door for her, then slam it shut in her face and yell, "Just kidding, bitch!"

3



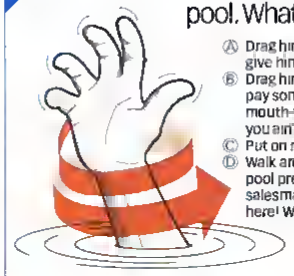
You park too close to the adjacent car in a parking lot. While you're getting out, your door dents its door. What note do you leave on the windshield?

Ⓐ "Sorry I hit your car. Here's a blank check to pay for the repairs."
Ⓑ "Sorry I hit your car. Here's my license and phone number."
Ⓒ "I just hit your car. It's the first thing I've done in weeks that's made me happy. Thanks!"
Ⓓ "I appreciate you parking so close to me, asshole! Next time it won't be your car that'll get scratched—it'll be your fucking eyeballs!"
Ⓔ "I saw the guy that scratched your car. Here's a drawing of what he looked like." (Then draw a stick figure.)

4 **Your friend has just been sentenced to twenty years in prison for a crime he didn't commit. What do you do?**
Ⓐ Visit him every day and hire a lawyer to clear his name.
Ⓑ Visit him every day and sell cigarettes to the other inmates.
Ⓒ Send him a pair of "Decade-at-a-Glance" books with the words anal sex written in Sharpie on every day.
Ⓓ Fuck his wife and send him the video.

5 **You've been waiting forty-five minutes in your doctor's waiting room for your appointment. How do you behave?**
Ⓐ Wait patiently as you read your Bible.
Ⓑ Take a nap.
Ⓒ Cross out all the address labels on the magazines and write in "Dr. Douche Bag."
Ⓓ Walk around the office giving everyone complimentary mammograms.

6



A man is drowning in a pool. What do you do?

Ⓐ Drag him out of the pool and give him mouth-to-mouth.
Ⓑ Drag him out of the pool and pay someone to give him mouth-to-mouth because you ain't no fairy.
Ⓒ Put on more sunscreen.
Ⓓ Walk around the edge of the pool pretending to be a gill salesman, shouting, "Gills here! Who needs gills?!"

7 **You're in a crowded elevator and you're the one closest to the buttons. Someone asks you to push 37. What do you do?**
Ⓐ Push 37.
Ⓑ Push every single button and then get out on the third floor.
Ⓒ Pretend you're retarded and head-butt him.

8 **When a homeless person asks you for spare change, you . . .**
Ⓐ Give him whatever coins you have in your pocket and apologize for not being able to help more.
Ⓑ Drop a penny in his steaming coffee.
Ⓒ Write out a check to him for $1 million, then rip it up in his face.
Ⓓ Give him a dollar, then kick him in the balls and demand ninety-nine cents change.

9 **A stranger with a baby is trying to change her tire on the side of the road in an affluent neighborhood. You . . .**
Ⓐ Pull over and change her tire.
Ⓑ Pull over, change her tire, and demand a hand job.
Ⓒ Pull over, ask her if she needs help, then give her the finger.
Ⓓ Slash her other three tires and tell her that her baby's ugly.

10 **Your girlfriend dies. When do you ask out her best friend?**
Ⓐ Never.
Ⓑ A week later.
Ⓒ During the eulogy.
Ⓓ While your girlfriend was alive.

11 **Your friend tells you his wife is pregnant, but it's early and you shouldn't tell anyone. What do you do?**
Ⓐ Don't utter a word to anyone, not even Jesus.
Ⓑ Tell everyone you come in contact with but make them promise not to tell a soul.
Ⓒ Call her boss and tell him that she's "working for two."
Ⓓ Call the boss's wife and say that her husband knocked up some woman at work.

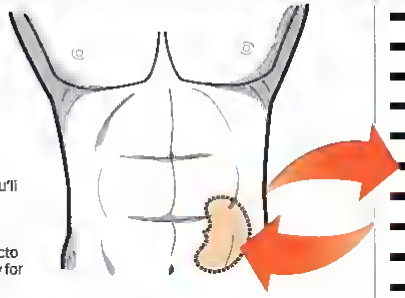
12



An ambulance tries to pass your car. What do you do?

Ⓐ Hope it gets to the hospital as soon as possible to save the person inside.
Ⓑ Hope it doesn't make you miss the next light.
Ⓒ Give the driver the finger because the loud sirens made you miss the first eleven seconds of your new White Stripes CD.

13 Your best friend needs a kidney, and you're one of three people in North America who are a match. You . . .



Ⓐ Happily give it to him, knowing that you'll still live.
Ⓑ Grudgingly give it to him, knowing that you'll have a nine-inch scar on your back.
Ⓒ Keep your kidney and e-mail him all the dialysis links off Google.
Ⓓ Remove his remaining kidney with an X-Acto knife and sell it on the black market to pay for that humidor you always wanted.

14 **Your six-year-old nephew asks you if there really is a Santa Claus. What do you do?**
Ⓐ Say "Of course there is!"
Ⓑ Tell him to "ask Jeeves."
Ⓒ Tell him "Yeah, it's your dad, schmuck!"
Ⓓ Tell him, "There's no Santa, there's no Easter Bunny. On the other hand, your parents are divorcing, and it's your fault."

15 **The pizza delivery guy miraculously arrives with a pepperoni pie in eleven minutes in a raging snowstorm on Super Bowl Sunday. The bill is $13.20. How much do you tip him?**
Ⓐ Give him a $20 bill and let him keep the change.
Ⓑ Give him a $20 bill, ask for $13.20 back, and see if he's capable of even the most basic math skills.
Ⓒ Pay him in counterfeit euros and give him a free slice.
Ⓓ Don't give him anything but tell him he can use your shitter if he needs to—as long as he wipes his ass with the pizza box.

16 **Someone at work is TiVo-ing the Knicks–Lakers game and doesn't want to know the score. You . . .**
Ⓐ Respect him and don't discuss the game anywhere near him.
Ⓑ Fill up his voice mail with game updates.
Ⓒ Smash his car windshield and spray-paint the final score on his leather seats.
Ⓓ Wear a Walkman and follow him around all day doing play-by-play.

17 **You're on a hike with ample supplies of food and water when you see a fellow hiker crawling toward you, totally dehydrated. What do you do?**
Ⓐ Give him all your food and water and call an ambulance on your cell phone.
Ⓑ Give him half your food and water and call your friend to find out the Cubs–Yankees score.
Ⓒ Beat the shit out of him and steal his Eddie Bauer backpack.
Ⓓ Rape him anally with your bottle of Poland Spring.

18 **Your friend's girlfriend is throwing a surprise party for him. What do you do?**
Ⓐ E-mail her a list of his friends with their addresses.
Ⓑ E-mail her a list of your friends with their addresses.
Ⓒ Put up a movie marquee on his front lawn while he's at work that says, COMING SOON: YOUR SURPRISE PARTY!
Ⓓ Hire two hookers and send him to the party with one on each arm.

19 **A waiter at a restaurant brings you the chicken Caesar salad instead of the Chinese chicken salad. What do you do?**
Ⓐ Politely ask him to bring you the salad you ordered.
Ⓑ Dump the chicken Caesar on his head and bellow, "Hail, Caesar! Write down my order next time, douchie!"
Ⓒ Pay the busboy five dollars to pour water into the waiter's gas tank.
Ⓓ Take a bite of the Caesar salad, then collapse on the ground and writhe, wailing, "Allergic to Caesar!" When the waiter arrives to help, pin him to the ground and pour the soup of the day into his eyes.

20 **INKBLOT TEST**
What do you see?



Ⓐ A playful lobster frolicking in the sea.
Ⓑ A scuba diver rescuing a dolphin from a tuna net.
Ⓒ Your reflection happily dumping motor oil on some starfish.
Ⓓ A bunch of pirates gang-raping a mermaid.

(KEY) **NOT AN ASSHOLE**: YOU ANSWERED A TO EVERY QUESTION.
MODERATE ASSHOLE: YOU ANSWERED B TO AT LEAST ONE QUESTION.
GIANT ASSHOLE: FUCK YOU, ASSHOLE!

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MCKIBILLO



The 20-Dollar Millionaire Hits the Road

Last winter, the twenty-dollar millionaire took on Manhattan to find out exactly what an Andrew Jackson will get you. This month, he takes on America.

By Tom Chiarella
ILLUSTRATION BY DANIEL ADEL

A TWENTY SHOULD NOT BE A DARE Some people might agree to leave their car keys in the urinal of a bar all night for twenty dollars but then again, some people are not my friend Kilgore. No. The twenty is a ticket, a covenant between two people—you and someone who can help you It pushes you past the door, the rope, the counter, in order to find what lies just beyond the norms of commerce

In New York nine months ago, with my big stack of twenties, I got better tables, drove a street cleaner, got to see the dirty pictures under the counter at a one-hour photo shop, and generally uncovered cultural truths But people tell me New York is not America. So I decided to get right into the heart of it, taking a four-day trip from my home in Indiana, flying to Salt Lake City, then driving through Vegas to Los Angeles, following the arc of the cultural pendulum from one extreme to the other, passing $2,000 in twenties along the way

Day One

SALT LAKE CITY

HOTELS ARE THE ONE place where a twenty-dollar bill, without fail, speaks volumes. I have gotten everything I have ever wanted in a hotel for a simple twenty—gray socks, London newspapers, a second television, all-natural toothpaste. The first night in

Salt Lake City, I was after something bigger than ever before. I needed to feel better; I needed health. And I didn't have time for any stinking doctor.

For weeks, I'd had shingles, which is just plain dispiriting and agonizingly painful. That evening, I'd been struck with this wicked skin eruption on the side of my chest, which is simply a more appealing way to say "boil." Now, I get paid to do this stuff. I'm not stupid. But there is nothing I can imagine, no force on earth, that would make me voluntarily walk into an emergency room and say, "I'll give you twenty dollars to lance this boil." But I needed help; the left side of my body demanded it. Desperate for a solution, I remembered that my ex-father-in-law, a gritty, grand guy from east Tennessee, told me once that people got boils all the time in the fifties—Happy Days, my ass—and that his mother always treated his with salt pork. So I decided upon my arrival at the hotel to become the twenty-dollar homeopath. I offered the concierge twenty to find me an Ace bandage, and it was there magically at my door within ten minutes. The bellman got a twenty to bring me a piece of salt pork (though I did have to send him back for raw meat after he brought the first piece to my room cooked and garnished). So I strapped myself up like a cop wearing a wire, salt pork plastered against my aching side, and went out into the city, all the time aware of two distinct sensations: one involving how nicely my gut was pulled in by the Ace and the second involving childhood memories of ham and beans.

In Salt Lake, the twenty won't get me upgraded to a Jaguar. But when they ask if I have a Triple-A card, I root around in my pocket, come up with a twenty, say, "Wait, here it is," and the discount is mine.

The city yawned before me, muscular and overlit, up one hill and down another. When the valet brought my car, I told him I was afraid of driving and that I needed him to drive me around the neighborhood, show me where all the places were. He said he couldn't leave the grounds. I whipped out the twenty, he opened the (back) door like a chauffeur, then gave me a decent twenty-minute tour. Very cool. He never even asked why I climbed in behind the wheel once we were done.

I started by looking for a karaoke bar. The people who frequent these places are the distant cousins of the twenty-dollar millionaire. They crave style but lack it. They admire talent and recognize that they don't have it. Still, the price of a few drinks gives them that one moment in which style and talent intersect, on occasion successfully, and, bam, they are millionaires at the mike. Here a woman told me there were tunnels all over Salt Lake City, dug by distant Mormons for reasons lost to the mists of time. I wanted to see them. I offered her twenty if she could point me in the right direction, and she laughed into her drink. "It's Saturday night and you're drinking vodka and singing Johnny Cash," she said. "You're exactly the kind of guy they *don't* want in their tunnels." She was fairly hot, a Patsy Cline–singing blond with a fuck-me pink dress and a boyfriend right at her side. A cone point, pressed against me, she said, "I'm hungry." I know it was the salt pork.

So we went out to a Mexican place, and I ordered the trucker's special, and they left me before it came. I was eating my eggs when this old skanky guy comes up and asks me for a dollar. I tell him to sit down and I'll buy him dinner. He says he doesn't want dinner or coffee. He wants a drink. Then I ask him about the tunnels. That makes him sit.

"Sure there are tunnels," he tells me. He's a jack Mormon, he says, and even he knows how to get in them. So I ask, Will twenty dollars get me in? He jabbers for a while that he'll have to talk to some guys, but if I give over the twenty, he'll see what he can do. So he goes and makes a phony call to someone and I drink some more coffee, and I notice that the salt pork seems to have bonded to my flesh now, and no matter how I squirm, I can't get it loose. So I'm this mix of panic and cool, sipping my coffee, reading the first edition of the *Deseret Morning News*—and I mean the *first*, as in the first off the press—which I picked up at the rear of the printing facility for twenty dollars. He comes back and tells me it's on.

"Give me the twenty," he says. "Meet me tomorrow at West Temple and 300 South."

"Come on," I say. "I'll never see you again."

"Sure you will. Name's Red," he tells me, I swear, just like that. "I have e-mail."

So I shake his hand and slide him his twenty dollars.

Late that night, I unravel my Ace bandage, peel back the meat, and find that the boil looks enraged, red and swollen, the skin around it appears to have been scarified into something reminding me of a seahorse. Yet, miraculously, by morning it is gone.

Day Two
LAS VEGAS

RED DIDN'T SHOW. But I'd known that when I'd given him the bill. Another rule: Never give twenty dollars to a man named Red, even if he has e-mail. While I was waiting at West Temple and 300 South, I paid twenty dollars to use the bathroom in the offices of the Mormon church. "It's not necessary," the man said, "but we'll call it a donation."

So then I drove, and I won't bore you by describing that there is nothing for the twenty-dollar millionaire in the desert. Just mountains, terrible cloud-dwelling mountains, to the left and sunshine to the right. I kept thinking that there are really two Americas, two worlds—one where a note, a twenty, gives you purchase, and one where a roll of twenties is just kindling, or an invitation to abduction. I know which one I belong in. At some moonscape interstate exit, I paid for my Acby's with five singles. The twenty seemed like a risk out there.

So I got to Vegas and immediately dropped seven twenties walking from one casino's buffet line to the next. Each time, I went straight to the front of those painfully long lines, offering the first person in line twenty dollars to let me jump in. This was not popular. Not with anyone. Not at all. It worked three times, I got escorted out once (at Caesars), and I got yelled at three other times, including a pretty cool exchange at the Mirage about what a fake I was, where a guy assailed my clothes. "Hey, Mr. Cool," he said. "We can tell you're cheap. Even your shirt is cheap." I gave him a long stare. I really like my shirt, motherfucker. I never even ate.

When I got to the MGM Grand, I asked for a bellhop to take my bag up to my room with me. So we went, him pulling my bag along like a little poodle, me talking the whole way, quizzing him about room upgrades. The only way was to meet the casino host. He said they don't want cash, they want table time, since it was his impression that they got paid for the number of table hours they generated. I gave him twenty dollars for the info.

At the airport, I want some real silverware, not plastic. I tell the waitress: $20 for a set. She laughs, then scans the food court. Minutes later, she's back with a metal fork. No knife, though, for obvious reasons.

Then I unrolled another twenty and asked him to get me some ice. He said sure, and he even sort of waved off that second twenty, holding up the first one as if to remind me. "No," I said. "A lot of ice." Now I was thinking as fast as I could, because I didn't have any plan when I started, so I said, "My foot is badly burned. I need you to fill up the bathtub."

He looked at my shoe. "You want a doctor?" he asked. Then he said, "You aren't limping."

"It's a radiation burn," I said. Where do I get this shit? What pulls it from inside me? I was thinking something like—desert, uranium, Area 51, inexplicable burns that would not cause me to limp, *X-Files*, salt pork.

"No kidding?" he said. "Okay. Okay." He stepped to the door. "I'll get you some ice," he said. "That's got to hurt." He raised his eyebrow and stepped out. While he was gone, I kept thinking, What if he asks me how I got it? But he didn't come back, some busboy did, with a room-service cart and two giant garbage bags full of ice. He didn't seem to know anything about the radiation burn. When he dumped the last of the ice in the tub, it was filled precisely to the top, as if the last chip belonged there. This guy knew the formula; he'd done this before. For a moment, a thought crossed my mind. *They really know how to deal with radiation burns.*

"You having a party?" he said. And that's when it became obvious that they fill bathtubs with ice all the time here, to chill beers or champagne, and that no one had told him about the possible radiation exposure. Fuck that, I thought, the twenty dollars gives me the right to tell him anything I want. So I unsprung another twenty from my roll. "No, my friend is coming in later," I said. "He's bringing in a bunch of fish."

"Fish?" he said.

I shrugged. "Mackerel," I said. "Big ones."

He tilted his head. We're in the desert here. Twenty-six stories up. Three hundred miles from the ocean. "You must be having a cookout."

I slipped him the twenty. "Huge," I said. "The mother of all cookouts."

"Okay," he said. "Let me know if you need some help with the fish." He folded the bill twice. He had a little pocket in his vest just for bills like that.

In Salt Lake City, the twenty had seemed puzzling but appealing when I offered it. In Vegas, it was more like a Skee-Ball ticket. Collect enough of them and you might have something.

When I gave the doorman twenty dollars to tell me what I could get in Vegas for twenty dollars, he scratched his chin. "Advice," he said.

"Yes," I said. That was what I needed.

"No, no. I mean, that's about *all* you can get."

So I went to twenty blackjack tables and offered twenty dealers twenty bucks for their best advice. It went like this:

Don't think "sometimes." "Always" means always, like, Always split 8's. Always. Not sometimes. • Go straight home and love your family. • Try the filet. The filet is really good. Truly. That's real advice. • Be a team player. • Drink water. • Get satellite television, you won't regret it. • You have to have something you care about. Like painting. Painting is a very good thing to care about. • Stay away from three-card poker. • Always make the odds bet. • Never take insurance. • Be consistent. • Buckle up—my uncle nearly died the other day. • Know the game. • Don't ask for advice. Advice is for suckers. Never pay money for advice. • Don't get hit by lightning. • I still like real estate.

For dinner, a twenty got me a big circular booth, the kind that seats eight, at Wolfgang Puck's. For another twenty, the waiter ran and got me a *New York Times* and a cigar. I sat and read, cigar unlit. The restaurant filtered sounds and colors back to me. People looked over their shoulders at me as they passed. A busy room, a comfortable seat, some real service. The twenty dollar millionaire wants no more than that.

Days Three and Four
LOS ANGELES

ANOTHER DRIVE in the desert seemed to do me good. When I got to L.A., I felt energized. It seemed like a real city to me. I began to feel that I had crossed back into the world I knew, and I ended up in a strip club at the edge of Westwood in the middle of a Tuesday afternoon. The dull thump of the music, the shafts of sunlight from the doorway, the somnambulant doorman—I felt a sense of home. I went to a private room with a woman named Raven, who claimed to be a psych major at UCLA. I told her I just wanted to tell her about my dog. I asked her if twenty dollars would cover it. "Do you want me to be naked?"

"It's up to you," I said. She didn't undress.

Half an hour later, we had wrung out the topic of Labrador retrievers, and I asked if she would get in trouble for simply talking to me all that time. Like a fool, I was worried for her. I offered her another twenty. She smiled.

"You're cute," she said, grabbing my cheeks. "It's twenty bucks a song."

"For talking about dogs?" I said, knowing the answer as well as the question.

"Some guys just like to talk."

I wandered on. I paid a homeless guy in Pershing Square twenty dollars to get me a cell phone I could use to call my hotel. He came back with one in eight minutes. Lots of the homeless guys, it turns out, carry single-use phones. He also asked if I remembered pay phones. They're cheaper, he said. I walked across the street to a pawnshop and bought a large box of dice (175 pairs) marked fifty dollars at a going-out-of-business sale simply by holding up a twenty at eye level. It was a visual assertion of who I am. Finally the guy snatched it. "There is tax," he said.

"Not for me," I said. "Not this time."

"Of course," he said. "Yes. Twenty [*continued on page 202*]

THE FIVE-MINUTE GUIDE TO... cash

Enough with the talk from futurists who predict that all financial transactions will soon be purely electronic. Don't bet on it. Bling, jack, scratch, bread, dead presidents, moolah, simoleons—there's just something too viscerally appealing about cold hard cash. And when was the last time you saw a rapper flash his debit card in a video? The Bureau of Engraving and Printing produces about thirty-eight million notes a day. But who among us has actually taken the time to study the stuff? Here, the highlights. After all, you damn well shelled out three dollars of it for this mag. —REED TUCKER



Counterfeiting »

As long as banks have been printing money, crooks have been printing fake money. In the country's earliest days, the proliferation of bogus bills rendered the Continental currency nearly worthless, and during the Civil War, between a third and a half of all the money in circulation was phony. The government finally acted in 1865 and created the Secret Service—an enforcement division within the Department of the Treasury whose sole purpose was to put the kibosh on counterfeiting. (The prez had to take care of his own bad self.)

These days, despite advances in digital technology, the Secret Service says counterfeiting is on a slight decline. A March report found just one out of every ten thousand bills was fake. To stay ahead of wily counterfeiters, though, the Bureau of Engraving and Printing plans to redesign the bills every seven to ten years. Our currency last got a major overhaul in 1996, and this fall the Treasury will begin circulating redesigned twenty-dollar bills, with a revamped fifty to follow in 2004 and a hundred in 2005. The new twenty still bears a well-coiffed Andrew Jackson—the frame has been removed and the image enlarged—but has subtle blue, peach, and green designs and words have been added to the background.



History »

Through the ages, money has taken a number of bizarre forms: shells, fishhooks, shares of Enron. The first American national currency was issued in 1775 by the Continental Congress to help pay for the Revolutionary War. Then the government mostly stayed out of the money game until 1861. The mid-nineteenth century is what's kindly known as the Free Banking Era, when money was issued by hundreds of banks with no federal oversight. By 1860, about sixteen hundred different banks were circulating bills—with thousands of different designs.

Congress created the Federal Reserve in 1913 to stabilize the monetary system (and get Alan Greenspan laid). Over the next five years, the Fed began issuing bills in denominations of $1 to $10,000. In 1969, the Treasury retired its most serious bling because electronic transactions had reduced demand. Gone are the $500, $1,000, $5,000, $10,000, and $100,000 bills. (This last was used only for transactions between banks because local quickie marts had a tough time breaking it.)

Q&A »

Rosario Marin was the treasurer of the biggest club of all: the U.S. government. And as such, her signature (along with the Treasury Secretary's) graced every bill printed.

ESQ: Did you agonize over your signature?

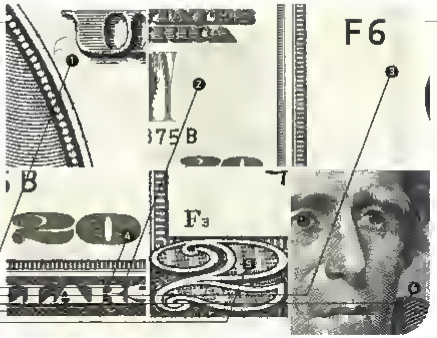
Marin: When I got the job, I realized not even my mother could read my signature, so I practiced and practiced.

Where did you sign?

The engravers gave me a sheet of paper and said, You'll have the opportunity to sign your name five times, and we'll choose one. They gave me this little sheet of paper with these five boxes. My signature has this flair, and on four out of the five I went outside the box. The one on the bill is the only one that fit.

Does it bother you that your signature is probably being crammed into a stripper's G-string right now?

Well, I guess you could see it that way. But you could also see the fact that it is a symbol of our nation's economy. In a way, my signature validates the strongest currency in the world. It's an honor.



How to Tell if a 20 Is Bogus »

❶ The paper—a cotton linen sold only to the government—should be flecked with red and blue fibers. ❷ A watermarked portrait of Andrew Jackson should be visible when the bill is held up to a light. ❸ A security thread reading USA TWENTY runs down the left side. The strip glows green beneath an ultraviolet light. ❹ The numeral in the lower right corner on the front of the bill is printed with color-shifting ink. The "20" should look green when viewed straight on but black when viewed at an angle. ❺ Microprinted words within the numeral in the lower left reading "USA 20" should be barely visible. The words "The United States of America" run along the bottom of the portrait frame. ❻ Fine lines are printed behind the portrait and the White House on the back. If reproduced, the lines run together.

Change »

Life sometimes seems like nothing more than one long journey to rid ourselves of every last penny, nickel, dime, and quarter. Is there a greater pleasure than being able to hand a cashier exact change? Still, the U.S. Mint—which was established by the Coinage Act of 1792—continues to pump out the stuff. Facilities in Philly and Denver produce about 52.5 million pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters, half dollars, and Sacajawea dollars a day. Almost two thirds of those are pennies, half of which fall out of circulation within a year as they disappear into sofa cushions. Prior to 1965, coins actually contained precious metals like silver, but today they are pressed mostly from copper, zinc, and nickel. Most last for about thirty years, and when they become too worn to pass through counting and vending machines, they're sent back to the mint, melted, and recycled.

The world's most valuable coin is the 1933 Double Eagle (shown), a twenty-dollar gold piece that sold for $7.6 million at a July 2002 auction. The mint's stockpile of the coin was ordered destroyed in 1937, a few were stolen and eventually made their way into the hands of collectors.

What's on the One? »

While the reverse of most bills pictures an important American building, the one-dollar note is slapped with what's called the Great Seal. One side depicts an eagle clutching thirteen arrows and an olive branch with thirteen leaves (yes, for those thirteen original colonies). The other side depicts a thirteen-course pyramid crowned with a creepy glowing eye that could have popped straight from the doodle notebook of Aleister Crowley. The seal was created in 1782 by the Founding Fathers, who drafted a vague written description of which today's seal is a graphic interpretation.

Officially, the pyramid stands for strength and durability, and the eye is meant to suggest an omniscient deity, but conspiracy theorists claim that the design is actually a nod to the Freemasons—that shadowy ultra-secret fraternity whose members, paranoid critics maintain, actually run the world. Both the eye and the pyramid are symbols of Freemasonry, and many of the Founding Fathers were members.





60 Seconds of Wisdom

» Prior to 1933, the law imposed limits on how much change you could foist on someone else: twenty-five cents in pennies and nickels and ten dollars in dimes, quarters, and half-dollars.

» American money was printed with green ink because the color was psychologically identified with strength and stability.

» 3,362,522,000 bills, including more than half of the ones in use, were deemed unfit for circulation and shredded in 2002.

» The law prohibits living persons from appearing on money.

» Printed pictures of money must depict the bill at least 50 percent larger or 25 percent smaller than its actual size.

» If you could somehow peel money apart, only the front half of the bill would be considered legal tender.

» Greenbacks issued during the Civil War, which bore Lincoln's portrait on the front, are still redeemable today.

» The Bureau of Engraving and Printing employs five currency designers whose sole job is to fiddle with its look.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ISTVAN BANYAI



The Falling Man

Do you remember this photograph? In the United States, people have taken pains to banish it from the record of September 11, 2001. The story behind it, though, and the search for the man pictured in it, are our most intimate connection to the horror of that day.

BY TOM JUNOD

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD DREW

IN THE PICTURE, he departs from this earth like an arrow. Although he has not chosen his fate, he appears to have, in his last instants of life, embraced it. If he were not falling, he might very well be flying. He appears relaxed, hurtling through the air. He appears comfortable in the grip of unimaginable motion. He does not appear intimidated by gravity's divine suction or by what awaits him. His arms are by his side, only slightly outriggered. His left leg is bent at the knee, almost casually. His white shirt, or jacket, or frock, is billowing free of his black pants. His black high-tops are still on his feet. In all the other pictures, the people who did what he did—who jumped—appear to be struggling against horrific discrepancies of scale. They are made puny by the backdrop of the towers, which loom like colossi, and then by the event itself. Some of them are shirtless, their shoes fly off as they flail and fall, they look confused, as though trying to swim down the side of a mountain. The man in the picture, by contrast, is perfectly vertical, and so is in accord with the lines of the buildings behind him. He splits them, bisects them. Everything to the left of him in the picture is the North Tower; everything to the right, the South. Though oblivious to the geometric balance he has achieved, he is the essential element in the creation of a new flag, a banner composed entirely of steel-and-shining in the sun. Some people who look at the picture see stoicism, will power, a portrait of resignation; others see something else—something discordant and therefore terrible: freedom. There is something almost rebellious in the man's posture, as though once faced with the inevitability of death he decided to get on with it, as though he were a missile, a spear, bent on attaining his own end. He is fifteen seconds past 9:41 A.M. EST, the moment the picture is taken, in the clutches of pure physics, accelerating at a rate of thirty-two feet per second squared. He will soon be traveling at upwards of 150 miles per hour, and he is upside down. In the picture, he is frozen, in his life outside the frame, he drops and keeps dropping until he disappears.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER is no stranger to history; he knows it is something that happens later. In the actual moment history is made, it is usually made in terror and confusion, and so it is up to people like him—paid witnesses—to have the presence of mind to attend to its manufacture. The photographer has that presence of mind and has had it since he was a young man. When he was twenty-one years old, he was standing right behind Bobby Kennedy when Bobby Kennedy was shot in the head. His jacket was spattered with Kennedy's blood, but he jumped on a table and shot pictures of Kennedy's open and ebbing eyes, and then of Ethel Kennedy crouching over her husband and begging photographers—begging him—not to take pictures. ¶ Richard Drew has never done that. Although he has preserved the jacket patterned with Kennedy's blood, he has never not taken a picture, never averted his eye. He works for the Associated Press. He is a journalist. It is not up to him to reject the images that fill his frame, because one never knows when history is made until one makes it. It is not even up to him to distinguish if a body is alive or dead, because the camera makes no such distinctions, and he is in the business of shooting bodies, as all photographers are, unless they are Ansel Adams. Indeed, he was shooting bodies on the morning of September 11, 2001. On assignment for the AP, he was shooting a maternity fashion show in Bryant Park, notable, he says, "because it featured actual pregnant models." He was fifty-four years old. He wore glasses. He was sparse in the scalp, gray in the beard, hard in the head. In a lifetime of taking pictures, he has found a way to be both mild-mannered and brusque, patient and very, very quick. He was doing what he always does at fashion shows—"staking out real estate"—when a CNN cameraman with an earpiece said that a plane had crashed into the North Tower, and

THE SEVENTH PHOTO IN THIS SEQUENCE—one of ten to fifteen sequences Richard Drew shot on September 11—became the ultimate representation of the horror of that day. While it has an awful and artificial symmetry, the other eleven frames come closer to desperate reality.

Drew's editor rang his cell phone. He packed his equipment into a bag and gambled on taking the subway downtown. Although it was still running, he was the only one on it. He got out at the Chambers Street station and saw that both towers had been turned into smokestacks. Staking out his real estate, he walked west, to where ambulances were gathering, because rescue workers "usually won't throw you out." Then he heard people gasping. People on the ground were gasping because people in the building were jumping. He started shooting pictures through a 200mm lens. He was standing between a cop and an emergency technician, and each time one of them cried, "There goes another," his camera found a falling body and followed it down for a nine- or twelve-shot sequence. He shot ten or fifteen of them before he heard the rumbling of the South Tower and witnessed, through the winnowing exclusivity of his lens, its collapse. He was engulfed in a mobile ruin, but he grabbed a mask from an ambulance and photographed the top of the North Tower "exploding like a mushroom" and raining debris. He discovered that there is such a thing as being too close, and, deciding that he had fulfilled his professional obligations, Richard Drew joined the throng of ashen humanity heading north, walking until he reached his office at Rockefeller Center.

There was no terror or confusion at the Associated Press. There was, instead, that feeling of history being manufactured, although the office was as crowded as he'd ever seen it, there was, instead, "the wonderful calm that comes into play when people are really doing their jobs." So Drew did his. He inserted the disc from his digital camera into his laptop and recognized, instantly, what only his camera had seen—something iconic in the extended annihilation of a falling man. He didn't look at any of the other pictures in the sequence, he didn't have to. "You learn in photo editing to look for the frame," he says. "You have to recognize it. That picture just jumped off the screen because of its verticality and symmetry. It just had that look."

He sent the image to the AP's server. The next morning, it appeared on page seven of *The New York Times*. It appeared in hundreds of newspapers, all over the country, all over the world. The man inside the frame—the Falling Man—was not identified.

THEY BEGAN JUMPING NOT LONG after the first plane hit the North Tower, not long after the fire started. They kept jumping until the tower fell. They jumped through windows already broken and then, later, through windows they broke themselves. They jumped to escape the smoke and the fire, they jumped when the ceilings fell and the floors collapsed, they jumped just to breathe once more before they died. They jumped continually, from all four sides of the building, and from all floors above and around the building's fatal wound. They jumped from the offices of Marsh & McLennan, the insurance company, from the offices of Cantor Fitzgerald, the bond-trading company; from Windows on the World, the restaurant on the 106th and 107th floors—the top. For more than an hour and a half, they *streamed* from the building, one after another, consecutively rather than en masse, as if each individual required the sight of another individual jumping before mustering the courage to jump himself or herself. One photograph, taken at a distance, shows people jumping in perfect sequence, like parachutists, forming an arc composed of three plummeting people, evenly spaced. Indeed, there were reports that some tried parachuting, before the force generated by their fall ripped the drapes, the tablecloths, the desperately gathered fabric, from their hands. They were all, obviously, very much alive on their way down, and their way down lasted an approximate count of ten seconds. They were all, obviously, not just killed when they landed but destroyed, in body though not, one prays, in soul. One hit a fireman on the ground and killed him; the fireman's body was anointed by Father Mychal Judge, whose own death, shortly thereafter, was embraced as an example of martyrdom after the photograph—the redemptive tableau—of firefighters carrying his body from the rubble made its way around the world.

From the beginning, the spectacle of doomed people jumping from the upper floors

Additional reporting by Andrew Chaikivsky





of the World Trade Center resisted redemption. They were called "jumpers" or "the jumpers," as though they represented a new lemming-like class. The trial that hundreds endured in the building and then in the air became its own kind of trial for the thousands watching them from the ground. No one ever got used to it, no one who saw it wished to see it again, although, of course, many saw it again. Each jumper, no matter how many there were, brought fresh horror, elicited shock, tested the spirit, struck a lasting blow. Those tumbling through the air remained, by all accounts, eerily silent; those on the ground screamed. It was the sight of the jumpers that prompted Rudy Giuliani to say to his police commissioner, "We're in uncharted waters now." It was the sight of the jumpers that prompted a woman to wail, "God! Save their souls! They're jumping! Oh, please God! Save their souls!" And it was, at last, the sight of the jumpers that provided the corrective to those who insisted on saying that what they were witnessing was "like a movie," for this was an ending as unimaginable as it was unbearable: Americans responding to the worst terrorist attack in the history of the world with acts of heroism, with acts of sacrifice, with acts of generosity, with acts of martyrdom, and, by terrible necessity, with one prolonged act of—if these words can be applied to mass murder—mass suicide.

IN MOST AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS, the photograph that Richard Drew took of the Falling Man ran once and never again. Papers all over the country, from the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram* to the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* to *The Denver Post*, were forced to defend themselves against charges that they exploited a man's death, stripped him of his dignity, invaded his privacy, turned tragedy into leering pornography. Most letters of complaint stated the obvious: that *someone* seeing the picture had to know who it was. Still, even as Drew's photograph became at once iconic and impermissible, its subject remained unnamed. An editor at the Toronto *Globe and Mail* assigned a reporter named Peter Cheney to solve the mystery. Cheney at first despaired of his task, the entire city, after all, was wallpapered with Kinkoed flyers advertising the faces of the missing and the lost and the dead. Then he applied himself, sending the digital photograph to a shop that clarified and enhanced it. Now information emerged. It appeared to him that the man was most likely not black but dark-skinned, probably Latino. He wore a goatee. And the white shirt billowing from his black pants was not a shirt but rather appeared to be a tunic of some sort, the kind of jacket a restaurant worker wears. Windows on the World, the restaurant at the top of the North Tower, lost seventy-nine of its employees on September 11, as well as ninety-one of its patrons. It was likely that the Falling Man numbered among them. But which one was he? Over dinner, Cheney spent an evening discussing this question with friends, then said goodnight and walked through Times Square. It was after midnight, eight days after the attacks. The missing posters were still everywhere, but Cheney was able to focus on one that seemed to present itself to him—a poster portraying a man who worked at Windows as a pastry chef, who was dressed in a white tunic, who wore a goatee, who was Latino. His name was Norberto Hernandez. He lived in Queens. Cheney took the enhanced print of the Richard Drew photograph to the family, in particular to Norberto Hernandez's brother Tino and sister Milagros. They said yes, that was Norberto. Milagros had watched footage of the people jumping on that terrible morning before the television stations stopped showing it. She had seen one of the jumpers distinguished by the grace of his fall—by his resemblance to an Olympic diver—and surmised that he had to be her brother. Now she saw, and she knew. All that remained was for Peter Cheney to confirm the identification with Norberto's wife and his three daughters. They did not want to talk to him, especially after Norberto's remains were found and identified by the stamp of his DNA—a torso, an arm. So he went to the funeral. He brought his print of Drew's photograph with him and showed it to Jacqueline Hernandez, the oldest of Norberto's three daughters. She looked briefly at the picture, then at Cheney, and ordered him to leave.

What Cheney remembers her saying, in her anger, in her offended grief: "That piece of shit is not my father."

THE RESISTANCE TO THE IMAGE—to the images—started early, started immediately, started on the ground. A mother whispering to her distraught child a consoling lie: "Maybe they're just birds, honey." Bill Feehan, second in command at the fire de-

partment, chasing a bystander who was panning the jumpers with his video camera, demanding that he turn it off bellowing, "Don't you have any human decency?" before dying himself when the building came down. In the most photographed and videotaped day in the history of the world, the images of people jumping were the only images that became, by consensus, taboo— the only images from which Americans were proud to avert their eyes. All over the world, people saw the human stream debouch from the top of the North Tower, but here in the United States, we saw these images only until the networks decided not to allow such a harrowing view, out of respect for the families of those so publicly dying. At CNN, the footage was shown live, before people working in the newsroom knew what was happening; then, after what Walter Isaacson, who was then chairman of the network's news bureau, calls "agonized discussions" with the "standards guy," it was shown only if people in it were blurred and unidentifiable, then it was not shown at all.

And so it went. In *9/11*, the documentary extracted from videotape shot by French brothers Jules and Gedeon Naudet, the filmmakers included a sonic sampling of the booming, rattling explosions the jumpers made upon impact but edited out the most disturbing thing about the sounds: the sheer frequency with which they occurred. In *Rudy*, the docudrama starring James Woods in the role of Mayor Giuliani, archival footage of the jumpers was first included, then cut out. In *Here Is New York*, an extensive exhibition of 9/11 images culled from the work of photographers both amateur and professional, there was, in the section titled "Victims," but one picture of the jumpers, taken at a respectful distance, attached to it, on the *Here Is New York* Web site, a visitor offers this commentary: "This image is what made me glad for censuring [*sic*] in the endless pursuant media coverage." More and more, the jumpers— and their images— were relegated to the Internet underbelly, where they became the provenance of the shock sites that also traffic in the autopsy photos of Nicole Brown Simpson and the videotape of Daniel Pearl's execution, and where it is impossible to look at them without attendant feelings of shame and guilt. In a nation of voyeurs, the desire to face the most disturbing aspects of our most disturbing day was somehow ascribed to voyeurism, as though the jumpers' experience, instead of being central to the horror, was tangential to it, a sideshow best forgotten.

It was no sideshow. The two most reputable estimates of the number of people who jumped to their deaths were prepared by *The New York Times* and *USA Today*. They differed dramatically. The *Times*, admittedly conservative, decided to count only what its reporters actually saw in the footage they collected, and it arrived at a figure of fifty. *USA Today*, whose editors used eyewitness accounts and forensic evidence in addition to what they found on video, came to the conclusion that at least two hundred people died by jumping— a count that the newspaper said authorities did not dispute. Both are intolerable estimates of human loss, but if the number provided by *USA Today* is accurate, then between 7 and 8 percent of those who died in New York City on September 11, 2001, died by jumping out of the buildings, it means that if we consider only the North Tower, where the vast majority of jumpers came from, the ratio is more like one in six.

And yet if one calls the New York Medical Examiner's Office to learn its own estimate of how many people might have jumped, one does not get an answer but an admonition. "We don't like to say they jumped. They didn't jump. Nobody jumped. They were forced out, or blown out." And if one Googles the words "how many jumped on 9/11," one falls into some blogger's trap, slugged "Go Away, No Jumpers Here," where the bait is one's own need to know. "I've got at least three entries in my referrer logs that show someone is doing a search on Google for 'how many people jumped from WTC.' My September 11 post had made mention of that terrible occurance [*sic*], so now any pervert looking for that will get my site's URL. I'm disgusted. I tried, but cannot find any reason someone would want to know something like that. . . Whatever. If that's why you're here— you're busted. Now go away."

ERIC FISCHL DID NOT GO AWAY. Neither did he turn away or avert his eyes. A year before September 11, he had taken photographs of a model tumbling around on the floor of a studio. He had thought of using the photographs as the basis of a sculpture. Now, though, he had lost a friend who had been trapped on the 106th floor of the North Tower. Now, as he worked on his sculpture, he sought to express the extremity of his feelings by making a monument to what he calls the "extremity of choice" faced by the people who jumped. He worked nine months on the larger-than-life bronze he called *Tumbling Woman*, and as he transformed a woman tumbling on the floor into a woman tumbling through eternity, he succeeded in transfiguring the very local horror of the jumpers into something universal— in redeeming an image many regarded as irredeemable. Indeed, *Tumbling Woman* was perhaps the redemptive image of 9/11— and yet it was not merely resisted, it was rejected. The day after *Tumbling Woman* was exhibited in New York's Rockefeller Center, Andrea Peyser of the *New York Post* denounced it in a column titled "Shameful Art Attack," in which she argued that Fischl had no right to ambush grieving New Yorkers with the very distillation of their own sadness . . . in which she essentially argued the right to look away. Because it was based on a model rolling on the floor, the statue was treated as an evocation of impact— as a portrayal of literal, rather than figurative, violence.

"I was trying to say something about the way we all feel," Fischl says, "but people thought I was trying to say something about the way *they* feel— that I was trying to take away something only they possessed. They thought that I was trying to say something about the people they lost. 'That image is not my father. You don't even know my father. How dare you try telling me how I feel about my father?' " Fischl wound up apologizing— "I was ashamed to have added to anybody's pain"—but it didn't matter.

Jerry Speyer, a trustee of the Museum of Modern Art who runs Rockefeller Center, ended the exhibition of *Tumbling Woman* after a week. "I pleaded with him not to do it," Fischl says. "I thought that if we could wait it out, other voices would pipe up and carry the day. He said, 'You don't understand. I'm getting bomb threats.' I said, 'People who just lost loved ones to terrorism are not going to bomb somebody.' He said, 'I can't take that chance.' "

PHOTOGRAPHS LIE. Even great photographs. Especially great photographs. The Falling Man in Richard Drew's picture fell in the manner suggested by the photograph for only a fraction of a second, and then kept falling. The photograph functioned as a study of doomed verticality, a fantasia of straight lines, with a human being shivered at the center like a spike. In truth, however, the Falling Man fell with neither the precision of an arrow nor the grace of an Olympic diver. He fell like everyone else, like all the other jumpers— trying to hold on to the life he was leaving, which is to say that he fell desperately, inelegantly. In Drew's famous photograph, his humanity is in accord with the lines of the buildings. In the rest of the sequence— the eleven outtakes— his humanity stands apart. He is not augmented by aesthetics, he is merely human, and his humanity, startled and in some cases horizontal, obliterates everything else in the frame.


A Creeping Horror and Parachael Flight as Towers Burn, Then Slowly Fall

Trying to Command an Emergency When the Emergency Command Center Is Gone

ON SEPTEMBER 12, Drew's photo ran in *The New York Times* and hundreds of other newspapers. It quickly became a source of controversy, and then it all but vanished.

In the complete sequence of photographs, truth is subordinate to the facts that emerge slowly, pitilessly, frame by frame. In the sequence, the Falling Man shows his face to the camera in the two frames before the published one, and after that there is an unveiling, nearly an unpeeling, as the force generated by the fall rips the white jacket off his back. The facts that emerge from the entire sequence suggest that the Toronto reporter, Peter Cheney, got some things right in his effort to solve the mystery presented by Drew's published photo. The Falling Man has a dark cast to his skin and wears a goatee. He is probably a food-service worker. He seems lanky, with the length and narrowness of his face--like that of a medieval Christ— possibly accentuated by the push of the wind and the pull of gravity. But seventy-nine people died on the morning of September 11 after going to work at Windows on the World. Another twenty-one died while in the employ of Forte Food, a catering service that fed the traders at Cantor Fitzgerald. Many of the dead were Latino, or light-skinned black men, or Indian, or Arab. Many had dark hair cut short. Many had mustaches and goatees. Indeed, to anyone trying to figure out the identity of the Falling Man, the few salient characteristics that can be discerned in the original series of photographs raise as many possibilities as they exclude. There is, however, one fact that is decisive. Whoever the Falling Man may be, he was wearing a bright orange shirt under his white top. It is the one unarguable fact that the brute force of the fall reveals. No one can know if the tunic or shirt, open at the back, is being pulled away from him, or if the fall is simply tearing the white fabric to pieces. But anyone can see he is wearing an orange shirt. If they saw these pictures, members of his family would be able to see that he is wearing an orange shirt. They might even be able to remember if he owned an orange shirt, if he was the kind of guy who *would* own an orange shirt, if he wore an orange shirt to work that morning. Surely they would; surely *someone* would remember what he was wearing when he went to work on the last morning of his life.

But now the Falling Man is falling through more than the blank blue sky. He is falling through the vast spaces of memory and picking up speed.

NEIL LEVIN, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR of the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey, had breakfast at Windows on the World, on the 106th floor of the World Trade Center's North Tower, on the morning of September 11. He never came home. His wife, Christy Ferer, won't talk about any of the particulars of his death. She works for New York mayor Mike Bloomberg as the liaison between the mayor's office and the 9/11 families and has poured the energy aroused by her grief into her work, which, before the first anniversary of the attack, called for her to visit television executives and ask them not to use the most disturbing footage—including the footage of the jumpers— in their memorial broadcasts. She is a close friend of Eric Fischl's, as was her husband, so when the artist asked, she agreed to take a look at *Tumbling Woman*. It, in her words, "hit me in the gut," but she felt that Fischl had the right to create and exhibit it. Now she's come to the conclusion that the controversy may have been largely a matter of timing. Maybe it was just too soon to show something like that. After all, not long before her husband died, she traveled with him to Auschwitz, where piles of confiscated eyeglasses and extracted tooth fillings are on exhibit. "They can show that now," she says. "But that was a long time ago. They couldn't show things like that *then*."

In fact, they did, at least in photographic form, and the pictures that came out of the death camps of Europe were treated as essential acts of witness, without particular regard to the sensitivities of those who appeared in them or the surviving families of the dead. They were shown, as Richard Drew's photographs of the freshly assassinated Robert Kennedy were shown. They were shown, as the photographs of Ethel Kennedy pleading with photographers not to take photographs were shown. They were shown as the photograph of the little Vietnamese girl running naked after a napalm attack was shown. They were shown as the photograph of Father Mychal Judge, graphically and unmistakably dead, was shown, and accepted as a kind of testament. They were shown as everything is shown, for, like the lens of a camera, history is a force that does not discriminate. What distinguishes the pictures of the jumpers from the pictures that have come before is that we—we Americans— are being asked to discriminate on their behalf. What distinguishes them, historically, is that we, as patriotic Americans, have agreed not to look at them. Dozens, scores, maybe hundreds of people died by leaping from a burning building, and we have somehow taken it upon ourselves to deem their deaths unworthy of witness— because we have somehow deemed the act of witness, in this one regard, unworthy of us.

CATHERINE HERNANDEZ never saw the photo the reporter carried under his arm at her father's funeral. Neither did her mother, Eulogia. Her sister Jacqueline did, and her outrage assured that the reporter left— was forcibly [*continued on page 198*]



She's well-read. She slayed us in a school-girl outfit. And she can do light construction. Is it any wonder ROSARIO DAWSON is a Woman We Love?

Ri

Photographed in Fabulous Baker Boy, Los Angeles, in 2003 by JONATHAN SKOW

In Hollywood,

young starlets are as disposable as Wet-Naps. Sometimes breaking from the horde of pretty faces and prettier bodies requires a single star-making moment. Rosario Dawson has been in the biz ever since director Larry Clark cast her in 1995's notorious *Kids* after spotting the beauty sitting on a Manhattan stoop. But it wasn't until she appeared last year in Spike Lee's *25th Hour* dressed as a bombshell schoolgirl in a plaid micro-mini, black knee-highs, and a fresh white shirt that every guy in America thought: Sweet Sister Maria, who *is* that girl? ¶ This fall, you can catch her in *The Rundown* alongside the Rock and in *Shattered Glass*, with Hayden Christensen as disgraced *New Republic* writer Stephen Glass. Working on the latter movie sparked a deep suspicion of journalists; nonetheless, Dawson agreed to be interviewed over lunch at a restaurant in New York City, where she lives. —**REED TUCKER**



ESQUIRE You were fifteen when you made *Kids*. How close was that movie to your actual life?

ROSARIO DAWSON Not at all. I only got drunk for the first time when I was eighteen. I was the baby on the set. I was still a virgin when I did the movie, and Larry kept talking about who was gonna take my virginity.

ESQ Are you still as well behaved? No sex, no drugs, no booze?

RD Ah. I drink. But it's only been in the last year and a half that I've been drinking more. I kind of discovered beer, and I really love it now. I've been working my way down from Guinness because that's what I started with.

ESQ Men really enjoyed that outfit in *25th Hour*. What do you think is up with guys and the schoolgirl thing?

RD I've thought about it a lot. You have this little girl who's sort of at your mercy, and you're the teacher. My character knows she's hot and she's gonna use it. But at the same time, she's inexperienced. If someone really just steps up to her right then, what will she do? And that's exciting for men.

ESQ You're single. How's the dating world treating you?

RD I'm very specific in what I'm looking for. I've been putting up shelves in my apartment, and I'm thinking, I don't want to be with a guy who doesn't know how to put up a retaining wall. I don't want to be with a guy who doesn't even fucking know what a retaining wall *is*.

ESQ *The Adventures of Pluto Nash*. You wanna offer your defense?

RD No. My friends don't even try to make jokes about it—we always snap on each other—but they don't even bother. You can't do worse.

ESQ So why go from the acclaimed *25th Hour* to working with the Rock, a guy who wears a spandex onesie?

RD *The Rundown* is just a fun action movie. And speaking of that schoolgirl outfit, there's this big fight scene at the end of the movie. I'm wearing fatigues and I'm all bloody and I'm handcuffed and I've got sweat and dirt and mud caked on me, and my cleavage is going everywhere. And on that day, of all shoot days, *every* guy in the crew wanted to take pictures with me. I'm like, "So you want me dirty, bound, and bloody?" *Riiiiight.*

ESQ Just to assure you, I'm no Stephen Glass—I'm not going to go back to the office and fabricate this whole interview.

RD Everything that's going on with journalism is really interesting to me. It's an eye-opening experience to know that there really isn't a lot stopping these people from just bullshitting their way through everything. That's why I did *Shattered Glass*, because I want reporters to ask me about it, and I can be like, "So, what do *you* think about journalistic integrity?" ■

12 / 2000

+ 2.5 years

MY CANCER STORY: THE SEQUEL In December 2000, the author, then forty-three, was diagnosed with Stage III colorectal cancer. A journal of his experiences ran in Esquire in six installments, May through October 2001. This is what's happened since





BY CURTIS PESMEN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAN WINTERS

RE-INTRO, RE-ENTRY

Two years since diagnosis, and I am cancer-free. Don't call myself a survivor . . . yet, feels too early. Don't call myself a "warrior," either. That's for the charity-fund appeal and pink-ribbon ad-campaign writers. But I've taken nine months of treatment ("We're gonna pound you," my radiation doc said); recovered from life-saving surgery with most of my body intact ("Don't stop cutting till you see the table," my colorectal surgeon said [in jest]); adopted a child; and I have started hugging my family and friends a bit harder.

Call me middle-aged guy in remission—make that recovery—because the way I see it, remission only means temporary absence of disease. Call me healthy but wary. Been bouncing back and forth from the U.S. to London, where [my wife] Paula is once again working as associate producer on the *Harry Potter* films. Been writing again, even some new kinds of stuff for a documentary I'm trying to get made. Been getting used to getting cancer behind me, even if it'll always seem ahead of me. Also been getting used to being a new dad, to giving all sorts of care at all hours to Baby Josh, kind of like Paula did for me. Still don't feel, though, that beating advanced colon cancer has made me "a better man." Even if I am, I've noticed, more apt to sign off letters, cards, and notes with "love."

PULP FRICTION

. . . *Whrrrr-chop-chop-vrruuuuuuhhhh*[in] Got a juicer the other week, a bona fide institutional kind that weighs a ton, cost nearly $300, and grinds the shit out of pretty much anything that grows on trees or out of the ground. *Vruhhhh-chop.* There's no scientific proof of freshly extracted juice adding 6.2 years to my life or anything, just advice from a good friend from Tulsa and a reasoned attempt to keep things that shouldn't be growing inside me from growing inside me.

CHEESEBURGER IN PARADISE

"You ever get pissed at me that you ate healthy all those years, and I didn't . . ." asks Geoff on a rare day of candor-studded best-friend banter, "and you got cancer?" Truth is, I don't get ticked at Geoff for that; I actually worry about his health. And he is allowed to say stuff like this, we agree, because his mom died of cancer when he was thirteen (and his dad, of diabetes complications, three years later). Have another bacon-cheese, pal-o-mine.

CELEBRITY AND MY CANCER

Walking down skinny England's Lane, six weeks posttreatment, passing by a suitably Brit street sign. DEAD SLOW PLEASE—CHILDREN. Eyeing a guy wearing, of all things on a warm day, a red beret. Thinking I wouldn't bug the guy in New York or L.A., but this is London for chrissakes, and he isn't exactly blending in. I introduce myself to Tim Burton, without going googly or mentioning *Beetlejuice*, and end up inviting him to the premiere of *Harry Potter*. Then I speed-dial Paula to warn her what I've done without checking with any Warner Bros. honchos.

"You've lost your filter," she says. Meaning I'll say pretty much anything I want these days, to pretty much anybody. Even to a guy who had the gall to remake *Planet of the Apes* with Marky Frickin' Mark.

"HE'S LIVIN'" [EXCERPT FROM PAULA'S JOURNAL]

Back in England, I find I'm living with a forty-four-year-old teenager. Curt won't be where he doesn't want to be, or with who he doesn't want to be with. He's spontaneous and seizing the moment, not wasting time with small talk, pretending he's interested. He went to a play on a whim on Friday. . . . Rent (again) . . . with some college kids he didn't know who had an extra cheap ticket to spare. He ran into them in Leicester Square. I tell him I was worried. Couldn't reach him for hours. "I'm hvin'!" he said, and thank God he is.

WORDS YOU DON'T WANT TO HEAR

". . . She will be cremated today after the medical specialists learn what they can to assist other warriors against cancer" —E-mail from a friend, about another friend, on a day I wasn't planning to think about my cancer. Much.

WORDS YOU WANT TO HEAR

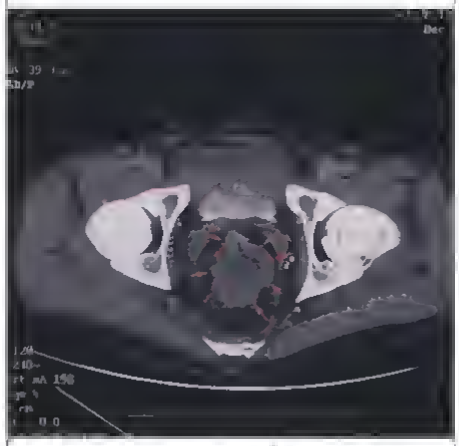
"I recently read your articles this spring and was compelled to write to you to express how I was moved by your story and your writing. I will keep you in my prayers. If there is anything I can provide from my meager life in the Midwest, please don't hesitate to contact me. Very Truly Yours, Chris Jensen"

Didn't contact him, he provided it anyway.

SOMEBODY ELSE'S TROUBLE

Every Thursday, when I read the BBC.com weekly series by science writer Ivan Noble, about the malignant "tumour" that's found a home in his skull, I . . . read . . . every . . . word . . . incredibly . . . slow-ly. More slowly, perhaps, than anything I've ever read on my crappy Apple laptop. As if by doing so, I'm showing this guy in his mid-thirties—newly married with a baby daughter for God's sake—some extra respect. Or by my doing so maybe his "fast-growing" tumor will somehow grow more slowly. Because, as he says, he doesn't expect it to go away anytime soon. Not to compare, but I heard the word *curable* from at least one doctor during my diagnosis.

12 / 2000 >



DECEMBER 2000. A CT scan of Pesmen's lower half, with the thick tumor surrounding the rectum.

+ 2.5 years



APRIL 2003. Postoperative CT scan. The rectum and tumor have been removed. Cancer-free.

Noble heard no such thing from his esteemed neurosurgeon. "There are no good brain tumours to have, [the neurosurgeon] said, but if there were, mine would not be one of them."

NEW LANG SYNE

12/27/02

TO: Chris and Monica

FROM: curtpmail@aol.com

Dear monica and chris,

i went skating the other day, skated on the same rink i skated on two years ago this week, when i found out i had cancer. . . .

i went skating the other day, skated with the same friend i skated with two years ago in boulder, the one i didn't have the strength to tell that awful day i just found out i had colon cancer. . . .

i went skating the other day; did laps around the rink one way, then the other, while watching a mom with her 2-year-old and his double runners—double runners that didn't seem to be working very well.

i want skating the other day, as a new dad with clean CT scans. . . .

i went skating the other day, thinking about joshua joining me next year on that rink in colorado, thinking about paula who will be there worrying if he's going too fast around the corners, and I'll be thinking, "all's pretty much right with the world," thanks to good doctors, truly great friends like you, and some powerful, prayerful, medicine.

i went skating the other day, and this time the christmas tunes didn't sound tinny, false, taped. this time they echoed off the ice and into my ears, into my heart.

now, everybody off the damn ice, so they can scrape it . . . clean it . . . and let everybody start over . . . doncha' know?

happy new year, guys, to you and your amazing family,

love, curt

THREE TIMES A YEAR [EXCERPT FROM P'S JOURNAL]

I'm in a lot better place now, I guess because it's January. Next scans aren't till the end of April. That's because Dr. [Allen] Cohn says, "every three to four months (for the first two years after surgery, then every six)." And Curt's figured out, if we stretch it out till four, that's one less per year, plus less radiation.

I find myself now living my life with this benchmark. So far relieved, and filled with joy, but as the weeks pass, feeling the dread that so slowly creeps up on me, as the next trip home gets closer. When we sit in the oncologist's office, trying to anticipate and read into his every expression . . . hearts-are-racing . . . then learning he hasn't read them yet, will be right back . . . Trying to hear the pace of his footsteps as he returns to see if they will give me any insight as to the news about to be delivered. Do we get to continue our lives as they are—so full of love and joy, and our new baby, Joshua . . . or do we put on our gear again and go into the fire and fight for life?

AS A JAYBIRD

One thing I've noticed. Ever since cancer, ever since surgery, ever since I've owned a post-op stoma protruding ever so slightly from my torso, I don't flit about the house so often as I used to, naked.

MY ADOPTION STORY

You don't enter the world of adoption lightly. But in the summer of '96, after Paula almost died following an ectopic pregnancy that exploded, sort of, into her uterine insides, where some nasty arteries reside and where she internally bled quarts of blood for way too long before they figured out why her blood pressure had dropped to "0" . . . we thought of it.

No, you don't enter the world of adoption lightly, so we have been in it heavily now, for two years running. And we have a son who wasn't born when I had my Big Run with colorectal cancer, and what am I going to tell him about it, not yet sure. Yet when he sees me in the shower wearing a Band Aid–colored bag on my lower torso, he's gonna ask eventually, so I will tell him what makes sense, what is true, along with the fact that were it not for my cancer, or Paula's ectopic, we may not have found Joshua Daniel, ever.

FALSE ALARM?

Waking on a cold morning, early winter, with a twinge astride my right testicle that ranges from groin to lower torso . . . uh-oh. Feels a little like a groin pull, but higher, and connected to the dull, lingering pains I feel in my lower abdomen when I do push-ups or other ab work (not that I do a lot of "ab work"). Surgery scar tissue, maybe, or worse? Make a note to ask about this pain at the next CAT-scan checkup in two months.

THE FIRE THIS TIME

"You smell something burning?" Paula says [July '02]. "You see the fire out there?" Hard to believe, hard to miss, but after three years of trying to get pregnant, and two years of trying to adopt, we finally bring our seven-month-old baby home from his poverty-ravaged Guatemala . . . and the neighborhood's nearly on fire.

Fewer than five hours after landing on Josh's first night in the U.S., without warning, another Colorado wildfire erupts and crawls down the nearby foothills toward Wonderland Lake—and our backyard. "Fuckin'-A," [*continued on page 204*]

CT SCAN INFORMATION COURTESY OF JOHN BERNOZI, M.D.

James Caan

What I've Learned

[Actor, 63, Los Angeles]

//

I'll bump into a guy in a bar, and he'll say, "I'm sorry, Sonny!" It's surreal.

Nobody should give a shit about an actor's opinion on politics.

One night I went over to get some dope from some Hollywood tough guy. After I left, my son Scott, who was only fifteen, went over with a baseball bat to kill him. I was laughing out of one eye and crying out of the other. I thought, Who am I kidding?

There's a big difference between wanting to work and having to work. And I had to learn that the hard way. Now money is very important to me, because I ain't got it.

You have to be very careful when you let someone win.

I'm sort of a Walter Mitty. I got fewer brain cells than most people, so when I got friendly with cowboys, I started rodeoing. When I was calf-roping, there was something about the dirt that made me feel clean.

Some guys say beauty is only skin deep. But when you walk into a party, you don't see somebody's brain. The initial contact has to be the sniffing.

Actors have bodyguards and entourages not because anybody wants to hurt them—who would want to hurt an actor?—but because they want to get recognized. God forbid someone doesn't recognize them. They'd have a fucking heart attack.

What's the difference between sex and love? I have four wives and five kids. I apparently don't know the difference.

For the record. I've never been in an orgy.

You're the only one who's closing your eyes at night. There's no one else who can do it for you.

There are a lot of guys in Hollywood who clap you on the back just a little too hard.

My kid was a great baseball player. I thought I had it made. Front row seats at Yankee Stadium. Then he turned sixteen and wanted to be a rapper.

Showing up every day isn't enough. There are a lot of guys who show up every day who shouldn't have showed up at all.

I had great, great times as a Little League coach. People were talking about me quitting acting, and they would say, "What about your creative juices?" Coaching is creative, because you could take a kid who thought he wasn't any good and, within four minutes, change his mind. And I didn't have to wait six months for them to put music to it.

How good a Little League coach was I? I was a little hyper. One thing I learned was that talent comes from everywhere, it doesn't have to come just from the ghetto. But in Beverly Hills, because Daddy has a grocery store, the kids lack a lot of try.

I always thought of myself as some sort of athlete until I started playing golf a couple years ago.

I had my first puff on a joint when I was twenty-four and a half, and I was petrified. I thought I was gonna see elephants. Five, six years later, I'm in Hollywood. I got a little cocaine in my pocket, a couple of quaaludes. I can't do a little of anything.

My least favorite phrase in the English language is "I don't care." If you ask somebody "You wanna make love?" or "You wanna play tennis?" and they say, "I don't care" . . . well, fuck you then—I don't want to play.

When I played three-on-three with twenty-year-olds when I was fifty, I didn't care if the guy was six eight—I threw the elbow.

I've never missed a day's work in my life, even through all the shit. But there were days when I was not on my best behavior.

I've been lucky. The critics never went out of their way to single me out for doing bad work.

To get over my divorce, I got a prescription to live at the Playboy Mansion for a while.

I don't think silicone makes a girl good or bad.

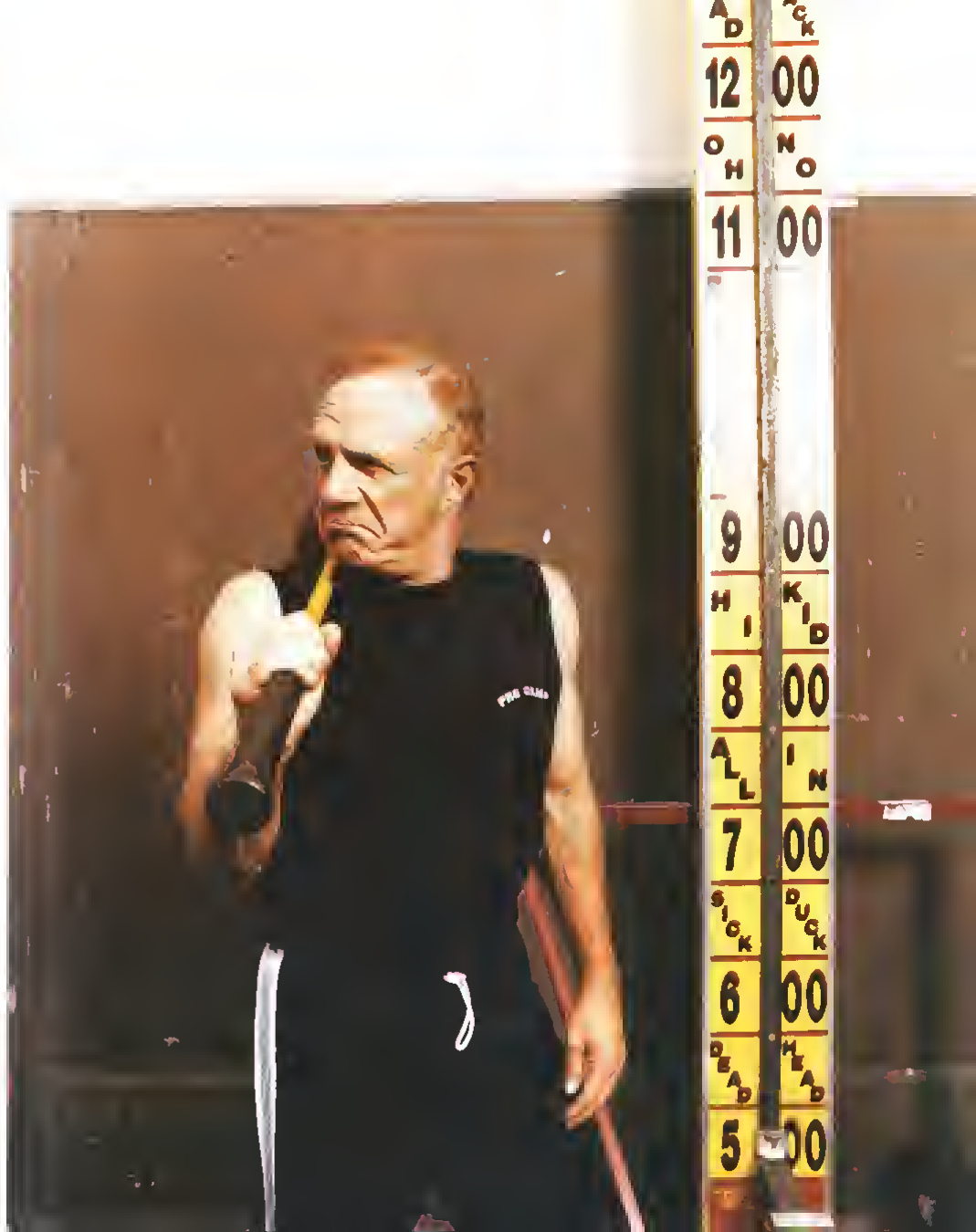
I'll see a beautiful girl walking up to me and I'll think, Oh, my God, I can't believe my good luck. But then she'll say, "Where's your son?" or "My mother loves you."

People wonder why first-time directors can make a brilliant picture, then suck on the second one. It's because they're a little terrified the first time. So they listen to all the experts around them.

There's nothing more boring than actors talking about acting.

I never saw my dad cry. My son saw me cry. My dad never told me he loved me, and consequently I told Scott I loved him every other minute. The point is—I'll make less mistakes than my dad, my sons hopefully will make less mistakes than me, and their sons will make less mistakes than their dads. And one of these days, maybe we'll raise a perfect Caan.

One day you're playing the boyfriend of Nicole Kidman, the next you're playing her dad. That ain't fun, but whaddya gonna do?



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The Red Bow: Fiction by George Saunders

NEXT NIGHT, walking out where it happened, I found her little red bow.

I brought it in, threw it down on the table, said My God my God.

Take a good look at it and also, I'm looking at it, said Uncle Matt. And we won't ever forget it, am I right?

First thing of course was to find the dogs. Which turns out they were holed up back of the—the place where the little kids go, with the plastic bulls in cages, they have birthday parties and so forth—holed up in this sort of nest of tree debris dragged there by the Village.

Well we lit up the debris and then shot the three of them as they ran out.

But that Mrs. Pearson, who'd seen the whole—well she said there'd been four, four dogs, and next night we found that the fourth had gotten into Mullins Run and bit the Elliotts' Sadie and that white Muskerdoo that belonged to Evan and Millie Bates next door.

Jim Elliott said he would put Sadie down himself and borrowed my gun to do it, and did it, then looked me in the eye and said he was sorry for our loss, and Evan Bates said he couldn't do it, and would I? But then finally he at least led Muskerdoo out into that sort of field they call the Concourse, where they do the barbecues and whatnot, giving it a sorrowful little kick (a gentle kick, there was nothing mean in Evan) whenever it snapped at him, saying Musker Jesus!—and then he said *okay, now* when he was ready for me to do it, and I did it, and afterwards he said he was sorry for our loss.

Around midnight we found the fourth one gnawing at itself back of Bourne's place, and Bourne came out and held the flashlight as we put it down and helped us load it into the wheelbarrow alongside Sadie and Muskerdoo, our plan being—Dr. Vincent had said this was best—to burn those we found, so no other animal would—you know, via feeding on the corpses—in any event, Dr. Vincent said it was best to burn them.

When we had the fourth in the wheelbarrow my Jason said Mr. Bourne what about Cookie?

Well no I don't believe so, said Bourne.

He was an old guy and had that old-guy tenderness for the dog, it being pretty much all he had left in the world, such as for example he always called it *friend-of-mine*, as in: How about a walk, friend-of-mine?

But she is mostly an outside dog? I said.

She is almost completely an outside dog, he said. But still, I don't believe so.

And Uncle Matt said: Well, Lawrence, I for one am out here tonight trying to be certain. I think you can understand that.

I can, Bourne said, I most certainly can.

And Bourne brought out Cookie and we had a look.

At first she seemed fine, but then we noticed she was doing this funny thing where a shudder would run through her and her eyes would all of a sudden go wet, and Uncle Matt said: Lawrence, is that something Cookie would normally do?

Well, ah, said Bourne.

And another shudder ran through Cookie.

Oh Jesus Christ, said Mr. Bourne, and went inside.

Uncle Matt told Seth and Jason to trot out whistling into the field and Cookie would follow, which she did, and Uncle Matt ran after, with his gun, and though he was, you know, not exactly a runner, still he kept up pretty good just via sheer effort, like he wanted to make sure this thing got done right.

Which I was grateful to have him there, because I was too tired in mind and my body to know what was right anymore, and sat down on the porch, and pretty soon heard this little pop.

Then Uncle Matt trotted back from the field and stuck his head inside and said: Lawrence do you know, did Cookie have contact with other dogs, was there another dog or dogs she might have played with, nipped, that sort of thing?

Oh get out, get away, said Bourne.

Lawrence my God, said Uncle Matt. Do you think I like this? Think of what we've been through. Do you think this is fun for me, for us?

There was a long silence and then Bourne said well all he could think of was that terrier at the Rectory, him and Cookie sometimes played when Cookie got off her lead.

[W]HEN WE GOT to the Rectory, Father Terry said he was sorry for our loss, and brought Merton out, and we watched a long time and Merton never shuddered and his eyes remained dry, you know, normal.

Looks fine, I said.

Is fine, said Father Terry. Watch this. Merton, genuflect.

And Merton did this dog stretchy thing where he sort of like bowed.

Could be fine, said Uncle Matt. But also could be he's sick but just at an early stage.

We'll have to be watchful, said Father Terry.

Yes, although, said Uncle Matt. Not knowing how it spreads and all, could it be we're in a better-safe-than-sorry type of situation? I don't know, I truly don't know. Ed, what do you think?

And I didn't know what I thought. In my mind I was all the time just going over it and over it, the before, the after, like her stepping up on that footstool to put that red bow in, saying these like lady phrases to herself, such as Well Who Will Be There, Will There Be Cakes?

I hope you are not suggesting putting down a perfectly healthy dog, said Father Terry.

And Uncle Matt produced from his shirt pocket a red bow and said: Father, do you have any idea what this is and where we found it?

But it was not the real bow, not Emily's bow, which I kept all the time in my pocket, it was a pinker shade of red and was a little bigger than the real bow, and I recognized it as having come from our Karen's little box on her dresser.

No I do not know what that is, said Father Terry. A hair bow.

I for one am never going to forget that night, said Uncle Matt. What we all felt. I for one am going to work to make sure that no one ever again has to endure what we had to endure that night.

I have no disagreement with that at all, said Father Terry.

It is true you don't know what this is, Uncle Matt said, and put the bow back in his pocket. You really really have no experience whatsoever of what this is.

Ed, Father Terry said to me. Killing a perfectly healthy dog has nothing to do with—

Possibly healthy but possibly not, said Uncle Matt. Was Cookie bitten? Cookie was not. Was Cookie infected? Yes she was. How was Cookie infected? We do not know. And there is your dog, who interacted with Cookie in exactly the same way that Cookie interacted with the known infected animal, namely through being in close physical proximity.

It was funny about Uncle Matt, I mean funny as in great, admirable, this sudden stepping up to the plate, because previously—I mean, yes, he of course loved the kids, but had never been particularly—I mean he rarely even spoke to them, least of all to Emily, her being the youngest. Mostly he just went very quiedy around the house, especially since January when he'd lost his job, avoiding the kids really a little ashamed almost, as if knowing that, when they grew up, they would never be the out-of-work slinking-around uncle, but instead would be the owners of the house where the out-of-work slinking uncle etc etc.

But losing her had, I suppose, made him realize for the first time how much he loved her, and this sudden strength—focus, certainty, whatever—was a comfort, because tell the truth I was not doing well at all—I had always loved autumn and now it was full autumn and you could smell woodsmoke and fallen apples but all of the world, to me, was just, you know, flat.

It is like your kid is this vessel that contains everything good. They look up at you so loving, trusting you to take care of them, and then one night—what gets me, what I can't get over, is that while she was being—while what happened was happening, I was—I had sort of snuck away downstairs to check my e-mail, see, so that while—while what happened was happening, out there in the schoolyard, a few hundred yards away, I was sitting there typing—typing?—which, okay, there is no sin in that, there was no way I could have known, and yet—do you see what I mean? Had I simply risen from my computer and walked upstairs and gone outside and for some reason, any reason, crossed the schoolyard, then, believe me, there is not a dog in the world, no matter how crazy—

And my wife felt the same way and had not come out of our bedroom since the tragedy.

So Father you are saying no? said Uncle Matt. You are refusing?

I pray for you people every day, Father Terry said. What you are going through, no one ever should have to go through.

Don't like that man, Uncle Matt said as we left the Rectory. Never have and never will.

And I knew that. They had gone to high school together and there had been something about a girl, some last-minute prom-date type of situation that had not gone in Uncle Matt's favor, and I think some shoving on a ball field, some name-calling, but all of this was years ago, during like say the Kennedy administration.

He will not observe that dog properly, said Uncle Matt. Believe me. And if he does notice something, he won't do what is necessary. Why? Because it is his dog. *His* dog. Everything that's his? It's special, above the law.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DEBORAH SAMUEL

I don't know, I said. Truly I don't.

He doesn't get it, said Uncle Matt. He wasn't there that night, he didn't see you carrying her inside.

Which, tell the truth, Uncle Matt hadn't seen me carrying her inside either, having gone out to rent a video—but still, yes, I got his drift about Father Terry, who had always had a streak of ego, with that silver hair with the ripples in it, and also he had a weight set in the Rectory basement and worked out twice a day and had, actually, a very impressive physique, which he showed off, I felt, we all felt, by ordering his priest shirts perhaps a little too tight.

Next morning during breakfast Uncle Matt was very quiet and finally said well he might be just a fat little unemployed guy who hadn't had the education some had, but love was love, honoring somebody's memory was honoring somebody's memory, and since he had no big expectations for his day, would I let him borrow the truck, so he could park it in the Burger King lot and keep an eye on what was going on over at the Rectory, sort of in memory of Emily?

And the thing was, we didn't really use that truck anymore and so—it was a very uncertain time, you know, and I thought: Well, what if it turns out Merton really is sick, and somehow gets away and attacks someone else's—so I said yes, he could use the truck.

He sat all Tuesday morning and Tuesday night, I mean not leaving the truck once, which for him—he was not normally a real dedicated guy, if you know what I mean. And then Wednesday night he came charging in and threw a tape in the VCR and said: watch, watch this.

And there on the TV was Merton, leaning against the Rectory fence, shuddering, arching his back, shuddering again.

So we took our guns and went over.

Look I know I know, said Father Terry. But I'm handling it here, in my own way. He's had enough trouble in his life, poor thing.

Say what? said Uncle Matt. Trouble in his life? You are saying to this man, this father, who has recently lost—the dog has had trouble in his life?

Well, however, I should say—I mean, that was true. We all knew about Merton, who had been brought to Father Terry from this bad area, one of his ears sliced nearly off, plus it had, as I understood it, this anxiety condition, where it would sometimes faint because dinner was being served, I mean, it would literally pass out due to its own anticipation, which, you know, that couldn't have been easy.

Ed, said Father Terry. I am not saying Merton's trouble is, I am not comparing Merton's trouble to your—

Christ let's hope not, Uncle Matt said.

All's I'm saying is I'm losing something too, said Father Terry.

Ho boy, said Uncle Matt. Ho boy ho boy.

Ed, my fence is high, said Father Terry. He's not going anywhere, I've also got him on a chain in there. I want him to—I want it to happen here, just him and me. Otherwise it's too sad.

You don't know from sad, said Uncle Matt.

Sadness is sadness, said Father Terry.

Bla bla bla, said Uncle Matt. I'll be watching.

[W]ELL LATER that week this dog Tweeter Deux brought down a deer in the woods between the TwelvePlex and the Episcopal Church, and that Tweeter Deux was not a big dog, just, you know, crazed, and how the DeFrancinis knew she had brought down a deer was, she showed up in their living room with a chewed-off foreleg.

And that night—well the DeFrancini cat began racing around the house, and its eyes took on this yellow color and at one point while running it sort of locked up and skidded into the baseboard and gave itself a concussion.

Which is when we realized the problem was bigger than we had initially thought.

The thing was, we did not know and could not know how many animals had already been infected—the original four dogs had been at large for several days before we found them, and any animal they might have infected had been at large for nearly two weeks now, and we did not even know the precise method of infection—was it bites, spit, blood, was something leaping from coat to coat? We knew it could happen to dogs, it appeared it could happen to cats—what I'm saying is, it was just a very confusing and frightening time.

So Uncle Matt got on the iMac and made up these flyers, calling a Village Meeting, and at the top was a photo he'd taken of the red bow (not the real bow but Karen's pinkish-red bow, which he'd color-enhanced on the iMac to make it redder and also he had superimposed Emily's Communion photo) and along the bottom it said FIGHT THE OUTRAGE, and underneath in smaller letters it said something along the lines of, you know, why do we live in this world but to love what is ours, and when one of us has cruelly lost what we loved, it is the time to band together to stand up to that which threatens that which we love, so that no one else ever has to experience this outrage again. Now that we have known and witnessed this terrific pain, let us resolve together to fight against any and all circumstances which might cause or contribute to this or a similar outrage now or at any time in the future—and we had Seth and Jason run these around town, and on Friday night ended up with nearly four hundred people in the high school gym.

Coming in, each person got a rolled-up FIGHT THE OUTRAGE poster of the color-enhanced bow, and also on these Uncle Matt had put in—I objected to this at first, until I saw how people responded—well he had put in these tiny teeth marks, they were not meant to look real, they were just, you know, as he said, symbolic reminders, and down in one corner was Emily's Communion photo and in the opposite corner a photo of her as a baby, and Uncle Matt had hung a larger version of that poster (large as a closet) up over the speaker's podium.

And I was sort of astonished by Uncle Matt, I mean, he was showing so much—I'd never seen him so motivated. This was a guy whose idea of a big day was checking the mail and getting up a few times to waggle the TV antenna—and here he was, in a suit, his face all red and sort of proud and shiny—

Well Uncle Matt got up and thanked everyone for coming, and Mrs. DeFrancini, owner of Tweeter Deux, held up that chewed-up foreleg, and Dr Vincent showed slides of cross sections of the brain of one of the original four dogs, and then at the end I talked, only I got choked up and couldn't say much except thanks to everybody, their support had meant the world to us, and I tried to say about how much we had all loved her but couldn't go on.

Uncle Matt and Dr Vincent had, on the iMac, on their own (not wanting to bother me) drawn up what they called a Three-Point Emergency Plan, which the three points were: 1) All Village animals must immediately undergo an Evaluation, to determine was the animal Infected, and 2) all Infected or Suspected Infected animals must be destroyed at once, and 3) all Infected or Suspected Infected animals, once destroyed, must be burned at once to minimize the possibility of Second-Hand Infection.

Then someone asked could they please clarify the meaning of "suspected"?

Suspected you know, said Uncle Matt. That means we suspect and have good reason to suspect that an animal is, or may be, Infected.



Kill every dog, every cat, she said slowly. Kill every mouse, every bird. Kill every fish. Anyone objects, kill them too.

The exact methodology is currently under development, said Dr Vincent.

How can we, how can you, ensure that this assessment will be fair and reasonable though? the guy asked.

Well that is a good question, said Uncle Matt. The key to that is, we will have the assessment done by fair-minded persons who will do the Evaluation in an objective way that seems reasonable to all.

Trust us, said Dr Vincent. We know it is so very important.

Then Uncle Matt held up the bow—actually a new bow, very big, about the size of a ladies' hat, really, I don't know where he found that—and said: All of this may seem confusing but it is not confusing if we remember that it is all about *This*, simply *This*, about honoring *This*, preventing *This*.

Then it was time for the vote, and it was something like 393 for and none against, with a handful of people abstaining, which I found sort of hurtful, but then following the vote everyone rose to their feet and regarding me and Uncle Matt with—well they were smiling these warm smiles, some even fighting back tears—it was just a very nice, very kind moment, and I will never forget it, and will be grateful for it until the day I die.

[A]FTER THE meeting Uncle Matt and Trooper Kelly and a few others went and did what had to be done in terms of Merton, over poor Father Terry's objections—I mean, he was upset about it, of course, so upset it took five men to hold him back, him being so fit and all—and then they brought Merton, Merton's body, back to our place and burned it, out at the tree line where we had burned the others, and someone asked should we give Father Terry the ashes, and Uncle Matt said why take the chance, we have not ruled out the possibility of airborne transmission, and, putting on the little white masks supplied by Dr Vincent, we raked Merton's ashes into the swamp.

That night my wife came out of our bedroom for the first time since the tragedy, and we told her everything that had been happening.

And I watched her closely, to see what she thought, to see what I should think, her having always been my rock.

Kill every dog, every cat, she said very slowly. Kill every mouse, every bird. Kill every fish. Anyone objects, kill them too.

Then she went back to bed.

Well that was—I felt so bad for her she was simply not herself—I mean, this was a woman who, finding a spider, used to make me take it outside in a cup. Although, as far as killing all dogs and cats—I mean, there was a certain—I mean, if you did that, say, killed every dog and cat, regardless of were they Infected or not, you could thereby guarantee to 100 percent, that no other father in town would ever again have to carry in his—God there is so much I don't remember about that night but one thing I do remember is, as I brought her in, one of her little clogs thunked off onto the linoleum, and still holding her I bent down to—and she wasn't there anymore, she wasn't, you know, there, there inside her body. I had passed her thousands of times on the steps, in the kitchen, had heard her little voice from everywhere in the house and why, why had I not, every single time, rushed up to her and told her everything that I—but of course you can't do that, it would malform a child, and yet—

What I'm saying is, with no dogs and no cats, the chance that another father would have to carry his animal-murdered child into their home, where the child's mother sat, doing the bills happy or something like happy for the last time in her life, happy until the instant she looked up and saw—what I guess I'm saying is, with no dogs and no cats, the chances of that happening to someone else (or to us again) went down to that very beautiful number of Zero.

Which is why we eventually did have to enact our policy of sacrificing all dogs and cats who had been in the vicinity of the Village at the time of the incident.

But as far as killing the mice, the birds, the fish, no, we had no evidence to support that, not at that time anyway, and had not yet added the Reasonable Suspicion Clause to the Plan, and as far as the people, well my wife wasn't herself that's all there was to it, although soon what we found was—I mean, there was something prescient about what she'd said, because in time we did in fact have to enact some very specific rules regarding the physical process of extracting the dogs and/or cats from a home where the owner was being unreasonable—or the fish, birds, whatever—and also had to assign specific penalties should these people, for example, assault one of the Animal Removal Officers, as a few of them did, and finally also had to issue some guidelines on how to handle individuals who, for whatever reason, felt it useful to undercut our efforts by, you know, obsessively and publicly criticizing the Five- and Six-Point Plans, just very unhappy people.

But all of that was still months away.

I often think back to the end of that first Village Meeting, to that standing-ovation moment. Uncle Matt had also printed up T-shirts, and after the vote everyone pulled the T-shirt with Emily's smiling face on it over his or her own shirt, and Uncle Matt said that he wanted to say thank you from the bottom of his heart, and not just on behalf of his family, this family of his that had been so sadly and irreversibly malformed by this unimaginable and profound tragedy, but also, and perhaps moreso, on behalf of all the families we had just saved, via our vote, from similar future profound unimaginable tragedies.

And as I looked out over the crowd, at all those T-shirts—I don't know, I found it deeply moving, that all of those good people would feel so fondly towards her, many of whom had not even known her, and it seemed to me that somehow they had come to understand how good she had been, how precious, and were trying, with their applause, to honor her.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DEBORAH SAMUEL



We found our best watch in a history book

In 1923 a small watchmaker in Europe built the first watch to display the day and date while using an automatic movement. Only 7 of these watches were ever made and we've only actually seen one of these masterpieces in a watch history book. Antique experts say these watches are so rare that they could fetch more than $500,000 at auction today.

As we researched early chronographs from the Schaffhausen region we found that they were among the most complex and stylish works of art to be made during the Roaring 20s. And yet no one has attempted to replicate the vintage design and function of these early watches until now. The watch design that you see here has been painstakingly crafted with the inspiration of the earliest chronographs right down to the screw down crown. It is built with a classic 21 jewel automatic movement the kind sought after by fine watch collectors.

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The Falling Man

[*continued from page* 181] evicted—before he did any more damage. But the picture has followed Catherine and Eulogia and the entire Hernandez family. There was nothing more important to Norberto Hernandez than family. His motto: "Together Forever." But the Hernandezes are not together anymore. The picture split them. Those who *knew*, right away, that the picture was not Norberto—his wife and his daughters—have become estranged from those who pondered the possibility that it was him for the benefit of a reporter's notepad. With Norberto alive, the extended family all lived in the same neighborhood in Queens. Now Eulogia and her daughters have moved to a house on Long Island because Tatiana—who is now sixteen and who bears a resemblance to Norberto Hernandez: the wide face, the dark brows, the thick dark lips, thinly smiling—kept seeing visions of her father in the house and kept hearing the whispered suggestions that he died by jumping out a window.

He could not have died by jumping out a window.

All over the world, people who read Peter Cheney's story believe that Norberto died by jumping out a window. People have written poems about Norberto jumping out a window. People have called the Hernandezes with offers of money—either charity or payment for interviews—because they read about Norberto jumping out a window. But he couldn't have jumped out a window. His family knows, because he *wouldn't* have jumped out a window: not Papi. "He was trying to come home," Catherine says one morning, in a living room primarily decorated with framed photographs of her father. "He was trying to come home to us, and he knew he wasn't going to make it by jumping out a window." She is a lovely, dark-skinned, brown-eyed girl, twenty-two years old, dressed in a T-shirt and sweats and sandals. She is sitting on a couch next to her mother, who is caramel-colored, with coppery hair tied close to her scalp, and who is wearing a cotton dress checked with the color of the sky. Eulogia speaks half the time in determined English, and then, when she gets frustrated with the rate of revelation, pours rapid-fire Spanish into the ear of her daughter, who translates. "My mother says she knows that when he died, he was thinking about us. She says that she could see him thinking about us. I know that sounds strange, but she *knew* him. They were together since they were fifteen." The Norberto Hernandez Eulogia knew would not have been deterred by smoke or by fire in his effort to come home to her. The Norberto Hernandez she knew would have endured any pain before he jumped out of a window. When the Norberto Hernandez she knew died, his eyes were fixed on what he saw in his heart—the faces of his wife and his daughters—and not on the terrible beauty of an empty sky.

How well did she know him? "I *dressed* him," Eulogia says in English—a smile appearing on her face at the same time as a shiny coat of tears. "Every morning. That morning, I remember. He wore Old Navy underwear. Green. He wore black socks. He wore blue pants: jeans. He wore a Casio watch. He wore an Old Navy shirt. Blue. With checks." What did he wear after she drove him, as she always did, to the subway station and watched him wave to her as he disappeared down the stairs? "He changed clothes at the restaurant," says Catherine, who worked with her father at Windows on the World. "He was a pastry chef, so he wore white pants, or chef's pants—you know, black-and-white check. He wore a white jacket. Under that, he had to wear a white T-shirt." What about an orange shirt? "No," Eulogia says. "My husband did not have an orange shirt."

There are pictures. There are pictures of the Falling Man as he fell. Do they want to see them? Catherine says no, on her mother's behalf—"My mother should not see"—but then, when she steps outside and sits down on the steps of the front porch, she says, "Please—show me. Hurry. Before my mother comes." When she sees the twelve-frame sequence, she lets out a gasping, muted call for her mother, but Eulogia is already over her shoulder, reaching for the pictures. She looks at them one after another, and then her face fixes itself into an expression of triumph and scorn. "That is not my husband," she says, handing the photographs back. "You see? Only 1 know Norberto." She reaches for the photographs again, and then, after studying them, shakes her head with a vehement finality. "The man in this picture is a black man." She asks for copies of the pictures so that she can show them to the people who believed that Norberto jumped out a window, while Catherine sits on the step with her palm spread over her heart. "They said my father was going to hell because he jumped," she says. "On the Internet. They said my father was taken to hell with the devil. I don't know what I would have done if it was him. I would have had a nervous breakdown, I guess. They would have found me in a mental ward somewhere . . ."

Her mother is standing at the front door, about to go back inside her house. Her face has already lost its belligerent pride and has turned once again into a mask of composed, almost wistful sadness. "Please," she says as she closes the door in a stain of morning sunlight. 'Please clear my husband's name."

A phone rings in Connecticut. A woman answers. A man on the other end is looking to identify a photo that ran in *The New York Times* on September 12, 2001. "Tell me what the photo looks like," she says. It's a famous picture, the man says—the famous picture of a man falling. "Is it the one called 'Swan Dive' on Rotten.com?" the woman asks. It may be the man says. "Yes, that might have been my son," the woman says.

She lost both her sons on September 11. They worked together at Cantor Fitzgerald. They worked on the equities desk. They worked back-to-back. No, the man on the phone says, the man in the photograph is probably a food-service worker. He's wearing a white jacket. He's upside down. "Then that's not my son," she says. "My son was wearing a dark shirt and khaki pants."

She knows what he was wearing because of her determination to know what happened to her sons on that day—because of her determination to look and to see. She did not start with that determination. She stopped reading the newspaper after September 11, stopped watching TV. Then, on New Year's Eve, she picked up a copy of *The New York Times* and saw, in a year-end review, a picture of Cantor Fitzgerald employees crowding the edge of the cliff formed by a dying building. In the posture—the attitude—of one of them, she thought she recognized the habits of her son. So she called the photographer and asked him to enlarge and clarify the picture. Demanded that he do it. And then she knew, or knew as much as it was possible to know. Both of her sons were in the picture. One was standing in the window, almost brazenly. The other was sitting inside. She does not need to say what may have happened next.

"The thing I hold was that both of my sons were together," she says, her instantaneous tears lifting her voice an octave. "But I sometimes wonder how long they knew. They're puzzled, they're uncertain, they're scared—but when did they *know*? When did the moment come when they lost hope? Maybe it came so quick . . ."

The man on the phone does not ask if she thinks her sons jumped. He does not have it in him, and anyway, she has given him an answer.

The Hernandezes looked at the decision to jump as a betrayal of love—as something Norberto was being accused of. The woman in Connecticut looks at the decision to jump as a loss of hope—as an absence that we, the living, now have to live with. She chooses to live with it by looking, by seeing, by trying to know—by making an act of private witness. She could have chosen to keep her eyes closed. And so now the man on the phone asks the question that he called to ask in the first place. Did she make the right choice?

"I made the only choice I could have made," the woman answers. "I could never have made the choice not to know."

Catherine Hernandez thought she knew who the Falling Man was as soon as she saw the series of pictures, but she wouldn't say his name. "He had a sister who was with him that morning," she said, "and he told his mother that he would take care of her. He would never have left her alone by jumping.' She did say, however, that the man was Indian, so it was easy to figure out that his name was Sean Singh. But Sean was too small to be the Falling Man. He was clean-shaven. He worked at Windows on the World in the audiovisual department, so he probably would have been wearing a shirt and tie instead of a white chef's coat. None of the former Windows employees who were interviewed believe the Falling Man looks anything like Sean Singh.

Besides, he had a sister. He never would have left her alone.

A manager at Windows looked at the pictures once and said the Falling Man was Wilder Gomez. Then a few days later he studied them closely and changed his mind. Wrong hair. Wrong clothes. Wrong body type. It was the same with Charlie Mauro. It was the same with Junior Jimenez. Junior worked in the kitchen and would have been wearing checked pants. Charlie worked in purchasing and had no cause to wear a white jacket. Besides, Charlie was a very large man. The Falling Man appears fairly stout in Richard Drew's published photo but almost elongated in the rest of the sequence.

The rest of the kitchen workers were, like Norberto Hernandez, eliminated from consideration by their outfits. The banquet servers may have been wearing white and black, but no one remembered any banquet server who looked anything like the Falling Man.

Forte Food was the other food-service company that lost people on September 11, 2001. But all of its male employees worked in the kitchen, which means that they wore either checked or white pants. And nobody would have been allowed to wear an orange shirt under the white serving coat.

But someone who used to work for Forte remembers a guy who used to come around and get food for the Cantor executives. Black guy. Tall, with a mustache and a goatee. Wore a chef's coat, open, with a loud shirt underneath.

Nobody at Cantor remembers anyone like that.

Of course, the only way to find out the identity of the Falling Man is to call the families of anyone who might be the Falling Man and ask what they know about their son's or husband's or father's last day on earth. Ask if he went to work wearing an orange shirt.

But should those calls be made? Should those questions be asked? Would they only heap pain upon the already anguished? Would they be regarded as an insult to the memory of the dead, the way the Hernandez family regarded the imputation that Norberto Hernandez was the Falling Man? Or would they be regarded as steps to some act of redemptive witness?

Jonathan Briley worked at Windows on the World. Some of his coworkers, when they saw Richard Drew's photographs, thought he might be the Falling Man. He was a light-skinned black man. He was over six five. He was forty-three. He had a mustache and a goatee and close-cropped hair. He had a wife named Hillary.

Jonathan Briley's father is a preacher: a man who has devoted his whole life to serving the Lord. After September 11, he gathered his family together to ask God to tell him where his son was. No: He demanded it. He used these words. "Lord, I demand to know where my son is." For three hours straight he prayed in his deep voice, until he spent the grace he had accumulated over a lifetime in the insistence of his appeal.

The next day, the FBI called. They'd found his son's body. It was, miraculously, intact.

The preacher's youngest son, Timothy, went to identify his brother. He recognized him by his shoes. He was wearing black high-tops. Timothy removed one of them and took it home and put it in his garage, as a kind of memorial.

Timothy knew all about the Falling Man. He is a cop in Mount Vernon, New York, and in the week after his brother died, someone had left a September 12 newspaper open in the locker room. He saw the photograph of the Falling Man and, in anger, he refused to look at it again. But he couldn't throw it away. Instead, he stuffed it in the bottom of his locker, where—like the black shoe in his garage—it became permanent.

Jonathan's sister Gwendolyn knew about the Falling Man, too. She saw the picture the day it was published. She knew that Jonathan had asthma, and in the smoke and the heat would have done anything just to breathe.

The both of them, Timothy and Gwendolyn, knew what Jonathan wore to work on most days. He wore a white shirt and black pants, along with the high-top black shoes. Timothy also knew what Jonathan sometimes wore *under* his shirt: an orange T-shirt. Jonathan wore that orange T-shirt everywhere. He wore that shirt all the time. He wore it so often that Timothy used to make fun of him: When are you gonna get rid of that orange T-shirt, Slim?

But when Timothy identified his brother's body, none of his clothes were recognizable except the black shoes. And when Jonathan went to work on the morning of September 11, 2001, he'd left early and kissed his wife good-bye while she was still sleeping. She never saw the clothes he was wearing. After she learned that he was dead, she packed his clothes away and never inventoried what specific articles of clothing might be missing.

Is Jonathan Briley the Falling Man? He might be. But maybe he didn't jump from the window as a betrayal of love or because he lost hope. Maybe he jumped to fulfill the terms of a miracle. Maybe he jumped to come home to his family. Maybe he didn't jump at all, because no one can jump into the arms of God.

Oh, no. You have to fall.

Yes, Jonathan Briley might be the Falling Man. But the only certainty we have is the certainty we had at the start: At fifteen seconds after 9:41 A.M., on September 11, 2001, a photographer named Richard Drew took a picture of a man falling through the sky—falling through time as well as through space. The picture went all around the world, and then disappeared, as if we willed it away. One of the most famous photographs in human history became an unmarked grave, and the man buried inside its frame—the Falling Man—became the Unknown Soldier in a war whose end we have not yet seen. Richard Drew's photograph is all we know of him, and yet all we know of him becomes a measure of what we know of ourselves. The picture is his cenotaph, and like the monuments dedicated to the memory of unknown soldiers everywhere, it asks that we look at it, and make one simple acknowledgment.

That we have known who the Falling Man is all along. ■

Crime

[*continued from page* 143] a dream after waking. I want to grab him, break him, maim him, wipe that fucking smile off his face. And for all the rage I can some days muster and other days only beg away, nothing I could have done or said would have changed a thing.

In his opening argument at Greg's trial, Vinton County prosecutor Tim Gleeson describes the indisputable evidence against Greg and asks the jury, *Start with the possible suspects being everybody on the planet earth. And as you look for that evidence, it will rule out groups of people, one by one. And when you're done, all the way done, there will be one person from the planet earth left* [who could have killed Emily Murray]—*and that's Gregory B. McKnight.*

Oddly, it seems that the image serves us just as well in reverse, starting with the crime and working back to see the events that brought these two people from opposite ends of the planet to the Cove that night. That story seems nearly as ineluctable as the logic that indicts him for her murder. Except that it is not a story of reassuring order and revelation.

I sought to look plainly at the murder of Emily Murray, in part to take away some of its awful mystery. But she wasn't my girlfriend, she wasn't my best friend, she wasn't my daughter. Emily's parents, who sat in the courtroom every day of Greg's trial, also were trying to face it squarely. Her father told me there was nothing he wasn't willing to hear, only images he wouldn't see. That's where he drew the line; we set boundaries. But there was something he needed from hearing the details of the murder. The overwhelming fact of Emily's absence would always be there, but now he could at least carry with that loss an other truth: the murder as it was. The result of a series of real, knowable, utterable and mostly mundane occurrences. The way these things probably happen.

Greg's trial lasts nine days. The jury deliberates for seven hours and hands the judge a verdict of guilty for the murder and kidnapping of Emily Murray and the murder and dismemberment of Greg Julious, followed by a recommendation for the death penalty. Before sentencing, Vinton County judge Jeffrey Simmons receives letters from Emily's family asking him to spare Greg's life, as they say Emily would have wished. On October 25, 2002, Judge Simmons—the same judge who married Greg and Kathy in 1998—sentences Greg to death by lethal injection. He is currently on death row at Mansfield state prison.

Since Ohio reinstated the death penalty on October 19, 1981, a dozen death-row inmates have been executed. The average person put to death in Ohio sits for sixteen years awaiting the outcome of appeals. On the night Greg took Emily's life, he was twenty-four years old. If he is executed after that average length of time, he will be forty-two when he dies. Emily Murray was awarded an honorary degree from Kenyon College when her class graduated in May 2002. On February 19, 2003, she would have turned twenty-three. ■



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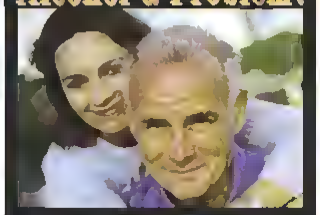
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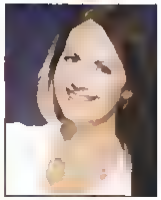
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[*continued from page* t73] dollars No tax Mr Big Deal."

I then began to walk np to people in restaurants and ask if I could look at the phone numbers in their cell-phone directory for twenty bucks. One guy looked ready to pop me, one woman got up and left, but most people held their phones out like curious pieces of fruit. One woman even went through and explained who everyone was "Thet's my annt. That's my landlord That's just some asshole." The only celebrity on anyone's phone was Billy Crudup.

I walked into an empty organic-food store in Westwood and offered the staff twenty dollars if they'd let me smoke. It's illegal to smoke anywhere in a restaurant in L. A., but it was 3.20 in the afternoon, and they were two kids wiping down the counters with damp, soapy towels. I told them I was dying. They looked at each other "Stand by the fucking door, man," the boy said. They watched me from behind the juicer until finally t heard, "One more drag." I don't smoke, I can't, really, and when I pulled on the cigarette this last time, trying to make u look like u tasted good and necessary, I went into a coughing jag. The boy slapped me on the back and threw the butt in the street. They gave me a free wheatgrass infusion.

Thet night I paid room service 10 bring me a raw breast of chicken They balked until I offered the twenty "I need it fast," I said "Like ASAP" Tha guy at the other end grumbled, but it came in ten minutes. They even garnished it and served it with crimin fries.

That night, I watched three porn movies in my room, and the next morning I tried to get the hotel to list the titles on the final invoice The woman at the desk said, "They're not listed on there. Don't worry" I offered her a twenty I said t *wanted* them to be She said, again, "Don t worry" I said I wasn't.

She said, again, "I'm telling you, no one will ever know" t held out a twenty, folded longways. "Put them back on there, please."

Then she snorted, took the twenty dollars, and comped me the movies. She handed me the invoice "They're no longer in the record " I sighed

I pushed around, the ballsier I became, the more success I experienced I got tablecloths, a personal garlic press, a dozen extra forks in one meal, chopsticks in a steak house I bought primo parking spaces from people who had just parallel-parked.

Each night I went to Sky Bar, L A 's most happening club, in the Mondrian hotel I had only heard tell of it t never called ahead I didn't ask my concierge for help. Instead, I trusted the twenty The first time I proffered one, I was wearing a SpongeBob T-shirt and shorts, wanting to challenge the process, feeling certain I d win out with a twenty I held it up, pinched between my first two fingers, the way I have a dozen times in New York, the way I did in Salt Lake City, the way I did in Vegas, with a little snap, so that the bill is seen and eye contact is held, and I asked my favorite question, "Does this help me?"

The guy stared at me like a supermarket cashier with a hangover "Yon need reservations," be said in a voice thet was balanced and perfectly void So I humped it back to the hotel, washed my hair, shaved, put on a suit, and headed back, sure I was a different man.

"Let me give you some advice," the door guy said I pushed the twenty at him thinking the advice might cost me, then, remembering the dealer's words, I pulled it back "You need to find a hot woman to bring in with you. That's way better than money It is *money*, yon know?"

The next night, I found three very hot women, tall and breezy and Australian, on their way into the nearby House of Blues, willing to walk up to Sky Bar with me for twenty dollars each They didn't hesitate. One of them held her bill up to a streetlight. "Twenty dollars. That's a good bit, isn't it?"

It was indeed I felt that I was holding up my end, and at the gate where the line forms, the one spot where the twenty-dollar milllonaire never wants to stop..the guy smiled when I walked np The girls were stunning. I pinched off a twenty He smiled. For a moment I felt that victorious swell that comes with deciphering the code, undoing the latch. Thls is the moment I like best, in which I am the beautiful mind, me with my twenty unlocking the mystery, reaching out to a willing hand

The guy looked at me, then at the girls, and said, "You did well," then asked, without one moment of hesitation, if I had called for a reservation The twenty was in my hand. The girls giggled What did they care? They were already staked to their first round of drinks across the street. The guy wouldn't budge Humiliation drifted in along the boulevard. t showed him the bill, but I didn't press. I simply never made it.

At lunch the next day, I told a broker friend of mine what I was doing..and he had suggestions More clubs, more restaurants, more hip stores He assured me thet people in L. A. never saw tips like t was offering. "In L. A., most people are blase about service. Everyone who works appreciates a twenty," he said. "I always tip the bartender first. A twenty It gives you an aura."

Our steaks came A hostess stopped by The sommelier joined her My friend greeted them both by name When we left, he said goodbye to everyone working in the restaurant by name, too.

"Man," I said when we were on the terrace, "what's with the names? Do you eat here every day?"

He smiled. A wind blew up a staircase. Men and women churned around us, moving from one important place to another "People want to be remembered," he said. "In my experience, names work way better than a twenty"

I reached for my pocket, my dwindling roll of bills. It was, I knew, the kind of wisdom you should psy for it



My Cancer Story

[continued from page 189] I m thinking from the upstairs back bedroom window, "it's not burning itself out. . . " Instead, it's looking like molten lava moving over drought-starved grasses. Phone rings, we pick up. Friends up the road, forced out of their home They're on the way over Paula a m bed with Joshua, trying to let him sleep.

Phone rings again later; I pick up. "You are being advised to evacuate . . " recorded message from the sheriff's office drones. It's 2:00 A.M. and we're haphazardly packing photos and bags furiously. . . aided by Nancy, Cory Amelia, and Aidan and their Lab/Rhodesian Ridgeback puppy that doesn't have a clue. No time to ponder the tragicomic timing—"Do we take the [big] wedding photo or the *album*?"—as the next chapter of our storybook life unfolds. We stay put. I stay up until 4:30 A.M. Next day we learn four hundred acres got torched; nobody got killed; our property got a free pass . . . Welcome home, son.

The Scans Game

Driving south on Highway 36, heading out of the Boulder foothills and down to Denver to see my oncologist, my reader of CT scans of abdomen, of pelvis, of chest, who checks for signs of rogue cells. Passed the one-year mark okay, then the year and a half . . . but for some reason the year and nine months has me jittery. Maybe it's because I'm a father now, maybe it's because I had that twinge . . . (though ex-cancer patients, I learn, are forever mistaking twinges for recurrence)

Here we go . . . and turns out I have no reason to worry No "evidence for . . . metastatic disease", no changes, apparently, from the study four months prior. Dr. Cohn walks into the exam room and starts chatting with me about my recent stint in England. "You hkin' it over there?" Good news. If I had cancer signs, he wouldn't be talking tourism. "You're healthy," he says. I ask him to repeat this into my Sony microcassette that I have placed on the chair next to me . . . (in case of bad news and my notetaking/thinking/reasoning all going to shit). "He's healthy!" Dr. Cohn says loudly to the Sony and thus to Paula, who will hear this tape at home after the baby wakes up. I smile as if I knew all along all would be okay (as if) and hop out to the car to call home. (You don't shout the good news into a cell phone in the Rocky Mountain Cancer Center. Too many ill patients in attendance.)

Now I'm back on the road rolling north, toward Highway 36 and home, feeling like I have just graduated from something big, singing along to a Springsteen CD, pounding the steering wheel as a snare drum, or cymbal, as if I'm goddamn Tony Soprano.

"These are better days, bay-buh / These are better days it's true / These are better days, bay-buh / There's better days shining through."

Sex and My Cancer

Viagra this, Viagra that. Didn't think, when I was fighting cancer so fiercely, that it would have made a huge dent if I had come out of surgery okay but learned I'd be Viagra dependent for life. I was flat-out wrong (and glad I had crack surgeons). Spontaneous sex is thrilling, more so when you realize you nearly lost the chance to have it. Even so, to come clean, I don't have it nearly as often as I used to. The twice-a-week standard I've seen quoted so often hasn't applied to me or my partner if she doesn't mind me saying so, for at least six months. And it doesn't totally have to do with us being new parents, zonk-tired up at 4:00 A.M. It's partly due to the lack of spontaneity. I feel when it comes to sex, now that I have one more thing (a fairly big thing, actually) to consider . . . besides time, place, baby feeding, who's gotta get up in the morning. I mean, I gotta think about going into the john, emptying, folding, and medicating my ostomy bag to my belly so it doesn't get in the way of, sorry, there's no other way to say it, Hon, thrusting.

Golf and My Cancer

Standing on the first tee at St. Andrews Old Course, 6:30 A.M., under leaden Scottish skies, one year after surgery, alone with my friend Renny on a course not yet open, have because he's pulled some strings, told some sad-true tale of an American friend who battled bowel cancer and came out of it alive, who's now waggling his Big Berthas and itching to play a round by the Firth of Forth (at the first available opportunity). As if the links gods are watching. shit you not, there's a break in the clouds and the sun decides to join us on golf's shrine, if only for a moment.

The Endorsement. The Bag

Friend asks how everything's going—I can tell he means with the stoma, the ileostomy, the not-exactly colostomy I had during surgery . . . "Okay," I say. "I go to the gym, bike, hike, eat pretty much anything. " Turns out his mom's friend has a bag, got blocked up and she had to go to the hospital, twice, from peanuts. Twice?!?! I'd give up the peanuts if I got blocked up once. Don't wanna know how the thing gets flushed.

Choosing My Religion

A Jewish family friend writes: "I don t know if you remember me but I do you. . . When my mom had breast cancer. I didn't understand a lot of what she was going through. Reading your articles allowed me to feel it for the first time. . . God chooses people he knows can handle it. He chose you. "

Thanks G d. Got my colon carved out in an eight-hour surgery, lost forty-five pounds and nine months of my life in a freakish/mawkish/radiated/toxic-chemical/narcotics-infused blur of an assault, and as far as I know, Osama's still doing fine, humpin' it round the Afghan/Pakistani border, with a leaky frickin' kidney. Still I pray.

Nap Time

Sometimes when Joshua sleeps
in my arms. his warm head
cradled in the crook of my elbow
I want to cry for the joy I feel

Or maybe for the pain
I didn t let myself feel
when I thought I might die
ahead of my time. And his.

Stats All, Folks

Two years post-op, two and a half since diagnosis, sitting on Doc Coho's tissue paper covered leather table one more time. Learning, on April 22, 2003, that there are no lesions visible in my latest set of scans. He says I am healthy, then serves up a best supporting statistic: "Eighty percent of the people who develop a recurrence [of colorectal cancer] get it in the first two years," he says. Which means just 20 percent develop it later.

Handshakes and hugs all around, pretty good odds, I figure. Until later that day, when I realize: Before I was first diagnosed, people like me, ex-colons patients, had less than a 20 percent chance of developing colon cancer in the first goddamn place.

Quick call to family, with Paula at my side; then dial Geoff in L. A.

"I don't have can- cerrrrr, I don't have can- cerrrrr," I sort of whine-rap at him. "I don't have can- cerrrrrr!" Pause. Then he answers: "This month ' R

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Esquire (ISSN 0194-9535) is published monthly by **Hearst Communications, Inc.,** 959 Eighth Avenue, NY, NY 10019 USA, 212-649-2000. Victor F. Ganzi, President and Chief Executive Officer; Frank A. Bennack Jr., Vice-Chairman; Jodie W. King, Vice-President and Secretary; Ronald J. Doerfler, Senior Vice-President and Chief Financial Officer. **Hearst Magazines Division:** Cathleen P. Black, President; George J. Green, Executive Vice President; Mark F. Miller, Executive Vice-President, General Manager; Raymond J. Petersen, Executive Vice President, John A. Rohan, Jr., Vice-President, Group Controller. Periodicals postage paid at NY, NY and additional entry post offices. Canada Post International Publications mail product (Canadian distribution) sales agreement no. 40012499. Send returns (Canada) to RR Donnelley, P.O. Box 137, Malton, C.S.C., Mississauga, Ontario, L4T 3E5. Send returns (foreign) to RR Donnelley, 3101 Veterans Blvd., Rutherford, N.J. 07070. The Esquire publication number is 561910. **Subscription rate** in the United States and its possessions: $15.94 a year; Canada and other countries, $27.94. Payment in U.S. currency must accompany all foreign orders. For **back issues** send $4.75 (check or money order) to: P.O. Box 7763, Red Oak, Iowa 51591. For **reprints** of Esquire articles contact: PARS International Corp., 212-221-9595. For **subscriptions and address changes** call 800-888-5400 or 515-282-1607. **Postmaster:** Send address changes to: Esquire, P.O. Box 7146, Red Oak, Iowa 51591. **©2003 by Hearst Communications, Inc.** Canada BN NBR 10231 0943 RT. **Printed in the USA.** Esquire is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts or art. None will be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope. From time to time, we make our subscriber list available to companies that sell goods and services by mail that we believe would interest our readers. If you would rather not receive such mailings, please send your current mailing label or exact copy to: Mail Preference Service, P.O. Box 7024, Red Oak, Iowa 51591-0024. **Esquire Man at His Best, Dubious Achievement Awards, Esquire Gentleman, Esquire Sportsman, The Sound and the Fury,** and ® trademarks are owned by Hearst Magazines Property, Inc., in U.S.A. and Hearst Communications, Inc., in Canada.

Yoga for Men

(this way out)

by david jacobson // illustrations by mark matcho



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The Suck in Your Gut Pose



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